



**NON  
CIRCULATING**









# The St. Ignatius Collegian

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The purpose of the St. Ignatius Collegian is to foster literary effort in the students of the present, to chronicle all matters of interest pertaining to the Loyola University, and to serve as a means of intercommunication with students of the past. The active co-operation of students, friends and Alumni will enable the Collegian to attain its threefold aim.

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Song of the Lark.



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## The Lark

**A**WAKE, my soul, awake, awake!  
These chafing bonds and earthly 'tachments break;  
Give me to sing,  
And mount on restless wing  
The heights where he does mount,  
And, quaffing strength at Inspiration's fount,  
Does soaring send the throbbing song  
That kindred throats take up and joyously prolong.

Awake, my soul, awake, awake!  
Give me to overtake  
Him in his ever-upward flight,  
And not be left, with straining sight  
Below; but let me soar beyond earth's ken,  
And, singing, waken song below in hearts of men!

*James Fitzgerald '13*

## Members of the Democracy

---



MAN can fall alone, but he cannot stand alone. Man can retreat alone, but he cannot charge alone. At least, not successfully. An individual may be a slave in solitude; he cannot command except in a crowd. From the recesses of our own nature stalk forth the spectres that blast existences; selfishness, pride, exclusiveness, treachery. At the voice of the people, at the call of humanity claiming us as its fellow, claiming our sympathy, our generosity, our indulgence, there springs into existence the spirit that makes men truly great; that is to say, the spirit that begets profitable reform, laudable activity, elevating thought, unselfish endeavor. This willingness to work with others and for others, this appreciation of the labor of other men, this ability to rejoice in their triumphs and to condone their shortcomings—this is what I mean by the spirit of democracy.

We are all members of that one great democracy, the human family. The active members, however, are far outnumbered by the inactive and the recalcitrant. The active members may be defined as those who "love mankind as it is, and not as they think it should be." This love is the kind that makes us feel, since we are all from the same clay, all descendants of old Adam, all subject alike to the pains and joys of life, we should have a deep regard for our fellows, and seek happiness by serving them rather than by serving ourselves. "To speak the truth," says Emerson, "even with some austerity, to live with some rigor of temperance, or some extremes of generosity, seems to be an asceticism which common good nature would appoint to those that are at ease and in plenty, in sign that they feel a brotherhood with the great multitude of suffering men."

Gilbert K. Chesterton, the eminent defender of democracy, in his "Alarms and Discursions," divides men into three classes. First, the People, the largest and probably the most valuable class; second, the Poets, people who, having culture and imagination, use them to understand and to share the feelings of their fellows, as against those who use them to rise to what they call a higher plane; thirdly, the Prigs, who rise above the people by refusing to understand

them. Understand that by "Poet" Mr. Chesterton means "not people who write poetry, nor indeed people who write anything; but the people who have culture and imagination, and use them to understand their fellows." We have, therefore, two grand classes, the first composed of the Poets and the People, the second composed of Prigs.

It is really difficult to say whence come classes so diametrically opposed in their sympathies. One speaking hastily and without sufficient consideration might place the rich and the nobility in the Prig class, and all others in the class of the People. But there are People among the nobility, and Prigs among the People. A Prig is possible wherever we have a vain and fatuous person surrounded by other persons whom he can, on real or imaginary grounds, despise. It is customary when we look for Prigs to turn first to the ranks of those who have either inherited or attained wealth. We look there because we find them more readily and in greater abundance. The priggishness of the newly rich is notorious; for, unlike those who possess a hereditary contempt for the People, they are forced to acquire the same by a precipitate and disorderly marshaling of reasons for their superiority over those they have left behind. It is this anxiety and this haste that make our newly rich so constant a source of amusement.

In addition to the rich Prig, we have scattered throughout the world a class of men known as professors, or intellectuals. These are men who, like painters on a swing-ladder, make every yard of wisdom they let down to earth a means of rising higher above their fellows. The theories they expound concerning everything imaginable, from domestic economy to scientific philanthropy, are of no value to anyone, because they are based on the supposition that men are not what they are, but what they ought to be. They are not concerned with supplying the People with bread, but spend their time inquiring why they persist in refusing to eat cake. We all remember how a great English critic enthused over the contemplated revival of the May-pole. He projected for the People a diversion which they neither desired nor could enjoy; but when brought in contact with the diversions which were theirs by right

he was disgusted, and shocked, and bored. Of such is the race of Prigs.

Intellectualism, or the spirit which causes men to rise, as they think, to a higher plane, whence they may look down with disdain upon the foibles and follies of the people, is a common cause both of wasted effort and of political conflicts. Always somewhere back of an uprising you may expect to find the intellectual, extending his powers to the utmost to accomplish some end—an end, needless to say, at variance with the common good. No one doubts for an instant that the American commonwealth, as regards both legislation and the administration of justice, is less sane, less just, and less democratic than in the days of its establishment. This change was not brought about by the people, for the people have resisted and are resisting it step by step. It was the result of the activity of intellectuals, of men devoid of the democratic spirit, of men who serve party-interest and self-interest, of men who have risen to a "higher plane" and who, without seeking to understand the needs and wishes of the people, undertake to decree what is best for them.

If we except the conquests of arms and of brute strength, I doubt if anyone has ever achieved permanent success in that wherein he acted as an intellectual. Ruskin, for example, despised Murillo because he painted a beggar with muddy feet. Murillo, as was just, had a fellow-feeling for the beggar; Ruskin, standing upon a higher plane and applying the principles his head and not his heart had elaborated, cast forth the artist from the ranks of æsthetes. He despised not only the beggar, but anyone who dared depict the beggar as he was. In like manner he castigated Whistler, declaring he had "thrown a paint pot in the face of the English public." Whistler's fault consisted simply in this, that he spoke his message without translating it into the language of the Pre-Raphaelites. The farthing which the law compelled Ruskin to pay as damages was symbolical of the judgment passed upon him by the world. In the assay of his life these are the acts men have declared to be dross.

We have today a trio of great violinists—Fritz Kreisler, Jan Kubelik, and Mischa Elman. The two former are Democrats; the latter is an Intellectual. The former are gracious, obliging, unpretentious; they are brothers to their accompanist and servants to

their audience. As for the latter, from the moment his proficiency was announced he proved himself deaf to every suggestion and blind to all considerations save those relating to his own aggrandizement. To speak bluntly, he would rather ruin a recital than not play louder than his accompanist. Such in fact was the outcome of his last appearance in Chicago. Nor is there any need to ask which of the three is loved and admired and followed.

In literature, Robert Burns has so endeared himself to the people that many affectionately call him "Bobbie." Will any such epithet be applied to Wordsworth, the vain? Chesterton, the Democrat, has publicly chastised Bernard Shaw, the Intellectual. Shaw has never been able to make a satisfactory retort; nor is it probable that he will find anyone who respects him enough to make one for him.

But the grandest exhibition of the success of the democratic spirit has been given in politics. Our jovial President Taft has not been a brilliant success as an administrator, but he is loved heartily as a man of the people. Bailey, who enjoyed some prestige ten years ago as an honest fighter, began to lose ground as soon as men discovered that he was chiefly preoccupied with the Constitution as interpreted by himself. The nation demands men after the type of Lincoln—sincere, unselfish, honest and practical; men, in other words, who are free from priggishness and full of the spirit of democracy. For the last year we have been wondering how and why the popularity of Roosevelt vanished so suddenly into thin air. If we remember that his triumphal journey from Africa to America was nothing more than a solemn aphoristic pageantry, a tour during which he lectured all peoples on all possible subjects, we may understand why a nation loving simplicity began to suspect that he was vain, and why people who stand in dread of theorizers began to fear that he had turned Intellectual.

These are men of power. When they withdraw from the ranks of common men, when they resign from the democracy, they devote themselves to some intense but fruitless activity. Others, however, whose parts are less conspicuous, merely retire within themselves and become pessimists. This strange aloofness which Ruskin in "Modern Painters" speaks of as our "dreamy and sentimental sadness, tendency to revery, and general pathologicalness" must be at-

tributed not to "derangement of the stomach," as does that author, but to a most unnatural derangement of the heart. For certainly that man's heart is deranged who thinks not enough of his responsibility towards mankind to assist with all his power in those things that pertain to the common welfare. Such action, or rather lack of action, is the result of a certain loathing for the rough sentimentality of the mob, an indescribable feeling of superiority over them. May people, therefore, come to a clearer knowledge of democracy. May they see its advantages; and may that spirit, which unfortunately is dying out, be revived before the spirit of exclusiveness gains too strong a foothold to be ousted.

MARK A. LIES, '13.

### Diolets

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As tiny bells all silent in still air,  
 With rope and tong, and bright bell gleaming fair,  
 They quiet hang, on tendril cordage slim,  
 With sweetest fragrance dripping from the brim.

Sudden and swift blows a summer's gale;  
 They writhe and struggle, to no avail.  
 Safe are they fastened, though they fain would be  
 All freely rolling o're the grassy lea.

Then comes my lady in her dainty dress,  
 And plucks them gently with a soft caress;  
 No longer are they bells that would be free,  
 But fairest flowers in glad captivity.

J. AARON COLNON, '14.

## “In on that Sixty Seconds”

---



ARTY Brady was half way up the hall stairs of Mrs. Crilly's boarding house, before he heard what he had hoped not to hear—the opening of a door on the landing below. He “confounded”—under his breath, of course—the luck that had left him “flush” in old Mrs. Face's house, and which now left him owing rent to the comely young widow Crilly; and he further “confounded” the persistency of Mrs. Crilly, who couldn't let pass an opportunity to plague him for the rent. Meanwhile he kept on his way. But Mrs. Crilly was not to be denied, and from the foot of the stair came a discreet cough of unmistakable meaning. But Marty, possessed of the glib tongue and smooth assurance of the race track devotee, was ready for her. With perfectly feigned curiosity, he turned, and, “discovering” Mrs. Crilly, wrinkled his thin face into an engaging smile—a smile that found its way deeper into the widow's heart than he was sharp enough to see.

“Ah!—evening, Mrs. Crilly! Great day at the track—Olive Oil “cops” from Leslie in the closest driving finish you'd want to see; great crowd out too—biggest of the meeting; the “swells” are beginning to drift in already for the Holiday Stakes, and help fatten the crowd. By the way—” he was at the door now, with his hand on the knob; “by the way, any mail for me? No? Expecting a contract, you know. Oh, I'll be riding in again before many moons.” He had the door open now. “Who knows—I might be the star of the Holiday Stakes yet; you never can tell.” He was inside his room, and the door was closed. And Mrs. Crilly, who hadn't had a chance to say a word, even did she harbor in her heart any thought of dunning him—which, to the credit of her business acumen, she hadn't—looked up the dim stairway for a long time with an expression of hunger on her face. And it wasn't the kind of hunger that overdue rent will appease, as Marty would have thought; nor yet the kind that flap-jacks and beans and coffee will satisfy, as was the kind Marty felt.

"Whew!" said Marty, as he shut the door behind him. "I'm getting so blamed used to that stunt that it's getting to be a cinch to stall her off. I wouldn't mind it at all, if she wasn't so blamed pretty and wishful looking."

Sometimes I get entirely out of patience with Marty. He ought to have had sense enough to distinguish a *wishful* look from a *wistful* one. It would have saved a tremendous lot of trouble, but—

"It's bad enough to owe money—but to owe it to a regular lady with an injured look on her face! If I saw any way of squaring with her, \* \* \* but it's two months now, and nothing doing. They're ain't any use waiting around any more. I might as well pack up, make my getaway, and start a board bill somewhere else. That blamed contract'll never come. It's only another case of stringing me along—the 'other guy' will get it. But gee! a fellow's luck ought to turn some time! Why, for the last two months I couldn't even win a piker bet. I've bet every way around every system ever invented, and I've lost every time. Today was the limit—backed the favorite with my last little 'twenty'; and that fool nag forgot he was in the race—stopped to examine every post around the track, like Sherlock Holmes looking for a clue. But I can't lose any more. Can't lose if you don't bet; can't bet without money; can't lose! That's the first straight 'dope' I've made in a long time, and it cost me just about two hundred and fifty to learn it."

You can see him, can't you? Straight, trim, attractive; boyish and sharp of face, standing in the middle of his little room, with his hands jammed into the empty pockets of his light summer suit. The look on his face is that of one who is trying to figure out what to do next, when there is nothing left to do it with. You've gathered, I suppose, that Marty is a jockey out of a job, and deeply in debt to a landlady deeply in love with him. Don't be surprised at his talking out loud to himself; he always did that. It's a habit acquired by people who have no one else to talk to.

"Gee, if I'd only get that contract! Why, I'd come to life again! And maybe I wouldn't make good? I can ride, I know it, if I could only get a decent mount under me. Old man Kerr's got some horses in his string. Say, Marty boy, with that Pinto horse between our knees we could ride a mile in front of the Twentieth Century



Limited and never know it was behind us! Kerr said it was between me and 'another guy.' I ain't got much of a record to bank on. No guy could make much of a record holding in Grouch's doped nags and faking all the time. If I'd stayed with him, though, I'd still be on speaking terms with a waiter; but when a guy tries to be on the square—aw! I ain't got no luck; never had any. What's the use of standing here putting saddles on dream horses? I'll never get the contract—I want it too bad. Everything I ever wanted bad in my life I didn't get. When I wanted Alice so bad I couldn't sleep, why Tracey, the 'other guy,' got her. That lucky Tracey! Some people are born with a whole silver dinner layout in their face, and somebody is always breaking his neck to keep the set filled for 'em; and others just get a mouthful of teeth, and nobody cares whether they ever get anything to use them on or not. I guess I'll pack up; there's no use fooling myself along with bum hopes."

He stooped and pulled a battered valise from under his bed; then stood up again.

"Gee, what's the matter with me? I ain't got anything to pack. I ain't got a blame thing left but the clothes on me and a good appetite."

There was a knock at the door. A flirt of the foot sent the valise skidding back out of sight; and when Mrs. Crilly diffidently pushed open the door, she found Marty seated on the bed, and gazing with mild, quizzical surprise from behind a week-old daily paper.

"The postman just left it, Mr. Brady; and I thought, since you were expecting it, I'd bring it right up. I hope it's good—"

Marty had that letter out of her hand and opened, and was over by the window reading it. His mouth shot open; his eyes sparkled; his right foot came off the floor; Marty almost let go of himself. Then he turned, calmly putting the letter back in its envelope.

"Thanks, Mrs. Crilly; you are very thoughtful. It's not as good as I expected"—he lied—"but it might be worse." He turned and composed himself comfortably on a chair with an air of dismissal. "We can't have everything the way we want it."

"No," agreed Mrs. Crilly, with unusual wistfulness. There was a short silence which Marty maliciously enjoyed—such is the harden-

ing effect of prosperity. Then, just as she was leaving, he called out with almost perfect monchalance:

"Oh, by the way, Mrs. Crilly, you may send up my bill, when you've leisure."

"Why Mar—Mr. Brady"—and still the fool couldn't see—"you're not going to leave—us?"

"Oh, no; but I'd like to settle up, you know; I dislike to fall too far in arrears."

"But, Mr. Brady"—with an entirely uncalled-for note of relief—"indeed there is no hurry; you—I have the utmost trust in you, and—"

Mrs. Crilly in her confusion had backed out of the room and shut the door after her. She stood for a moment in the hallway; and standing thus, she heard Marty soliloquize in excited terms. Then she yielded to a weakness of landladies, and fastened her eye to the keyhole.

Marty was down on his knees reading that document, and praying, and laughing, and swearing softly, and saying over and over, "I've got it—I've got it; all I have to do is to sign it—to ride Barrel and Leslie and Fisk and Pinto—Oh you Pinto! Why, Martin Brady, we eat! we eat! 'Sign contract and return it at once, reporting tomorrow. If you can't report immediately, return contract, as I must have a man ready for the Holiday Stakes; and I have another on tap.' Another on tap, huh! Well, that guy'll stay on tap; I win out this time. Don't worry about that 'immediately' stuff, my dear Mr. Kerr; you'll get the contract back just as soon as ever I can scratch my name on it and escort it personally down to you—that's how flat I am—can't even buy a two-cent stamp."

He chattered and read, and Mrs. Crilly listened and looked. Then at last her conscience coaxed her away from that keyhole. As she went down stairs she was as happy as on the day "Drunk" Crilly signed the pledge and—died.

Marty sat down there and then, and covered sheet after sheet of good paper with his name, in rapturous anticipation of the signing of the contract. It was so good to win out; for once in his life to make a hit with luck, that you couldn't blame him for getting an uncommon amount of foolish delight out of his triumph. He

had arrived, for the sixty-first time, at the "B" that divided his name, when somebody knocked at the door.

It was the maid.

"There's a lady to see you, Mr. Brady, sir," said Tilly.

"Huh!" said Mr. Brady. "A lady? Aw, tell her she's got the wrong Brady. I ain't got no lady friends." He turned again to the contract. "I've been broke too long."

Then 'the lady' slipped past Tilly and shut the door in her face. And Tilly, turning to do down stairs, bumped into Mrs. Crilly, who was coming up.

"Mr. Brady," the lady said—(we're inside again now)—"I—."

"Why, really, madam," said Marty, turning around, "I'm afraid—"

And then, "Why Alice!" And that was as far as he got. Just sat like a fool toying with his contract, staring at her. And she, pulling at her gloves, looked timidly down. Just as you've seen the hero and the heroine in the popular stock company, after they've been apart for a long time—the hero and the heroine, in the play, I mean.

"Say, Alice, why don't you sit down?" said Marty in defense of the other chair. And Alice sat down.

"What a pretty room you have, Mr. Brady," she said.

"Oh yes; quite nice enough for temporary quarters. Not perhaps the best, but it must do till my five-room suite downstairs is remodeled; they'll be—"

"Oh Marty!"

How easily the old name slipped out! Marty grinned.

"Same old Alice, huh! Know just when I'm lying, don't you?" Silence for a minute. They were both smiling at their thoughts.

"Well—say, Alice, how's the world treating you? And how's Tracey?" This last was sort of hard to ask, somehow; and he felt a sort of malicious joy when she answered:

"Mart,"—she wasn't "making talk," now—"things haven't been going well with us. Tracey's been drinking—being out of work drove him to it. He can't get on, you know, and he takes it awful hard. He says if he could get a contract with some good owner, he'd

brace up and be straight; it's being out of work that drove him to it. You know how it is yourself, Marty—"

"How the deuce did you know I wasn't riding?"

"Oh, I follow the form closely enough, and I watched for your name, but I haven't seen it lately."

"Well, Al, you won't need any double-barreled, triple-focussed telescope to find my name any more." The thought of the contract was in his head now, and there was room for nothing else. "I'll be there in the racing sheet in big black letters. I've got a contract with Kerr; Kerr—you know Kerr! He's got the best string in the West. I got what I wanted for a long time—all my life—a chance. With Kerr's mounts I'll be running at the top of the jockey list in a week. You know I can do it, Alice; and Kerr knows it, and now I got a chance I'll let 'em all know it. I've always been unlucky; I never got a chance. Everything I wanted worst I lost—mother, and you—"

"Don't!" she begged.

"Oh, all right. But this time I win. You know there was another guy this time too. Kerr had someone else in mind; but I win—the other guy gets the bitter stuff this time!"

His bubble was getting too big and was about to burst.

"Marty, that other guy is Tracey," said Alice.

"Tracey!"

He said it with so little back of it that it barely got over his lips.

But she was talking fast now, for she had much to say; much and distasteful.

"Yes, Tracey. And that's what I came about; to ask you, Marty, to back out and let the 'other guy' have it again. I want the contract for Tracey. Don't stop me, Marty; if you do I'll never get started again. You must see how bad we—I need it when I come to ask you for it. Tracey is sick, Marty"—she used his name often, intuitively playing on old feelings—"he's been out of work, and drinking, and we're down and out, Marty, down for keeps! We were giving up before, when I heard Kerr wanted a jockey; and I made Tracey sober up and go after the job. Tracey went, and Kerr told him he'd consider him along with the other applicants. You don't know how I prayed, Marty; and how I watched to keep

Tracey straight. But my hold started slipping; Tracey was giving up hope, and I was afraid he'd start drinking again and blow his chance; so I chased down to Kerr today myself to ask him to give it to Trace. I told him just how it was, and it was hard. He was nice about it, but told me I was too late; he'd just mailed the contract to you. He said it was about a toss-up between you and Trace, once you were in the saddle, but that you were more reliable—I guess he'd heard about Trace's drinking. So I came right up here to you, Marty, and—that's all."

It was a slow finish. The strength of her appeal was in her face; but Marty wasn't looking in her face, and he got away to a flying start.

"Well, gee, it's pretty near enough!" Then the pride of victory came to him. He took his "last laugh."

"So Tracey was the 'other guy' again, eh? Well, old Trace, I kind of nosed you out for once, didn't I?" He fingered the contract, and the feel of it sent a dreamy, contented sensation tingling through him. "I didn't think it was in me to win in anything, but this is going to be the start." He looked up and saw her strained face, and it somehow threw him on the defensive. "Aw, say, Al, you can't ask me that, you can't do it; give this up"—he waved the contract—"give up the first lucky break I've had in all my life? Why it's my chance! It means I eat, and pay my debts. It means I come back to life again. Why you're crazy, Alice!"

(I'm afraid this story is getting beyond me. I'm afraid it's going to end in a tragedy. He's hurting her so. But I can't stop him. He's away off to a driving start and there's no stopping him.)

"You say you're hard up? Why, I owe money to everybody I know. I'm two months to the bad with the landlady. I ain't had a square meal in a week; been living on free lunch and hopes—hopes for this here contract. Outside of this I ain't got another hope in sight. You prayed for it, you say? You? Why it's easy for you to pray—it's easy for a good woman to pray; but, damme, I prayed for that contract, and it ain't easy for a busted sport, sore on his luck, to pray. Why, you *learned* to pray—learned at your mother's knee. I never had any mother's knee to learn at, and when I wanted to pray I had to make up the prayers. Give it to Tracey!

Say, why should I give it to Tracey? He had all the luck in the world. He had you—he won you. He beat me out of the big contract. He had you to work for—to keep sober and straight for. I won't say what I'd done if I—but I had to fight and keep straight for myself. Al, you just can't ask me to do it. You don't know what you're talkin' about."

You'd think, wouldn't you, to hear him, that she had the contract and he was begging her to give it back to him?

"But, Marty, you can get along; you always could. Tracey's got me to take care of." That's where she made the mistake—she was opening an old wound there.

"Yes," snapped Marty, "Tracey's got you; don't rub it in. Do you think I have to get beat out of the best thing I ever wanted in my whole life, and then when I do win out in the next best thing, I'm going to hand it to the other guy too? No, sir,—you ain't got no right to ask it. Kerr said the word; and I'm grabbing and holding tight to the first chance I ever got, and I'm goin' to make good." It looked as though the race was over. "I'm sorry for you, Alice; but I ain't a bit sorry for Tracey. Let him go out and rustle up somethin'. He's so blamed lucky, if he'd only give his luck half a chance and not drown it in booze, why—"

Alice was crying. Great, big, silly, childish tears were slipping down her cheeks. Marty might have seen all along what was coming. If it was any triumph for Marty, he had licked her. If she were not completely beaten she'd never have said this. She'd humble Tracey, and she'd humble herself; but to ask the favor in this way—oh, you see, she was with her back to the wall. For she said:

"Yes, but Marty—the baby—it's sick; and—"

So Marty's second bubble went to smash. He stared at Alice with his mouth still open a word. Then he shut his mouth and looked dumbly down at the contract that he kept creasing and re-creasing between his fingers.

"So there's a kid, huh?" he said dully. "A kid, and it's sick?" He said this dully too, but still more softly.

The pause was horribly strained and awkward, but neither knew how to handle the situation. Alice stood twisting her worn gloves,

on which the tears splashed shamelessly down. And Marty stood, turned away from her, and looking at his contract. He had it open again and was reading it through softly to himself. "—to ride, among others of the Kerr string, Barrel, Leslie, Fisk, Pinto—oh you Pinto! Man! I could ride that Pinto!" He jerked up his head. "Say, Alice, what's the kid's name?"

For an instant the baby's second name, "Martin," trembled on her lips; but she played square.

"Oh," said Marty. Neither had looked up. Alice was still looking at her gloves; but now Marty was looking where the contract had been. He was holding it out to her.

Up to this point it had been just like a play to Mrs. Crilly—yes! Mrs. Crilly was there at the keyhole all the while. But at this juncture in a play—at least in the plays Mrs. Crilly was used to seeing at the Criterion at thirty cents the seat—in such a play the heroine would smile through her tears and say "Oh Mawrty—or Clawrence, or whatever it might be—oh Pawl, you don't mean it!" And maybe she'd let him kiss her—just once. But this was not such a play. For Alice kept right on crying, and said nothing. It would be a pretty glib mortal, now wouldn't it, who could say anything sensible anyway in answer to such an act of charity?

"Aw, take it!" said Marty, with sickly jocularly. "Do you want me to serve it on a platter?"

She took it and went slowly to the door. Mrs. Crilly nearly fell down stairs in her flight. And Marty, who somehow had the notion in his head that it was his place to say things, let her get clear out into the hall before he called:

"Say, Alice, kiss the kid good night for me, will you?"

The door closed, and Marty hoped she hadn't heard him. But she had.

He stood there looking at the door for a long time, his hands crammed into his pockets. Then spoke "Marty" to his one sympathetic friend and counsellor, Mr. Martin Brady. "And the wise ones say there's one born every minute! Well, I guess I'm in on that sixty seconds, all right!"

He heard the creak of the stairs, and a step along the hall. He fell into a chair. "Gee, it's the fairy landlady again!" But if it

was the landlady, she passed by. It was enough, though, to rouse Marty to action. He jumped up, pulled the old valise from under the bed, and started to strap it. "This is a funny game, this life thing! Why the dickens didn't the fool contract come ten minutes later? I'd had my packing done, and my sneak made; and—who knows?—maybe a job landed. All it did was to put me back about an hour in my hunt for a fortune." He strapped up the valise, put on his hat, and went to the door. "I dunno, though; it gave me a chance to become a philanthropist."

He peered up and down the murky hallway. "Well, if I'm a philanthropist, this is about the sneakiest blame trick a philanthropist ever pulled!"

He shut the door, locked it and left the key in the lock; then he walked briskly into the hall, down the stairs and out upon the street

As he went down the front stairs, Mrs. Crilly came up the back stairs. She had mounted once by the front stairs, and it had been in vain. Passing Mr. Brady's door she found the key on the outside, turned it, and went in. She crossed straight to the window—intuition, I guess—looked out, and must have seen him going down the street. Anyway, her face grew all strained and tragic looking. You'd say it *was* tragic, too, if you could have heard the wistfulness, the longing, the petulance, the thwarted, disappointed love in her whisper:

"Oh, the poor fool! the blind, blind fool!"

JAMES FITZGERALD, '13.

Flowers first blossom, then are broken,—  
 Live but in our memory;  
 Ocean waves with laughter silvery,  
 Kiss but once the golden shore;  
 But kind deeds, and kind words spoken  
 Bloom and live forevermore.

JAMES A. MAJOR, '14.



## A Symphony Ephemeral

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**H**ARK! Hark! The cool dawn is breaking;  
The leaf, the twig, the nest's astir;  
From joyous throats a paean comes shaking,  
And dewdrops flash on the gossamer:—  
'Tis Dawn! 'Tis Dawn!

Hail! Hail! The sun arises;  
The distant hills are tip't with flame;  
Chants Life in its thousand guises:—  
'Tis Day! 'Tis Day!

Hush! Hush! The sad night approaches;  
And bird and leaf their vespers pray:  
Now on the Day the dusk encroaches;  
The last faint radiance steals away:—  
'Tis Night! 'Tis Night!

*Ralph Byrnes '15*

## A Drop of Collodion

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WENTY-FIVE years ago the office of the Paris Prefecture of Police was a very dismal apartment. It was poorly lighted by little slits of windows that had not felt the cleansing effect of water for years. Above the desk of the registrar hung two evil-smelling oil lamps which cast, from one to twenty-four o'clock, a pale circlet of yellow light upon the open book, and threw the remainder of the room into profounder gloom. A rough bench blackened by continual use occupied three sides of the room; gazing on it you unconsciously reflected that for the last decade all the criminals, all the murderers, all the swindlers in the most wicked city of the world had aided, one after another, in polishing that bench. It was hither that the scum of Paris finally drifted. For, sooner or later, as surely as sewage reaches a drain, crime arrives at that terrible office which has one door leading to the chain-gang, and another leading to the scaffold. The remark of a President of France, if inelegant, is only too true: "The Prefecture is the great public laundry of all the dirty linen of Paris."

At one of the desks a man was talking with the chief of bureau. He was a man evidently older in experience than in years; large of frame; his head massive and intellectual; his benevolent countenance furrowed by those rare lines which proclaim the man who has seen the world and escaped scepticism. But his eyes—his eyes were what held you. They were keen; steel-blue eyes; eyes that peered out at you over the top of a pair of gold-bowed glasses, taking in and understanding everything at a glance. This was M. Pierre Rouget, the head of the detective department. Of course it was not the real Pierre; for outside of his friend, the examining magistrate, I doubt if anyone had seen him without his usual disguise and recognized in him the famous Rouget.

"Yes, monsieur," the chief of bureau was saying, "as I said, I hardly consider it necessary for you to look into this matter. Nevertheless, the sum of 300,000 francs is too considerable an amount to be lost through any carelessness; and therefore I should like to have your opinion on the deductions we have already made.

As is your desire, I have informed Henri to see that nothing is disturbed, and he is now awaiting you at the bank."

"You, of course, have the report entered?"

"Yes; just a moment."

The chief of bureau took up the telephone.

"Report No. 20109."

In a short time a turnkey appeared with the document and handed it to the chief.

"Here," said the chief, reading aloud, "is the report."

"Arrived at the bank of Charles Brunehaut at 4:55 o'clock to investigate the sudden death of the paying-teller, Antoine Santerre, and the subsequent disappearance of 300,000 francs. Santerre had been notified this morning by the President that M. Lauval would call at the bank for a cash loan of 300,000 francs. Accordingly the teller had that amount withdrawn from the Bank of France in order to be enabled to meet the loan. Through some mistake, M. Lauval understood that the loan was to be paid on the following day. After closing hours Santerre informed the President that the money had not been called for, and was instructed to store it in the vault. That was the last heard or seen of the teller, until he was found dead by Rene Du Maurier, the President's private secretary.

"Du Maurier at once notified the vault-keeper of the fact, and the police and a physician were summoned. The physician pronounced the death due to heart-failure. There was absolutely no wound of any sort on the body. Santerre had collapsed suddenly, and was lying on the floor with his feet half under him. It was then noticed by the President that the three packages of bank notes of 300,000 francs each were missing. Everything else had been ignored by the thief; the smaller bills and gold were untouched.

"Suspicion immediately fell upon Du Maurier. He had been sent by the President to secure some papers from the vault, to reach which he was obliged to pass the cage of the teller. Seeing the teller dead upon the floor, he was unable to resist the temptation to reach through the window of the cage in search of gold and currency. As it happened, the teller had just been notified to store the notes in the vault; consequently they were lying conveniently at hand; and Du Maurier, who had expected perhaps to carry away

the price of a supper, found himself the possessor of a fortune. Suspicion was increased by the fact that by the time the theft had been discovered Du Maurier had left the bank. Later evidence indicates that Du Maurier did not content himself with reaching through the window of the cage, but actually returned to the inner corridor and entered the cage itself. On the floor of the cage was found a pen which was positively identified as belonging to Du Maurier, and which must have dropped from his pocket as he bent over the prostrate clerk. Du Maurier has already been apprehended at his home; and every effort is being made to discover what disposition he made of the 300,000 francs. Their discovery will complete the case against him.

(Signed) Henri Criter,  
Official Detective of Prefecture of Police.'"

"I am very glad you told me of this, monsieur," exclaimed Rouget; "I think that there are several salient points which Henri has not followed up with his usual skill. Yes, I am very glad. I shall go there immediately."

At the bank, which we reached as dusk was falling, Rouget was met by Durever, a detective from the Prefecture.

"Ah, Monsieur Rouget," he exclaimed with reverence, "this is not a case for the Monsieur; decidedly not! Pst! a mere robbery, the work of an infant. However, if you wish"—shrugging his shoulders—"I will show you. Henri has left everything untouched. The wagon from the morgue has not yet come."

We went first to the office of the President, M. Charles Brunehaut. He was a man of about fifty years, solidly set up, with hair just turning grey. He had that air of mingled authority and affability which is more common in American than in French financiers. His chief concern seemed to be about Du Maurier.

"We must pardon that poor child," he exclaimed, "the temptation was too strong for him. For the sake of his wife let us be satisfied with the return of the notes."

Rouget was not unimpressed by this display of clemency.

"Are you certain," he asked, "that it was a sudden temptation, and not a deliberately planned crime?"

"It was all the merest accident," answered the President. "The sudden death of Santerre was the occasion of it all. I sent Du Maurier to get some papers from the vault. On his way he had to pass the cage of the teller, found him dead, and pocketed the three packages of notes. The fortuitous nature of the whole affair is shown by the fact that in the absence of a plan for disposing of the booty he was obliged to draw suspicion on himself by a precipitate departure."

Rouget nodded.

"True," he said, "and now with your permission Henri will kindly conduct me to the teller's cage."

The teller's cage was almost immediately opposite the President's room. Henri opened the door to the cage, and Rouget accompanied by Durever and myself, entered. For a moment he paid no attention to the dead man at his feet, but seemed to be thinking deeply.

"Henri," he said very quietly, "kindly tell Durever to take note of anyone who should attempt to watch our operations."

He then drew from his pocket a powerful lens. Kneeling down, he began scrutinizing every inch of the floor, disregarding, however, the portion between the door and the prostrate man, over which many feet had already passed, and working from the body towards the teller's desk.

"Ah, Henri," he muttered at last, "carelessness, carelessness. Look!"

Everyone knows that the invisible air-currents in a room cause the dust to collect about the base of heavy furniture. In front of the teller's safe was a thin film of dust, perhaps fourteen inches wide. Rouget, kneeling before it, was pointing to two distinct heel marks, one small, the other large, with a diamond shaped impression in the center.

"Well," said Rouget to Henri, who was evidently unable to conceal his chagrin at this proof of his negligence, "don't waste time in useless contrition. Find out which is the teller's heel mark."

After measuring the dead man's heel Henri said:

"The smaller mark is the teller's, Monsieur."

"We will remember that. Now, Henri, if you are not suffering

from a cold, bury your face in this corner of the rug and tell me what you smell."

Henri did as directed.

"It is very faint, Monsieur. Is it—ether?"

"Precisely," said Rouget, rubbing the small glossy encrustation on the rug. "The other ingredient is gun-cotton. The mixture is called collodion; and it is used, as we learn from our dictionary, primarily to—"

But Henri did not wait for the sentence to be completed. With feverish haste he began to examine the body anew. Brushing back the long hair at the back of the dead man's head he came across a few matted locks; and on the scalp itself, just above the medulla oblongata, was a coating of collodion, not more than half an inch in diameter.

"We must remove it," declared Henri with vigor.

"Be patient, mon enfant," said Rouget, with a smile, "it will remain, and I have never been fond of blood. I think we have finished here; let us bid farewell to the President—and remember, not a word of what we have discovered."

"Monsieur," said Rouget, when once more in the presence of the President, "it is indeed true that this is a very simple affair. Your unfortunate secretary, when confronted with the facts we now possess, will doubtless tell all he knows; and I sincerely trust that the money will soon be returned."

The President was evidently gratified. He offered us cigarettes.

"It has begun to snow," observed Rouget, seating himself and striking a match.

"In that case," said M. Brunehaut, "I insist upon taking you with me in my car. I shall leave very shortly."

"We need not trouble you. It is only a step to the Prefecture. Somehow the sight of the snow recalled to my mind the figure of your father, whom I often saw of a winter's evening trudging homeward with his portfolio and his baggy umbrella."

"Yes," said the President, "he always remained a gentleman of the old school. It is now four years," he continued, crossing his legs, and sinking back into the soft depths of his chair, "since he left me to conduct the business alone."

"Death ends all," said Rouget, "with your father—with Antoine Santerre—with all of us, it is the same. Perhaps I appear sentimental; death, or the calm hours of evening, and above all so tragic a combination of both always cast me into such a mood. Poetry is merely the perception of contrasts. When I perceive the contrast between the stillness of the tomb and the noisy passions of men I cease to be a detective and become Rouget the Dreamer."

What effect this reverie produced in the soul of Brunehaut could scarcely be determined, as his face was concealed behind a cloud of bluish smoke. However, his leg moved rhythmically as the words flowed on; Rouget, instead of gazing rapturously upwards, as poets do, appeared to be examining the President's feet.

But Henri and Durever were impatient to be gone, and in a few moments we found ourselves upon the street.

We paused to button our collars about our ears, for the wind blew chill. An idea struck Durever.

"Wait!" he exclaimed.

"Why wait?" inquired Rouget.

"In the snow," whispered Durevey dramatically, "we can examine the impress of his heel."

"I have seen his heel," said Rouget, laughingly taking his arm, "shall not poets have their reward?"

"Sapristi!" cried poor Durever, "my ideas are always an hour late! What must be done now?"

"Tomorrow at eleven I will meet you at the Prefecture. Have the Chief detail four gendarmes. And above all, not a word to a soul."

Rouget did not arrive at the Prefecture next morning till almost midday. Henri, all expectancy, was awaiting him with the four gendarmes.

On arriving at the bank, Rouget went immediately to the President's room. Henri remained in the corridor with the gendarmes, with orders to follow after the lapse of a few moments.

"Monsieur Brunehaut," said Rouget, toying with a remarkably sharp and narrow scalpel which he drew from his pocket, "I have come to arrest you for the murder of your teller and the theft of 300,000 francs."

The President's face grew livid. His whole expression was that of a hunted animal. He started to rise, but when the gendarmes filed into the room he fell forward on his desk, moaning, "God! All is lost! All is lost!" The soldiers assisted him to a cab; we followed in another, driving hastily to the Prefecture.

Brunehaut was in a state of nervous collapse. He refused to answer the questions of the registrar.

"Kill me," he cried, "and let there be no useless delay."

Twenty minutes later, in a quiet restaurant on the Rue Narcisse, we were discussing the case over our coffee.

"I suspected him," declared Henri, "from the moment we discovered it was a case of murder."

"Yes," assented Rouget; "but it was almost by chance that we discovered it. In fact, it depended to a large extent upon the fact that the ventilation in the teller's cage is poor. As soon as I entered I observed a very faint odor of some drug. I thought at first that the physician must have administered a stimulant. The odor persisted; for a time I was unable to classify it. At length it flashed upon me. Ether! How explain the use of ether in a teller's cage? Possibly, I thought, the floor may have some tale to tell. The rug extended to within a yard of the wall; I searched first for what would soonest disappear—the faint markings on the flooring itself. The alien footprint proved nothing conclusively, yet it was a clue. The teller must have opened the safe to remove the notes; someone else had stood in the same place; perhaps earlier, perhaps later, perhaps at the same instant. I continued my search for traces of an intruder. I was successful beyond my expectations when we discovered the collodion on the rug and later the evidence of a stab above the medulla oblongata, the most vulnerable part of the body.

"By that time we all suspected the President. Why? Because of the evident elaborateness of the plot. Who else knew that the teller would draw 300,000 francs from the Bank of France, and that at closing hours the money would be uncalled for?"

"But," interrupted Henri, "what motive could induce the President to commit murder for the sake of a sum which to him must appear small?"

Rouget drew from his pocket a memorandum, consisting of a



column of closely written figures. The total was considerably more than a million francs.

“Some of Brunehaut’s losses on the Stock Exchange,” he said tersely.

“That only complicates matters,” declared Durever, “for he got away with only one-fifth of what he needed.”

“In reality it simplifies everything. When the affairs of the bank are examined I have no doubt that further losses will be discovered. Brunehaut probably expected that with the paying-teller dead and his secretary held on a charge of murder, suspicion would be diverted from himself to one or the other of the clerks.”

“After all,” observed Henri, “it was well for us that he broke down and confessed, for we had very little evidence against him.”

“On the contrary, I was not idle after we parted last night at the corner. When you had disappeared from view I altered my disguise somewhat, entered a taxi which had been instructed to wait for me, and instructed the chauffeur, who has served me in such cases before, to follow Brunehaut’s car when it should leave the bank. I argued that if Brunehaut had committed the murder he would lose no time in getting rid of the weapon and the vial of collodion. In a short time his car left the curb; we followed closely, and I took a position where I could observe whatever transpired.

“We sped onward through the driving snow. Twice I saw the lighted end of a cigarette whirl in a spiral from the window of the car ahead, and fall upon the blanket of white. We were approaching Pont-Neuf. I pressed my man’s arm, and we sped up till scarce a metre separated us. ‘Ah!’ I thought, ‘it will be when we cross the Seine!’ Brunehaut is an artist. He did not stop his car; he did not look around; but as we crossed the bridge I saw a quick flash as some metallic object was hurled from the window.

“Mechanically I took note of the factors which would enable me to locate the object—position, direction, force. It is a law of nature that every criminal shall overlook one fact; in this case Brunehaut forgot that the Seine had frozen that morning.

“‘Follow them!’ I said to my driver, ‘secure any object thrown from the car, and report to me at the Restaurant Durand.’

“I scrambled down the embankment. An inch and more of snow

had fallen. With my cane I traced in the snow a circle with a diameter of some ten metres, somewhere within which the knife must have fallen. I had my pocket-lamp, and began to search, working inward from the rim of the circle.

"After fifteen minutes I came upon a small hole in the snow. On examination I found—this."

He laid on the table a surgeon's lancet. The thin, narrow blade came to an extremely fine point.

Rouget laid his finger on a dark brown stain near the end of the weapon.

"Brunehaut's nerve failed him," he said, "when I produced the lancet, and his eyes fell on the blood of his victim. Our case is complete, even without the half-emptied bottle of collodion which the chauffeur picked up in a field of the suburbs."

"It is strange," said Henri, "that he should have employed a method which so exposed him to detection."

"The history of crime, my dear Henri, is stranger than fiction. Brunehaut was desperate. His need for money was imperative. By chance M. Lauval applied for a heavy loan. Brunehaut saw the possibilities of the situation at a glance. He calculated that his mistake in having the money withdrawn a day too soon would not excite suspicion. He then waited till the outer doors of the bank had been closed. Some of the clerks had already left; the others he knew were busily engaged in their respective cages. He then sent his secretary, Du Maurier, to the vault on an errand which would detain him for several minutes. Hastily stepping across the hall to the teller's cage, he requested Santerre to remove the notes from the safe. Santerre obeyed. As he was working at the lock, Brunehaut placed the point of the weapon over the medulla oblongata, and with a sharp blow of his fist drove the blade home. Santerre must have fallen without a sound. Some blood may have flowed from the wound; Brunehaut, I believe, applied adrenalin to staunch the flow, though of this I am not certain; we know however that he used collodion. Securing the notes, he returned to his office. Du Maurier, coming back from the vault, was sent on a second errand to the teller's cage. From this point our account ceases to be conjecture and becomes history.

"It is needless to suggest to you," said Rouget, rising and putting on his surcoat, "the advantages to Brunchaut of concealing all traces of a violent death. First of all, the examination conducted by the police would be less searching. Secondly, less evidence would be required to convict Du Maurier of felony than of murder. Had the verdict of a natural death stood unquestioned, it is probable that Du Maurier's pen, found in the teller's cage, and placed there of course by Brunchaut, would have been enough to secure his conviction. Finally, owing to the mystery surrounding the entire affair, Brunchaut would have been able to place upon almost anyone of his clerks the responsibility for the extensive peculations he has undoubtedly committed."

"He was an artist!" cried Durever.

"But fate," replied Rouget with a smile, "is the master-artist. He should not have used collodion. For ether is, perhaps, one of the most pungent of drugs."

J. AARON COLNON, '14.



## Christianity's Gift to the Child

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PERHAPS there is no quality in man more universal than the love of children. There is something so tender, so pure, so innocent about a little one, that it gladdens our hearts and makes us realize how beautiful and wonderful a thing life may be. Whether that small life be in the home of the rich or in the hovels of the poor, makes but little difference. It is its sweetness, its simplicity and its very helplessness, which strike an all-potent chord, filling our hearts with a great wave of love and gentleness for it.

It seems hardly possible that at any time in the history of the world, man could have had anything else but tender regard and affection for the little helpless baby; yet of the time which preceded the advent of the Redeemer, we hear related such tales of cruelty and inhumanity practiced on the baby that we cannot help but shudder at their terribleness, and almost refuse to believe them. Nevertheless, we know with certainty, that not always has there been the loving consideration for childhood which is possessed by all Christian people; and our minds shrink from the contemplation of the outrages which babyhood has undergone. Consider the Greeks and the Romans, those wonderful people whose nobility and grandeur, and strength of intellect will be subjects for the thought of ages. They held the baby as a misfortune, even a curse, the undesirable result of the exercise of their passions. That little bundle of love, intended to unite indissolubly the marriage bond, was slain, handed over to the care of the state, or raised carelessly, thoughtlessly, and indifferently. Never a thought of that beautiful soul, never a hope for its welfare; it was as a puppy or some inanimate thing, to be done away with or kept, as the mood inspired. Consider all the other nations at that time, with the exception of the Jews. Infanticide was common and legitimate; there was little love, little affection for that great gift of God. Such was the heritage of the baby before the coming of the Redeemer.

It sometimes appears as though Christ deliberately determined upon a time for his incarnation, when man's moral nature was at its

lowest ebb, in order that his stay on earth might present a greater contrast to the life of sin and moral degradation of the world. If we assume that such was his purpose, we discern in his very birth the sharp difference between his advent and that of numberless other infants, and behold in his coming a newer Christian childhood which was to follow. In the little family of Bethlehem there was no hatred, no loathing of that small stranger—"the King of the Ages." All was tender adoration and love; and not a common affection, but the love that fosters and nourishes, and cares for, a love in its highest sense, that shows itself not in words, but in service. Here in the peace and happiness of the mother and foster-father at his advent, we find the joy and gladness which every Christian couple were to feel in the birth of a baby. It may be justly said, that Christ, for the love and care that was given him, bestowed on all his people an unconquerable love and affection for the little innocent child. The word "child" began to take on a new meaning and as typified in the holy family, we see the change that was to be felt in every Christian land, in its consideration for the baby.

What has Christ, through the influence of his religion, done for the child? In the broadest sense, we may say that he has accomplished only one thing, but all the results and all the effects of this single work, could never be contained or even enumerated in one article. Through his teachings of the soul, of purity, of goodness and of innocence he has made us realize what the child is; he has made it a thing of love, of adoration and of affection, so that the very word is almost synonymous with those terms. And through the child and the love of child, has been wrought so much good, that it would be impossible for us even to estimate it.

In the child lies the link that binds husband and wife together. As in the crucible, the little atoms of carbon, intermingling with the iron, clasp it and form the powerful unbreaking band of steel, so the little baby, with the loves of father and mother, mingles and joins them in the pure fire of its heart, and out of the love of each for it, is made one, almighty, enduring bond of love between the husband and the wife. It is through the child that Christian marriage reaches perfection. Because of that inborn love of children which Christ has given to all good people, it is only with the birth

of the baby that husband and wife attain the pure happiness, the highest happiness which marriage can give; as Browning has expressed it:

“’Tis in the child, man and wife grow complete.”

And thus it is that Christianity has made the child the binding link, the ultimate perfection of every marriage.

Probably it might be questioned whether as real infancy passes and gives place to happy, growing childhood, that love diminishes in vigor. In a certain degree it does, or rather it gives place to a more serious and a more helpful affection. As a child grows, the common tendency to kiss the little bundle of sweetness and care for every physical want, disappears and there is planted instead a realization that within that small body, there is a soul, infinitely more beautiful, infinitely more necessary to watch over; and the love of children which Christianity bestows is exhibited now in the care of the mother and father, for the soul as well as for its little body. How often is it that we find the mother foregoing society, her clubs and friends, to enter into a closer connection and communion with her child. She teaches the first prayers, guards it from all wrong and answers as only a mother can, those first questions which rise before the brain, and cloud it in the first dawn of reason. How frequently we find the father, who has been careless at times and indifferent in the fulfillment of his duty, simply out of that love he bears his child, amend his life, and conquer his faults and failings in order that the child may know or believe in after years, years of disillusionment when no one seems true, that the first man it knew was good and honorable. This in a degree, is the attempt of every father and mother of the Christian world, to keep the child undefiled and free from wrong. And all this is another phase of what Christianity has done for the child. Through the love of the parents, it surrounds it, in receiving its first impressions, with all that is good and true.

But even outside the family, we cannot help but discern that innate tendency which Christianity develops, to encompass the child with all that will perfect it and keep it, in soul and mind and body, healthful and strong. We see in the widespread establishment of religious schools, in the thousands of charitable organizations to care

for wayward or orphan children, in the countless number of hospitals for children, that same impulse and disposition to envelop the child with only that which is best for it, and we wonder that love, the love which Christianity has given to all, for the child, can accomplish so much for it and work such inestimable good.

LEO RYAN, '12.

## The Moon

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Like some wave-battered ship on the ocean,  
The moon, in those boundless blue skies,  
Now sinks in a cloud-wave of Heaven,  
Now emerges again 'fore our eyes.

Till at last, after rough and smooth sailing,  
It reaches its port 'neath the trees;  
Then unseen it steals back to its haven  
To wait for the next evening's breeze.

LAMBERT HAYES, '15.



## In Summertime

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**I**N summertime the heaven's blue  
Takes on a richer, softer hue ;  
    While velvet grass on verdant hills,  
    And corn that nods near crystal rills  
The starry nights with pearls bedew.

Each morning brings us something new :—  
A songster's lay ; a rose that blew  
    Ere dawn ; with gladness Nature thrills  
    In summertime.

The perfect days seem all too few ;  
Too soon the season bids adieu.  
    The farmer now no longer tills  
    His fields, but waits till Plenty spills  
Her horn ; alas ! how moments flew  
    In summertime.

*Joseph A. Abel '14*



## Premonitions

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T was an unique and interesting coterie which clustered about the round table in the big lounging room of the Chicago Press Club. The party was composed of star reporters, all of whom were full of psychological theories, and ever anxious to apply them in their daily work.

"Well, what do you know about that case of hunch near the National Capitol?" asked Sprightly Seymour, one of the group.

"What case?" inquired Pete Perkins, the pessimist.

"It's the most wonderful case of a warning against danger of which I have ever heard," replied Seymour.

"What's the story?" demanded Walt Williams. "Put us next."

"Oh, it's been in print; how'd you miss it? It's about a reliable old colored preacher down South, who, not long ago, was on a train bound for Washington, D. C. He was dozing in his seat, a few miles from his destination, when suddenly he was awakened by what seemed to be a cry of 'Wreck! Wreck!' sounding in his ears. Naturally his thought was, 'could he be dreaming?' But when he was thoroughly awake, he again heard the same words repeated three times. As it happened, the preacher was the only occupant of the car; so he realized no one was playing him a trick. In a panic he rushed to the rear end of the coach and jumped off, despite the fact that the train was running thirty miles an hour. Badly bruised, he managed to drag himself to the next station, where to the crowd on the platform he related his experience.

"Little attention was paid to his spooky tale at the time, as the train from which he had escaped arrived at Washington in safety."

"That's a funny yarn; where's the point?" interrogated cross-examiner Johnny Johnson. "How do you connect the alleged warning with anything in particular; nothing sinister happened to the colored sky-pilot, except a few bruises caused by his own folly in making a hasty exit."

"Ah, we haven't reached 'finis'," replied Seymour. "The end is not yet."

"Well, what occurred? Your mystery deepens—the plot thickens; blaze away," suggested Johnson.

"The remarkable thing about this story is that the very next train which passed over the road, in the same direction, was wrecked by the descent of a large rock upon it as it passed. The huge stone overhanging the tracks had been loosened by the vibrations created by moving trains. Investigation showed that the preacher had leaped only a short distance from the scene of the wreck."

"That's great stuff; but how do you account for the dusky preacher's getting an impression of an impending accident in which he was to have no direct part?" interposed Pete Perkins, who had listened attentively to Seymour's words.

"Why," retorted Seymour, bristling a little at this challenge, and at the same time relighting his cigarette stub, "you see there was trouble coming for somebody, and it was for the preacher, in a peculiar state of mind, to pick up the wireless message and act on it at once. You see his guardian angel, or whatever subtle influence controlled him, was ever alert for the man's safety. It is not for us mortals to know the process by which these things come about; we all have a good many guesses coming, Johnny. Those who are curious to know will, I believe, have to wait awhile. These mystic messages have been received by people from time immemorial, and, perhaps, have the same source as the warnings of danger which the ancient Greeks used to receive. That the catastrophe did not fall on the preacher's train is of no great importance. It was evident there was trouble coming, and it arrived all right."

"To be sure, that reminds me," ejaculated that old-timer, Mark Mortimer, as he swung one leg over the arm of his capacious Morris chair and rekindled his well-seasoned pipe. "You chaps, probably, don't remember the interior layout of that ancient mausoleum of a city hall which gave place to the magnificent edifice which today adorns City Hall Square."

"Oh, I do," said Seymour; "it surely was some catacomb."

"Have you in mind the Central Detail's squad-room on the ground floor, a forbidding apartment with poor furnishings?"

"Sure; that's where the night reporters used to congregate."

"You're right," resumed the old-timer, making a series of smoke rings which he watched ascend to the ceiling. "Well do I recall an incident of some years ago on the line of your psychic talk this evening. It was a fine moonlight night in winter; news was light at police headquarters, and the night scribes, a friendly bunch of fellows with Bohemian tendencies, started a little game to pass the time; the game, I believe, is called poker. Anyway, a well-worn deck of cards passed from hand to hand, as each of the party in turn dealt. Stacks of ivory discs, in three colors, but bearing no inscription, were nursed and coddled by all; their possession seemed to be essential to the game."

"You diagnosed it all right," said Seymour, smiling; "I inferred from your introductory remark what was the nature of the game about whose proper appellation you were in doubt. Let your doubts be at rest; you've called it correctly; please proceed."

"To go on," continued Mortimer, "midnight was approaching, and the desk sergeant in full view of the players slept peacefully in his chair in an adjoining room."

"'Call you,' remarked Charlie Bates, who always thought his hand was pretty good.

"'Pot's mine,' responded Blanke, the sphinx, spreading out on the table a full house.

"As the laconic Blanke was sweeping in the chips, the jerky bell of the old-fashioned telephone rang, creating a mighty din in the stilly night.

"With the agility of an acrobat, Bates lifted himself over the back of his heavy wooden armchair and grabbed the receiver.

"'Yes,' I heard him say; 'this is Central; yep, police headquarters—the reporters' room; ye-es.'

"There was a short pause; the other end of the line was imparting information.

"'Murder on the West Side—Canal and Maxwell,' exclaimed Charlie, turning from the instrument, and facing his now alert companions. The group included a representative from every morning paper in the city. The game being now forgotten, the paraphernalia remained in a heap on the massive oak table.

"Having learned the locality of the crime from Charlie Bates' telephone conversation, we all slipped into our ulsters and darted for the open air, each selecting his own way of reaching the scene of the tragedy.

"At the Washington Street curb I hailed Louie Robbins—do you remember Louie? He was the night gang's favorite cabby. I did not have to give him the direction twice; in an instant we were off. The nag was a good one, the streets were clear; indeed, we made a record trip.

"As the wheels of the vehicle scraped the edge of the curb at our destination, I nearly upset, in alighting, my friend the big genial Burns, a policeman with the reputation of being always on hand when his services were needed.

"It's upstairs,' whispered Burns, pointing to a low ramshackle building, in front of which surged a mob of excited foreigners. A junkshop occupied the first floor. From the sign over the door it might be inferred that the tenant was a Russian Jew.

"The wagon's coming,' volunteered the officer as I passed to a rickety flight of uncovered stairs at the side of the house. At the top I stumbled against a frail door which gave way under my weight, revealing a sickening scene. In the middle of the room stood an undersized, low-browed woman, bearing in her arms an infant. Tears streamed from her eyes as she gave vent to loud lamentations. Her language was that of a country from which she and thousands of her neighbors were involuntary exiles. The room was crowded with Russians talking nervously in the native tongue. On a cot in the corner, covered with tattered soiled comforts, lay the unconscious figure of a man.

"In the midst of the jabbering Jews, and bending over the couch, was the first outsider to be called in—the physician.

"He's dead,' I heard the doctor say, as I approached the group.

"The man's shirt had been turned back from the region of the heart, and I could see that a bullet had caused his death.

"Is it a murder?' I asked, as I retreated with the doctor to a table near the window.

"He answered in the affirmative, adding that the victim had been a boarder in the house. Recently the proprietor had manifested

symptoms of jealousy; that night he raged when, on entering the building, he found the lodger in conversation with his wife. Whipping a revolver from his pocket without warning, the enraged man fired the shot which killed his supposed rival.

"Where's the junkman?" I asked.

"Locked in the kitchen; he's safe enough," was the physician's response.

"Did they disarm him?" I inquired.

"I don't know; I presume they did—that ought to have been their first thought."

"At this juncture, which was not long after my arrival, though it seemed hours, the tread of the police was heard outside. The door opened, and the big form of my old, courageous friend, Captain Simon O'Donnell of the Twelfth Street Station, darkened the doorway.

"Captain O'Donnell crossed the room in two paces, looked at the prostrate form, and then, glancing in our direction, gave a sign of recognition and beckoned to the physician.

"I was interested in the two figures as they stood over the remains, when a shriek and a heavy pounding on the frail door were heard in the direction of the kitchen. No one could interpose before the door gave way and admitted the crazed junkman, brandishing the fatal weapon.

"A panic ensued. Russians sought hiding places, while Captain O'Donnell pushed boldly forward to subdue the maniac. But he was not quick enough; there was a flash, a sharp report—a bullet whizzed through the room. The ball split the window trimly at a point where, a moment before, the back of my head had rested. As the maniac burst into the room, his mad gaze was not turned in my direction, but rather towards the body of his victim over which were bent the officer and the man of medicine. There was no clear reason for me to expect the shot; but, not knowing what prompted me, I slid unconsciously to a stooping position on the floor alongside the table, just as the maniac's finger touched the trigger and he turned suddenly in my direction. The ball came close enough. Had I held the position where the physician left me the ball would have pierced my brain.

"What unseen force prompted me involuntarily to duck behind the table, I shall, perhaps, never know. The mystery grows deeper as time goes on; maybe there are some who can explain my sudden impulse. It was not terror, for in moments of great excitement fear has no place in my nature."

"That's certainly in line with the colored preacher's experience," said Walt Williams. "'Tis truly strange; what became of the crazy junk dealer?"

"After the shooting he was conveyed in the patrol to the Detention Hospital; a jury in the County Court pronounced him insane with homicidal tendencies. Within a year, I understand, he died unwept at Dunning."

J. SHERWIN MURPHY, Academy, 14.

## The Angelus of Millet

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The sun descends the radiant steps of heaven,  
 And bids farewell to day;  
 A golden robe each fleecy cloud is given  
 By lingering sunbeam's ray.

On earth and sky the shades of eve are falling,  
 The fields grow dim and gray;  
 The Angelus with holy voice is calling,  
 And men cease work to pray.

With heads bowed low in simple, fervent prayer  
 A youth and maiden stand;  
 Her eyes are raised; her heart is free from care;  
 He rests with hat in hand.

Each accent of the bell falls soft and clear  
 Upon the sacred time;  
 Each heart beats fast with reverential fear  
 In answer to the chime.

JAMES A. MAJOR, '14.



## Editorial

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THE COLLEGIAN, as usual, begins the year with "bright prospects." All of last year's staff, with the exception of Phillip J. Carlin, our capable Editor-in-Chief, have returned and taken up the work of their respective departments. The sanctum **OUR POLICY.** has opened its doors to several new knights of the pen, all filled with a commendable determination to help us maintain the standards set by our predecessors. Seldom, if ever, has the financial support afforded by the student body been so generous. More than 250 subscriptions have already been received, and more are expected. With such backing the COLLEGIAN for 1911-1912 will undoubtedly prove itself a worthy organ of the great University it represents.

Although we desire to make every page as fresh, as perfect and as interesting as possible, we do not intend to fall into the mistake of striving after a perfection which is hostile to the true interests of the student body. THE COLLEGIAN was not founded to exploit developed talent, but rather to bring out that which is latent. We desire contributions from all the classes, even the lowest; and in examining manuscripts we will not ask whether they are good enough for *Scribner's*, but whether they are good enough for the class they came from.

There is no doubt that certain college magazines have fallen victims to a pitiable vanity, which forbids their publishing anything that is not absolutely flawless. The same names appear issue after issue; but however creditable the work may be, the fact remains that while pride is being gratified, talent lies hidden and undeveloped. Their

Exchange Column, to which in most cases scant attention is paid, is neither honest nor suggestive. They might, if they would, help along the great brotherhood of literary apprentices; but they prefer to pose as masters.

We urge all parents to co-operate with us by encouraging their sons to submit manuscripts. In this connection we would like to cite, as examples of what can be done by young writers, the story entitled "Premonitions," and the editorial on "The Most Perfect Thing in America," which appear in this issue.

For our new "heads" and "tails" we are indebted to Mr. H. M. Bridwell, an alumnus of St. Xavier College, Cincinnati. Mr. Bridwell, after a thorough course in art, has opened a studio and devoted himself to decorative work. In his loyalty and generosity he is typical of the traditional Cincinnati alumnus. As an example of what an active Alumni Association can do, we might mention that the Alumni of that city, when called upon to assist in founding the new School of Accounting and Finance, took up the work with such energy that the course was organized within a few weeks, and opened with an enrolment of over sixty students.

Less than a month ago Cardinal Gibbons, in an interview, expressed his disapproval of the strong sentiment manifesting itself in favor of the direct election of Senators, the referendum and the recall. His reasons were that these measures either fail to accomplish their purpose, or cause new evils, disproportionate to the good that might result. The Cardinal is not an enemy of democratic government; but he probably feels that we can be sufficiently democratic without departing from the Constitution; and that our energies had better be devoted to the task of purifying the old system, rather than to that of evolving a new one which would in the end be equally open to corruption.

The *Chicago Tribune*, on October 10th, indirectly criticised the great prelate in an editorial inveighing against our state legislatures. The substance of the article was, that a State Senator of New York had been guilty of grafting, and had succeeded in hiding his guilt by claiming that the money had been received as "attorney fees." These



"fees" had been placed among other items in a special appropriation bill, which was passed by the Senate and the House. Then the *Tribune* adds: "If the venerable Cardinal Gibbons had plumbed the shameless depths of several of the legislatures of our greatest states, he would not be so confident that the people need no direct check upon the representatives, who, protected by a network of self-built political machinery, dare to misrepresent and betray."

Of course, we do not believe that the *Tribune* intentionally misrepresents the Cardinal's stand. Indeed, he knows that there is evil in the state legislatures. Everyone knows that. But he refuses to admit that the direct election of Senators would abolish that evil. In the first place, what is that Senate and House who passed the appropriation bill already referred to? It is simply two independent legislative bodies, elected directly by the people of the state. Surely, there can be no greater check upon such a body of men than the knowledge that they have been popularly elected and are dependent for re-election upon the people. This is the "direct check" which the *Tribune* urges. Yet, in the next breath, it asserts that the two bodies thus "checked" are "protected by a network of self-built political machinery." In other words, it defeats its own argument by pointing to an instance where the remedy it suggests has produced grafters. Let the *Tribune* in the future remember that to have a true knowledge of political conditions it is not necessary to be actively engaged in the exposure of grafters, or it will come to additional grief when it attempts to criticize a Cardinal.

J. FREDERICK REEVE, '12.

The eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica has been completed. To use the prepossessing statement of the publishers: "It is a comprehensive embodiment of accurate scholarship—an authoritative exposition in all departments of knowledge." To quote further, the editors state that "their aim and object has been to look at truth objectively, to face the religions of the world as they are, not as we or others think they ought to be; to present not what we believe, but what everybody believes."

Have they so carried out their manifesto?

Partly they have.

First. It *has been* an authoritative exposition; extremely authoritative; so much so, that, relative to many departments, the opinions of those most concerned and able to represent them correctly were not consulted lest their treatment of the subjects infringe on the constituted "authoritativeness." Again, they *have* looked at truth objectively but failed to express it; for that truth in certain religious matters might be embarrassing, when contrasted with statements of their own.

We here refer to matters which are either purely Catholic or concern Catholicity. Such articles are specimens of misrepresentation, ridicule and insolence.

The encyclopædia has 1,500 contributors; it is singular that of all these but 15 were Catholic writers and only 10 of admitted authority. None of these Catholic writers was assigned to treat of Mass, Theology, Marriage, Divorce, the Bible, the Popes or Fathers of the Church, and other kindred matters.

Such subjects as Absolution, Celibacy, Dogma, Excommunication, Fasting, Holy Water, Images, Relics, Vows, the Virgin Mary—even the Catholic Church, were considered too far beyond the comprehension of Catholic writers for intelligent treatment by them.

Hence, in the face of all this it is not strange that the doctrines of the church are distorted, her practices sneered at, and her Saints ridiculed. Proof of this may be seen in various misstatements among others: "That the church always assumed the right to grant divorce;" that "the Roman Papacy did not follow from Peter, but was instituted by the ruling members of the early church;" that "Pope Boniface VIII probably denied the immortality of the soul."

"Monasticism," we are to understand, was "a belief in the evil of matter from which charity and good works could not spring."

"St. Ambrose had these chief faults: ambition and bigotry."

"The abbots chastised their monks, very often by putting out their eyes and further mutilating them."

These are but a few of the many instances we quote from a pamphlet issued by the Catholic Truth Society called "Poisoning the Wells," wherein the injustice to Catholics in the encyclopædia are thoroughly brought to light.

It is deplorable that in this modern age bigotry and rancor, characteristic of earlier and less advanced times, should so strongly manifest themselves. But the Britannica contains undeniable evidences of this spirit, and its unscholarly and prejudiced treatment of Catholicity will be strongly commented on.

As a warning to future publications and as a condemnation of this one, no Catholic should purchase the Britannica, which seems to confidently expect such patronage in exchange for insult and misrepresentation.

THOS. J. O'BRIEN, '12.

Arthur Christopher Benson, writing a few years ago of education in England, said: "At present each of the roads—Latin, Greek, French, mathematics, science—leads off in a separate direction and seems to lead nowhere in particular."

No one doubts for an instant that any mental exercise, in as much as it trains the intellectual faculties, is useful. From this point of view no curriculum can be wholly bad. As a matter of fact, the five studies mentioned by Mr. Benson are meant to lead off in separate directions, because they are intended to give to thought, or to the faculty of thinking, qualities that are distinct. To be logical, to be precise, to be able to analyze and compare, to be inured to labor, to be alert and imaginative and self-dependent—these are qualities which no single study can ever develop. The student who fails does so, not because his curriculum was diversified; but because, through sloth, he neglected to acquire this mental development.

Mr. Benson is not alone in accusing college work of a lack of co-ordination. The same charge comes daily to our ears from numerous sources. And, indeed, if our purpose is merely to translate Latin and Greek as a duty imposed; if our purpose is only to labor irksomely over mathematics and science; if our purpose is but a striving for credits and diploma—then we admit that our time at college is poorly spent. The question resolves itself into this: Is the curriculum to blame, or the man? We uphold the curriculum; we blame the man who does not co-ordinate his work in such a way as to use his faculties, when developed, for the purpose for which they were developed—that is, who does not increase his fund of ideas, and his power to communicate them to others.

This necessary co-ordination is secured if we set before ourselves as the goal towards which we are striving, the ability to read intelligently, and to use the product of our reading convincingly. For there is nothing that so builds character, nothing that trains the mind to such a degree as does broad and sympathetic reading. It is thus we come in contact with great minds. Through reading the avenues to whatever is beautiful and good and true in life are opened to us. Reading gives to the heart the power of enjoying all that is fair; to the mind, a stability and wisdom that will never forsake it. Why, then, are some college men failures? Because they do not read with penetration; they read, but do not observe. Some through neglect acquire nothing; others arrive at a certain development; but very few use their developed faculties to read extensively and intelligently. Hence, many of us never know ourselves; never know the meaning of life; are never masters of our environment because we cannot say, with Napoleon, "I know men."

True it is that the facts picked up during the study of Latin and Greek, as well as the solutions of intricate problems in science and mathematics, will soon escape our memory. But is the college man to be another derelict on the strand of life when his class-room knowledge is forgotten? No! That man is endowed with mental agility that will master each new difficulty; endowed with broadness of mind, openness of heart, and power of foresight. We can, then, sum up the purpose of all our work thus: the daily drudgery of the class-room enables us to read with penetration; and through reading we mount to an eminence whence we can survey the world and plot our course through life.

GEORGE M. NICELY, '14.

OUR CRITICS. Public interest has recently been aroused by the views expressed by Mr. R. T. Crane to the effect that "higher education," instead of being a benefit to the student in making his way through life, is actually a detriment. Mr. Crane says: "All general schooling above the public grammar schools is worse than useless. This 'higher education' not only does not improve a person for business, but it does not strengthen or develop his character."

Owing to limited space, the writer cannot go into this matter as fully as he would like; but it ought not to take many words to prove the falsity of such a statement. In the first place, some 250,000 men in all walks of life, many of them equally as successful as Mr. Crane in the business world, voice their disapproval of his contention by sending their sons to these higher institutions of learning. Bewildering statistics might be quoted showing the large number of college-bred men now at the head of public and private institutions in this country; but as it may be argued that these men rose through unusual talent or effort rather than the special training they received in college, I will not burden the minds of my readers with these statistics.

The professed aim of every college of standing in the country is to train men to be moral, efficient, public-spirited, and cultivated citizens. Their energies are all directed to this end. To affirm that since these colleges do not attain the desired result in certain students or certain classes of students, all higher education should be abolished, is as logical as to affirm that since occasionally one of Mr. Crane's elevators will break loose and drop from the seventeenth story with a load of people, the manufacture of all elevators should be discontinued. It is undeniably true that among many of the colleges and universities, where the majority of the students are non-resident, the morals of many students are far below the standard, and also that many students leave these halls of learning without having acquired any perceptible mental training. But it certainly cannot be maintained that the morals of these particular individuals would show any improvement were they sent out into the business world instead of being sent to college, nor that their failure to secure the desired mental training is chargeable to anyone but themselves. The college provides the means to obtain mental development, and if a person does not use the necessary means he will not attain the desired end, whether in business or college life.

Admitting that the average student gets about one-half the possible benefit to be derived from a four years' college course, I still maintain that he is saving time by going to college instead of entering the business field from the grammar school. During those four years at college he has gone through a thorough course in higher

mathematics, physics, and chemistry, and he surely has the advantage over his fellow who knows no more than the rudiments of arithmetic as taught in the grammar grades. During those four years he has studied at least two foreign languages, has made an acquaintance with the greatest minds the world has produced, has cultivated a taste for reading, and through reading, has opened the way to a literary education. How many of our grammar school graduates, no matter how well versed they may be in their particular line of business, can sit down and dictate a letter of any length, which will be a credit to their employer? It is this one thing today that it holding thousands of competent but unread men out of high positions. The college-bred man can aspire to any heights, with the consciousness of this training behind him, spurring him on. It is, of course, essential that the man of superior education must employ thrift and system in making himself acquainted with any proposition he undertakes, and not allow his extra schooling to prevent him from realizing that he must work to win. Finally, if broader education, and a cultivated taste for reading does nothing more than to awaken a man's sympathies for his neighbor's weaknesses, which it undeniably does, by all means, let us do everything in our power to promote "higher education," for there is nothing that the world needs today more than broad-minded, sympathetic men and women.

JOHN F. HENRY, Academy, '12.

Great interest throughout the western colleges has been aroused by the announcement that the "Max Pam Prize Essay Contest" has been reopened.

**MAX PAM PRIZE CONTEST.** The "Max Pam Prize Contest" derives its name from Mr. Max Pam, a well-known Chicago lawyer, who, some time ago, offered a one thousand dollar cash prize for the best paper on the "Religious Education of the Youth."

Charge of the contest was given over to the faculty of Notre Dame University, and a pamphlet was recently received from that institution explaining the object of the essay and exhorting all college students to participate in it.

The theme is "How May the Religious Element be Best Promoted in the Education of the Youth?" The conditions specify that manu-

scripts must contain at least 15,000 words and be in the hands of the committee of awards on March 15, 1912.

Now students of St. Ignatius who themselves are experiencing the results of a system whose primary object is to develop all that is true and noble in youthful manhood, should find no real difficulty in expressing intelligent opinion on a subject dealing with the religious teaching of youth.

But the average college student among us whose moral training is an inseparable part of his curriculum, seldom pauses to regard the outside world that does not deal especially with him.

Hence, in the midst of his self-concentration the vast numbers of those whose education, from the elementary schools to the more advanced courses in high school and college, is entirely bereft of Christian ideals or any sound code of morals, are unseen and unthought of. It is to awaken a sense of concern for those in like pursuits, and to subject to our own thought and study the great problem that faces our nation today, that interest in such a subject as the above should be strongly advocated. For intelligent observers must see a great, mind-developed, free thinking generation, whom the cloak of religious training has never enveloped, emerging from our country's godless centers of education carrying with it a deadly destructive influence, far-reaching in its evil effects.

THOS. J. O'BRIEN, '12.

“When thirty thousand people,” says McCready Sykes, in a recent issue of *Everybody's Magazine*, “leave their work and everything else to watch the final struggle between the leaders at the end of the baseball season, it is small wonder. It would be a wonder were they to do otherwise; they are witnessing the very quintessence and consummation of the Most Perfect Thing in America.”

The article is crude in its reasoning, excessive in its praise, and childish in its adulation. The wonder to us is that there are thirty thousand people in any city who seek this means of intoxication; who desire a mad nervous revel that they may have the opportunity to howl at the unfortunate, whom the gods have cursed with the

position of Arbitrator; who rejoice in letting loose the partly domesticated feelings of the savage from their frail tether of civilization. We do not decry the game of baseball as an athletic pastime; but we do emphatically decry the wild unreasoning enthusiasm and the childish adoration that make men call baseball more perfect than anything else in America. True well-balanced baseball held in its proper place is a thing beautiful to behold; but when the pastime is praised as the greatest and most enduring product of our civilization, it is time to raise a protest against an attitude of mind that places a commercialized exhibition of nimbleness in the forefront of our achievements. The author, in his glorification of the tense mental exercise, the keenness of judgment, and the mathematical precision that are necessary for "The Most Perfect Thing in America," recalls to our mind the rampant adulation of the physical in a certain writer, who declares that his hero is "teeming with life, bursting with energy, and whose whole soul is consumed with the idea that he is a MAN."

Mr. Sykes, prevented either by his modesty or his antecedents from proving the superiority of baseball by comparing it with our art, our literature, our architecture, our great inventions, or our advances in social and political science, attempts to establish his point by quoting an example from history. Greek civilization, he declares, has passed away, and now profits the world nothing; but the Olympic Games were revived after the lapse of twenty centuries. Thus in future ages shall men remember America only because of her national game. To answer an assertion so gratuitous were a mere waste of time; yet we cannot refrain from observing, that if fifty thousand people gather every five years and shout themselves hoarse at the Olympic Games, a hundred thousand visit yearly the Acropolis at Athens, there to admire the ability, to reverence the artistic ideals and to imitate the conceptions of a people who left, indeed, an athletic contest that was revived, but the impress of whose culture has been felt throughout the ages.

STEWART C. McDONNELL, Academy, '13.





On Tuesday, September 5, classes formally reopened with an increased attendance over last year. The total number of students by departments is as follows:

St. Ignatius College of Arts.....	61
St. Ignatius Academy—	
Classical .....	394
Commercial .....	55
Loyola Academy .....	131
Law .....	97
Social Science .....	13
Engineering .....	9
Medicine .....	380
Pharmacy .....	32
<hr/>	
Total .....	1,172

The Eucharistic League of the last three years has been reorganized under a new title. It will hereafter be known as The Frequent Communion Guild and will form a branch of a society which has spread to many Catholic colleges. Father Dineen has arranged with the manufacturers for a large number of buttons and hopes soon to be able to distribute them among the students. The students of the college, who by their co-operation made the Frequent Communion Guild a success, may justly feel proud of the fact that the association has spread rapidly over the entire country. The National Eucharistic Congress, which met recently in Cincinnati, passed the following resolution:

Resolved: That the National Eucharistic Congress of Cincinnati, while expressing its pleasure at the organized efforts thus far made by the association known as the "Frequent Communion Guild" to spread the practice of frequent and daily Communion amongst all classes of the faithful, ventures humbly to make the request that the Holy See consider the advisability of approving this association, and thus rendering it a permanent and fruitful means of carrying out the wishes of the Holy Father as expressed in the decree "Sacra Tridentina Synodus."

The College play will be given at Christmas time. The revival of this custom will be welcome to every student who remembers the remarkable performances of Richard III and Richelieu. Mr. McGillan is to direct the play.

The Senior Sodality is now under the direction of Fr. Mullens. On September 25th a preliminary meeting was held, and the following officers elected: Prefect, Thomas J. O'Brien; First Assistant, J. Frederick Reeve; Second Assistant, William J. Higgins.

The Junior Sodality, under the direction of Fr. Grollig, now numbers 188. On account of the unusually heavy enrolment the Sodality meets in the Basement Church instead of in the Students' Chapel. The following officers were elected for the first term: Prefect, Edward McHugh; First Assistant, Lawrence Folan; Second Assistant, Gerald Barry.

The opening session of the Loyola Oratorical Association was held on Wednesday, October 4. Preliminary work in connection with the organization had been going on for two or three weeks previously with the result that all the old members of the "Chrysostomian Society" and the eligibles from the "Loyola Literary Society" were present to a man. Chiefly to save time and to work more directly toward the end in view, it was agreed to eliminate routine details or to refer them to committees in order to give more time for the discussion of the questions before the house. A welcome has been and is hereby extended to all the members of the College classes, the members of the school of engineering, the law and medical students. The meetings are held in the College Reading Room on Wednesday at three o'clock. The program thus far has been:

Wednesday, October 11.—“A reciprocal commercial treaty should be concluded between the United States and Canada.” Affirmative, Messrs. Bellock and Reeve. Negative, Messrs. Fitzgerald and Regan. The decision was given in favor of the affirmative. On points Messrs. Reeve and Fitzgerald were equal.

Wednesday, October 18.—“Judges should come into office by appointment of state or municipal executives rather than through the suffrages of the voters.” Affirmative, Messrs. Healy and Colnon. Negative, Messrs. L. Hayes and Higgins. The negative was awarded the decision. Messrs. Colnon and Higgins divided the honors.

Wednesday, October 25.—“Boards of arbitration with compulsory powers should be established to settle disputes between employers and wage-earners.” Affirmative, Messrs. William O'Brien and Burke. Negative, Messrs. Thomas O'Brien and Garland.

Tuesday, October 31.—“It is for the interests of good government that the citizen act with his party in municipal elections.” Affirmative, Messrs. Berghoff and Ryan. Negative, Messrs. Beam and Dooley.

The Loyola Literary Society is an organization that should appeal to every student in the Academy. We do not urge college spirit, or loyalty to colors. On the contrary, we advise you for your own benefit. Those meetings can get along very well with the present roll of members, but you who have an aim in life cannot dispense with the entertainment and the training in public speaking afforded by the Junior Debating Society. Inquire among the college classes and you will find two classes of men—those who joined this body and have become successful speakers and those who “wished they had.” Join the society. Now is your opportunity. Get into line while there are others new and inexperienced like yourself. The meeting is called every Friday afternoon. Be there, so that you shall not say a year or two hence, “I wish I had.”

At the meeting held on Friday, October 6, this society cast a ballot for election of officers under the supervision of Fr. William Lyons, S. J. The result was as follows: William Bowe, President; Leo E. McGivena, Vice-President; John F. Henry, Secretary.

With such an able orator at its head as Mr. Bowe, the Junior Debating Society should retain its reputation as one of the foremost, if not the leading organization of the college.

On Wednesday, October 4th, a mass-meeting of the students was held in the College Hall. The Junior Band, which appeared for the first time this year, created a very favorable impression by their spirited rendition of popular and classical pieces. The purpose of the gathering was to rouse the students to still greater interest in all college activities, and in particular to acquaint them with the co-operative plan instituted by the business management of THE COLLEGIAN. THE COLLEGIAN of late years has suffered from a marked decrease in the revenues usually derived from advertisements. Realizing the benefits that would result if even a small portion of the half-million odd dollars expended annually by the students and their families could be controlled and diverted to THE COLLEGIAN'S advertisers, the management laid before the student body a plan which had been elaborated with the greatest care. The idea was received with such enthusiasm that substantial and immediate returns are expected. It is not too much to say that the scheme, practical as it is in its minutest details, will ultimately free THE COLLEGIAN from all financial embarrassment, and give to its advertising pages a value unequalled by those of any other college publication.

LOYOLA ACADEMY. Loyola Academy began its third year, on September the fifth, with an increased faculty and a large registration of new students, and the coming school year promises to be the most successful in the brief history of the school.

Solemn High Mass in honor of the Holy Ghost was celebrated on September 13th, at which the new Prefect of Studies, Rev. Frederic Siedenbug, S. J., preached an appropriate sermon. After the Mass, the students listened to the reading of the Rules, at the conclusion of which a half holiday was allowed the pupils.

With the Rev. V. M. Hormes, S. J., as its director, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin resumed its weekly meetings on September 28th. Edward Amberg was elected Prefect and his assistants are Charles McDonough and J. Perry Quinlan.

On the first of October 135 students were in attendance, distributed as follows: First year, 52; second year, 36; third year, 33; fourth year, 10; special students, 4.

All the students of the Academy are members of the Athletic Association and after an enthusiastic meeting in Loyola Hall they elected the following officers: President, Maurice F. Dunne; Vice-President, Perry Quinlan; Secretary, Raymond Lynch; Football Manager, Emmett Hartnett; Assistant Manager, Edward Amberg; Basketball Manager, Raymond Casey; Baseball Manager, Edward Maher.

The football schedule is as yet incomplete; only two games are fixed: October 14 with Evanston High School and October 28 with St. Rita's College. Other games are, however, under consideration.

On October 5th a practice game was played with an all-star team of former high school men, to prepare the team for the tussle with St. Ignatius Academy. We were victorious but unfortunate as our right half-back McCann broke two bones in his right hand and Quinlan sprained his ankle. The score was 22 to 5.

Weakened by the loss of McCann and Quinlan, we entered the St. Ignatius conflict. Here again our evil jinx seemed to pursue us, for on the first play Lamoureux, our star half-back, and McDonough, at quarter, were laid out, LOYOLA, 0; St. IGNATIUS, 0. the former with injuries which necessitated his withdrawal, the latter, although greatly weakened by an injured thigh, remained in the game. The first quarter ended without a score. The second and third were but repetitions of the first, and the last quarter opened with both teams fully determined to break the tie. After an exchange of punts it was St. Ignatius' ball on our forty yard line. From this point four plays netted nearly thirty yards and at this interesting stage of the game, with the visitors struggling to cross our goal-line, the timer's shout of "Time! Time!" put an end to the hard-fought contest. O'Connor on the defensive and Capt. Dunne on the offensive played well for Loyola, while Sullivan, Kiley and Bulger starred for the visitors.

The annual class rush was to be abandoned this year, at the suggestion of the members of the Faculty. The Sophomore Class met and decided to act according to the wishes of the Faculty. The Freshmen, prompted by some of the upper class men, determined to lead the attack. A word about this was brought to the Sophomores. The only method of procedure was to take the initiative and cool off the chesty and boisterous Freshman class. Hence the Freshmen were seized, one by one, tied with ropes and then treated as the Sophomores deemed fit. In this way very little damage was done to the building and to the persons who took part in the affair.

The Sophomore class held its first meeting of the year on October 7, 1911, and the following officers were elected: President, Mr. Anguis; Vice-President, George Thomas; Secretary, B. E. Pechous; Treasurer, Mr. Muselwhite; Sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Fromme.

Friends of the University will be pleased to learn that their hopes and predictions with respect to the Law School were neither ill-founded nor extravagant. The attendance has increased steadily each year, until we now have an enrolment touching the 100 mark. It is also gratifying to note the large percentage of degrees represented in the various classes.

In the bar examinations of last June, when candidates from all the Chicago schools were entered to qualify for licenses, Loyola outdistanced all competitors. While other schools were averaging only 50, 60 or 70 per cent of successful entries, Loyola went through the test with an average of 92 per cent.

Among new and important acquisitions to the faculty we note Mr. Payton Tuohy, LL. B., Professor of Contracts. Mr. Tuohy needs no introduction. He taught for some years at the College, and is actively connected with the Alumni Association. He has made a thorough and deep study of the subject of contracts, and is grounding the beginners well in this most important branch of the law.

It would be an affront, indeed, were we to overlook the activities of some of our Law School brethren in the matrimonial way. Of the faculty, Mr. Joseph Graber, and of Sophomore class, Mr. Anton

Vesely, have deserted the ranks of bachelors. It seems superfluous to add that THE COLLEGIAN extends best wishes.

If silence is the precursor of success, words would be insufficient to describe the excelling excellence of our football squad. Beyond the general fact that some of the Law men seem to be spending a good part of their time on the College Campus, and a vague notion that we seem to entertain of some sort of a schedule of games, nothing whatever has come to our ears. Without wishing to invade the sacred precincts of another department, or to go into any matter of an abstruse nature, we feel impelled to state it as our conviction that the team is either so bad that silence is becoming, or so good that silence is both safe and necessary.

However, we of the "Law" are anxious to know if Doyle and Daniels and Brophie and our genial Mr. O'Connor are helping to make the team what it should be.

The Medical Department held its forty-fourth annual opening exercises in the lower amphitheater of the college building on Tuesday, September 26th, at 8:30 p. m. The program for the evening was opened with an address by W. F. Waugh, Dean of the Faculty. This was followed by a piano solo rendered by H. H. Sherman, a member of the Sophomore Class. The second speaker was Father H. S. Spaulding, S. J. A solo by Miss M. Tong was the next number. Jas. D. Newton, Dean of College of Engineering, was then introduced. He delivered an address on Ideals of Education. The last speaker was Dr. D. Robertson, President of the College.

There is a great increase in the attendance at the Medical School. There are about four hundred students in all. The Sophomore Class is so large that it had to be divided into two sections.

Doctor Robertson has been greatly honored by being appointed chairman of the State Board of Education.

Owing to the increase of clerical work in the office, Mr. James A. Waugh, a brother of the Dean, was appointed Financial Secretary, and Doctor F. A. Carter the Assistant Manager.

A number of students were graduated in September, but will not receive their diplomas till next June.

Doctor Dorland delivered a lecture on the horseshoe kidney while in Philadelphia this summer. The address was put in pamphlet form and was distributed among some of the students and faculty. We may state here that there are only two specimens of a horseshoe kidney in existence, and Doctor O'Connor, instructor in pathology and bacteriology at Bennett, possesses one of these.

Doctor Waugh, not being able to attend the State Board meeting at Baltimore, sent a medical paper which was read before the assembly.

Among the Freshmen students there are six students from Porto Rico. These men were brought directly from the south by Mr. Owens.

Among the new members of the Faculty we have M. A. Lane, Professor of Physiology and Physiological Chemistry. Professor Lane was instructor at the State University for eleven years and has a great reputation for his interesting methods of instruction.

## Autumn

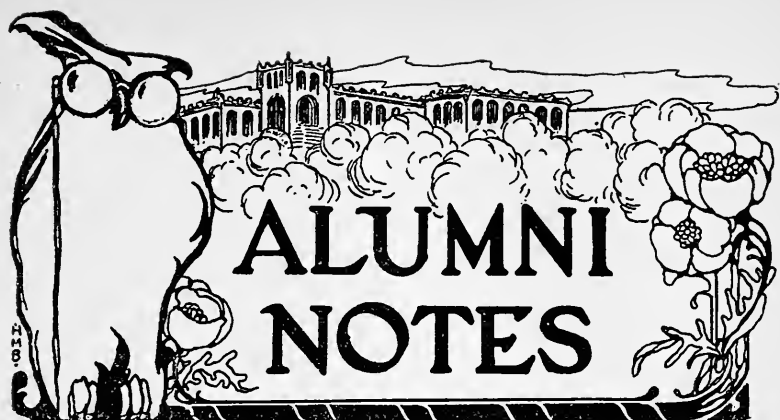
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The woodland glades with leaves are strewn,  
The abandoned fields are barer still;  
No more the songsters' heartfelt tune  
The orchard's calm retreats shall fill.

They go, and leave the woodland bare,  
A fairer land calls them its own;  
The stormy blast and frosty air  
Are mine to brook and bear alone.

- RICHARD H. REGAN, '15.





'98 Leo. J. Doyle, graduate of '98, was married to Miss Monica Frances Farley on October 14. THE COLLEGIAN extends congratulations and wishes Mr. and Mrs. Doyle many years of joy and happiness.

'03 Joseph A. Graber, A. B., '03, and Miss Vera Mary Conner were married on October 11. The ceremony took place at East Dubuque, Ill., the home of the bride.

'05 Rev. John M. Ford has been assigned to St. Columbkillis; Rev. John J. Lannon to St. Sylvester's, and Rev. Paul B. Drevniak to St. George's. They are graduates of the class of '05, and were ordained at Rome last June.

Mr. Justin F. McCarthy, who was graduated the same year, was married to Miss Frances Lang on August 29. Mr. McCarthy is at present Assistant City Prosecuting Attorney.

'06 The Class of '06 had a reunion banquet on September 9; nearly the whole class was present. THE COLLEGIAN commends the spirit of the Class of '06.

Charles E. Byrne, Class of '06, was married to Miss Mary Z. Dowdle, at St. Matthew's church, June 28. We extend congratulations to our former editor. Mr. Byrne now holds the responsible position of advertising manager for the Steger Piano Company.

'08 Rev. Lewis B. Landreth was ordained priest at St. Louis last June by Archbishop Glennon. He celebrated his first Mass at LaGrange, Ill. Father Landreth is at present Assistant Pastor at Rantoul, Ill., in the Diocese of Peoria.

**'09-'11** Daniel A. Lord and J. Francis Quinn, graduates of '09, and former members of THE COLLEGIAN staff, took their vows at St. Stanislaus Novitiate, Florissant, last July. Richard J. Brown, Joseph I. Donohoe, John J. Foley, George R. Kelly, and Vincent J. Kelly, of the Class of '11, also took their vows. The members of last year's graduating class have engaged in numerous and varied pursuits. Richard C. Byrne is with the Pearson-Taft Real Estate Company; Joseph O. Karabasz has entered St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.; James H. O'Neill is in the Seminary at St. Paul; Philip J. Carlin, T. Elmer Dunne and Louis F. Happel are engaged in school work; James J. Pickett is attending the Cook County Normal; Joseph F. Ryan and John D. Lyons are studying law at Loyola Law College; Frederick L. Schmitt is studying medicine at Kirksville, Mo.; Elmer J. Spiegel is pursuing the engineering course at Loyola University; Thaddeus C. Zamiara took up school work in September, but was obliged to relinquish it for a time because of sickness. We learn that Thad is recovering and will soon be able to resume his duties.

J. Emmet Royce, former member of THE COLLEGIAN staff, was married last June. Mr. Royce left immediately for Spokane, Wash., where he is Assistant City Editor of the *Spokane Chronicle*.

**'14** William Madden, a member of last year's Freshman Class, is studying art at the Chicago Art Institute. That he is succeeding in his chosen field may be seen from our new cover design. Mr. Madden has the real Alumnus spirit—ever ready and willing to assist his Alma Mater in any undertaking.

Dear Alumnus, the editor of this department again calls on you to supply any items of news concerning former students. These items are of interest to students of the past and we can assure you that scarcely anything in THE COLLEGIAN is read with more interest by the students of the present; they are greatly interested in what their predecessors are doing. So, dear Alumnus, don't leave it to others to send us items, they may forget, but we rely upon you not to forget, and we feel sure that, with this appeal, you will not.

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Football was rather slow in making its appearance at Loyola this year. Indifferent weather and the prolonged vacations of the Medical and Law Departments kept it in the background for some time. But the brisk October winds brought that unconquerable enthusiasm which football inspires throughout Collegedom, and candidates soon responded in goodly numbers to the call of Coach Harmon.

Mr. Harmon was graduated at Illinois in 1905. For the past three years he has been in charge of athletics at All Hallows College, Salt Lake City. He has had wide experience in pigskin contests, both as player and coach, playing with Illinois and later with the Denver and Creighton University teams. In the field he is a determined and energetic director, and is capable of building up a good machine with plenty of dash and spirit.

It is said that the Athletic Scribe is traditionally optimistic; but today, with the scalp of the Vets dangling from our belt, we can make almost any prediction without feeling that we have exaggerated. The coach is there, the squad is there, and—we are happy to be able to say it—the loyal rooters are there. No team can win without support. Those of us who witnessed games in former years, when you did not have to carry a light to find college spirit, know that it was not the team playing to linesmen and empty stands, but the team fighting and gaining amidst the cheers of the entire college, that won the game. It was so in 1907, even against the great Marquette; and it can be repeated this year against all opponents if the students will unite in following up all the games.

Loyola, 17; Chicago Veterinary School, o.

For weeks we had been looking forward to this first game with our old rivals, the Vets. We had seen the squad practicing in the yard, and we had a suspicion that they could deliver the goods; but we wanted to see them in action before making any predictions for the season. At last the long-anticipated day arrived—Saturday, October 21. When the students were dismissed at two o'clock they found the Varsity Band in uniform ready to leave for the scene of battle in a band-wagon handsomely decorated with the college colors. Unfortunately, just as the band-wagon dashed out of the yard, and the unnumbered thousands inhabiting this our faubourg congregated to listen to the strains of "Alexander's Ragtime Band," a light rain began to fall that gave every indication of having come to stay. But the old Loyola spirit manifested itself. Under the circumstances, with the rain actually falling, and the game in danger of being called off, no one could be blamed for hesitating to make the long trip out to the Western Avenue grounds; yet when the team appeared on the field more than three hundred loyal rooters from the various departments were present to cheer them on to victory.

The game showed conclusively that we have a great team. Never for a moment was our goal in danger. Although outweighed—and that means a good deal on a wet field—our boys played the Vets to a standstill, and excelled them in every department of the game. The Vets' heavy backs could make no impression on our line; while on the other hand their defense could not withstand the terrific rushes of Cahill, Broffie and Doyle. The game was marred by an accident sustained by Montfort, who was playing a wonderful game at left half. Making an end-run behind perfect interference, he had passed Rowan and was off for a touchdown, when he slipped on the wet ground and turned completely over, wrenching the ligaments of his back. Dr. Rankin, who was present with a number of the Medical faculty, stated that the injuries, though painful, were not of such a nature as to keep the plucky halfback out of the game for any length of time.

The lineup:

LOYOLA.	VETS.
Dalton .....	R. E. .... Rowan
Donovan .....	R. T. .... Bazley, Andrews

Metzger .....	R. G.....	Schroeder
Fromme .....	C.....	Jones
Kuetts, Eckwall .....	L. G.....	Carson
Higgins, Dahl .....	L. T.....	White
Broffie, Dvorak .....	L. E.....	Gerard
Daniels, Brundage .....	Q. B.....	Lynn
Cahill .....	R. H.....	Galley
Montfort, Broffie .....	L. H.....	Hoaglund
Doyle .....	F. B.....	Wallers

Touchdowns—Daniels, Cahill, Broffie. Goals from touchdowns—Cahill (2). Referee—Doherty. Umpire—Waters.

#### ACADEMY TEAM.

The Academy team, under the direction of Coach McGinniss, promises to give a good account of itself. The squad includes: Kiley, Bruns, Beckendorf, Cadieux, Bulger, Bigane, Hartigan, Devitt, Wade, McWhinnie, Kendrick, Weinberg, Maher, Shortall, Morrissey, Borue, McCue, Lupien, J. Maher, Foley, Tierney, Heffernan, Sackley and Canary.

The first battle in the Academy's campaign was against Loyola Academy. The game was stubbornly contested and interesting from start to finish. Neither side was able to score, though the Academy made several long gains, and was prevented from scoring only by the timer's whistle. Sullivan was easily the star of the game, while Kiley, Devitt and Bruns were also in the limelight.

On October 18 the Academy fell before Lake High to the tune of 19 to 5. A little drubbing at this time will not do the team any harm, especially as it has a heavy schedule ahead. All that the team needs is "a little more pep." Whether in practice or in a scrimmage, every man ought to be lined up and ready for business within five seconds after the ball has been down.

The remaining games of the season are as follows:

#### VARSAITY.

Oct. 28—Notre Dame at Notre Dame.

Nov. 4—De Paul University at home.

Nov. 11—St. Viateurs College at St. Viateurs.

Nov. 18—Dixon College at home.

Nov. 25—Marquette University at Milwaukee.

Nov. 30—Detroit University at home.

## ACADEMY.

Oct. 26—St. Viateurs Academy at St. Viateurs.

Nov. 2—Evanston Academy at Northwestern Field.

Nov. 9—St. Ritas at St. Ritas.

Nov. 18—St. Viateurs Academy at home.

Nov. 25—Marquette Academy at home.

Nov. 30—Loyola Academy at home.



# Daubs in Doggerel

*Dedicated to:—*

The little microbe Mirth—  
May he continue to tickle us.  
And multiply enormously.

## THE BROADWAY MUSIC HALL.

Otto Rottenheim raised his baton,—and the martial strains of "Der Biergarten" floated through the hall. The curtain—depicting a maid with long tresses standing in the midst of a sylvan dell, and using freely what looked to be a gallon bottle of Ed. Pinaud's "Eau de Quinine"—rolled majestically up. And a spectator glancing casually at his program, read, "An After-Dinner Call."

On the stage a middle-aged man was engaged in eating a full-course dinner. Course after course was brought on—and demolished—and still the man went on with the meal, seemingly oblivious of all else. The audience seemed fascinated by his wonderful capacity for food. Suddenly as the waiter appeared with a quart bottle of champagne, the manager in his shirt-sleeves rushed out, and laid his hands on the diner's coat collar.

"Come on" he cried, "you don't work this stunt on me, beat it."

After delivering himself of these sentiments the irate manager threw the diner out of his chair. The fellow picked himself up, leaned over the table and selecting a partially eaten leg of lamb, hit the manager in the chest with it. The manager, in return, landed a McFarland hook in the region of his solar plexus. As a result our hero became for a few moments as silent as Lot's wife (after the turning point in her career).

At this point an athletic young man in a dress suit sprang out of the first box onto the stage and began to demonstrate to the manager the manly art of self-defense (and offense) as taught by the Marquis of Queensberry.

The audience meanwhile had become wildly enthusiastic and Earl King told me afterwards that the betting was even.

A man from the back row ran up the aisle, shouting, "I'm going to see fair play," and leaping up on the stage allied himself with the manager. After a minute or so of wrestling-fighting, the entire bunch fell in a heap on the stage. The manager emerged clad in a collar, an undershirt, pants and shoes, and shouted, "Down with the curtain."

The curtain came rattling down and went up again immediately, displaying the manager, our hero, the man in the dress suit, and the other peacemaker, holding hands and bowing to the astounded audience. Then the



manager stepped forward, smiling, and said, "Come again next week." And the curtain went down.

\* \* \*

The next thing on the program was a college man (evidently not a disciple of R. T. Crane), who sang:

SONG. IT'S ALL IN THE COLLEGE.

Sing a song of six pence, a stomach full of "rye."  
 Four and twenty college chaps whooping things up high.  
 A "copper" tried to quiet them; they said to him, "O Fudge!"  
 Wasn't that a lovely bunch he hauled before the Judge?  
 The Judge who was from Harvard was looking mighty blue;  
 The Clerk was from Columbia—class of '92.  
 The Bunch was up against it—every man from Yale—  
 Down came the gavel and two dozen went to jail.

\* \* \*

A soft answer encourageth another touch.  
 A chip in your stock is worth two in the pot.

\* \* \*

The cards at the side of the stage announced "Billy," who straightway appeared and sang:

SONG. WERE I A HERO.

You may talk of the life of the opulent born,  
 Of the poets with laurel crowned;  
 You may tell of explorers that rounded the Horn  
 And grew rich with the treasures they found;  
 You may laugh if I follow a much-trodden way  
 And not covet a gilded nook;—  
 If a novelist, pray, in a romance gay,  
 Makes me the hero of a book.

Made up as the hero I'd care not a rap,  
 That fair Catherine so hard is to win.  
 I'd give never a thought to another chap  
 Who persisted in butting in.  
 Though father is mad at all that has passed,  
 And I by my friends seem forsook,  
 The princess of beauty is mine at the last,—  
 For I'm the hero of a book.

\* \* \*

The program announced "A Plea for the Bookworm," and a curious looking animal with the label, "(A Bookworm, Magnified One Thousand Times)," appeared, and croaked:

## SONG.

A friend of mine, a bookworm, sat on a dusty shelf  
 And wept with indignation, till he almost drowned himself.  
 "For years," he wailed, "I've struggled and I've done my very best,  
 Devouring standard fiction till I think I've earned a rest;  
 From the Cicero to Ben Jonson and through Scott from front to back,  
 From Shakespeare down to Milton, and through all of William Black;  
 Though Father Henry Spalding's books were soft and nice to gnaw,  
 I've worn off all my molars on the theory of the law.  
 But now with modern fiction, indigestion pangs are mine,  
 I've chewed historic novels till I do not care to dine,  
 I'm sick to death of dangling swords, lace ruffles, buckled shoes.  
 I never want to hear of men who wear their hair in cues.  
 For years I struggled right wormfully with Latin verbs and Greek,  
 But now I work at Russo until my jaws are weak—  
 I wish they'd predigest their books like breakfast foods," he sighed—  
 But indigestion seized him and he turned his toes and died.

\* \* \*

Prosperity maketh friends and adversity maketh acquaintances of them.

\* \* \*

Then a chorus rose and sang:—

## SONG. THE RACES.

I knew a little pony, they called him Dapple Grey;  
 I bet on him at one to three, down at Sheepshead Bay.  
 "He'll just walk in," was tipped to me, by a horse-wise man.  
 The man was right; the horse just walked—all the others ran.

\* \* \*

"DREAMS, JUST DREAMS."

Fr. Breen: "We have decided to send home no more notices of absence. Hereafter we will trust the boys to keep their parents advised of their absence from school."

\* \* \*

## NEWS ITEM.

Riot in St. Ignatius College Lunch-room—Man Asks for Novel Dish—Nearly Lynched—(Special Correspondence).—Yesterday noon in the College restaurant Mr. Ed. V. Walsh, a junior in the university, requested the waiter to bring him an "Aeroplane Sandwich." When the waiter, in astonishment gasped, "What's that?" Mr. Walsh replied, "Why that's very simple: two *plane* pieces of bread with aviation meet." In the resultant riot Mr. Walsh was roughly handled by the infuriated mob. He was at length rescued by a squad of bluecoats from the Maxwell Street Station. They looked

him over and then decided to send him to the "County." Mr. Walsh's recovery is very doubtful.

\* \* \*

It was eleven o'clock. Through the crystal-white window-pane the autumn sun gleamed dimly. All the little Juniors were intent on their work, for it was the hour of Greek. Only the whirring of the cogs in their mental machinery hummed musically through the quiet air. In the back of the room a tiny white hand shot up. It was Joe Elliott's. "Father," he piped shrilly, waving his Greek book, "Father, isn't there *a-cute accent* on this word?"

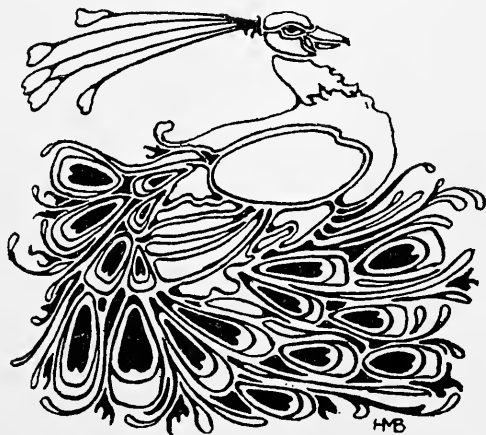
\* \* \*

Jim Fitz is likewise indicted on these two counts:  
"I learned to two-step from my two step-sisters."

\* \* \*

One of our motorcycle police overtook this one on 47th street:  
"Say, lend me \$5 for a week old man?"  
"Sure! Where's the weak old man?"

GEORGE ZAHRENGER, '13.  
J. AARON COLNON, '14.





The Ex-Man, returning to work after the summer vacation, finds his table piled high with the last issues of the preceding year. To review these now would be unprofitable labor. In many cases our friends the editors of last year have laid aside the cap and gown, and the words of congratulation and praise we might utter would never reach their ears.

#### THE YOUNG EAGLE.

The best work in the first issue of this magazine for 1911, is found in the essay entitled "Aeneas." It is marred, however, by typographical errors in the Latin quotations. We were pleased to see a number of contributions from students of the lower classes. While editors should do their utmost to keep their college journal up to a high standard, they will, if wise, avoid the common mistake of retarding the development of young writers by refusing to publish their early efforts.

#### GONZAGA.

"Gonzaga" appears in a new and attractive cover in colors. There is an abundance of both prose and verse; but what is the matter with the editorial staff? Twelve contributions, including the most ambitious efforts of the issue, appear over names that are not to be found in the list of editors. "The Problem of the Unemployed" treats of one of the most serious questions of the day, and offers with assurance a solution which the average reader cannot accept without hesitancy. "David and Goliath," a long narrative poem, gives evidence of true poetic power. We would caution Mr. Moffatt, however, against the too-free use of the hyphen. The "iron-point

spear," the "terror-stricken idol-foe," the "green-sward hill," the "briar-sands," the "triumph-shouts" and the "triumph-songs" do not commend themselves to us. "Greensward" should not be hyphenated under any circumstances. The mistake of thus converting nouns into adjectives by the insertion of the hyphen is one which the young poet, in his search for images, should be careful to avoid.

### TO OUR ADVERTISERS.

You, Mr. Advertiser, are a man of business; consequently you want a return for money expended.

We also are men of business; we are ready, therefore, to give an account of money invested with us.

Frequently, when we make the rounds in quest of ads, the remark is made to us, "Your ad is not a paying ad."

It is true that we have carried ads for which, from the very nature of things, we could not make any return:—ads given us by wholesale houses, or by firms whose business was such that we could not send them any trade. They were given out of regard for the institution, and we are grateful for them.

But in regard to our other ads, we know positively that in most cases there *has* been a return, and a substantial one.

We know, and could name, firms whose trade was built up to a considerable extent by our patronage.

We have received verbal or written testimony from many merchants, declaring that orders came to them from readers of our journal.

On the faculties of our various departments are men who make it a point to look in the COLLEGIAN before purchasing.

We could name firms which have lost heavily in patronage since the withdrawal of their ad from our journal. We could name houses which have obtained trade in cities to the east and west of Chicago, because of our ad.

But now, Mr. Merchant, we are going to do more than we have been accustomed to do.

We will print, after each issue, a classified list of advertisers. It will be distributed among our alumni, students and friends.

OUR NEW PLAN. We have at present 1,172 students. Each student represents a *family*. The persons, therefore, reached by our list will be counted in thousands.

By means of signs posted about the College we will direct the attention of our students to the fact that you have advertised with us.

As an inducement to the students to trade with you, we offer certain rewards.

We have had small cards printed, bearing the following announcement:

"The present purchaser has visited you at the request of THE COLLEGIAN."

All we ask of you is, that when such a card is presented, you give in return a certificate (printed and distributed at our expense among our advertisers) reading as follows:

"This is to certify that the bearer has dealt with us at the request of THE COLLEGIAN."

The purpose of these certificates is NOT to enable us to prove to you that we have sent you trade; but to facilitate the distribution of the rewards mentioned above.

Finally, we ask you to remember that a satisfied customer returns, and brings others with him. We beg to remind you that you are dealing with an institution, and that consequently to be known by one is to be known by a thousand.

And we hope you will not expect too much. It seems to us it is cheap at \$12 the quarter page for five issues.

THE BOARD OF MANAGERS.

# Loyola University

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1172 STUDENTS

127 PROFESSORS

## **The Collegiate Department:**

St. Ignatius College—1076 West Twelfth Street. Founded 1869.  
Prescribed courses in Classics, Mathematics, English, Science, Philosophy, etc., leading to Degree of A. B.

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Four years' course of prescribed classical studies admitting to the Departments of Law, Medicine, Pharmacy, Engineering, Arts and Sciences.

*Commercial High-School*—1076 West Twelfth Street.

Three years' course fitting the student for a business career.

*Paul M. Breen, S. J., Head Master.*

*Loyola Academy*—Evanston and Devon Avenues, Rogers Park.

Four years' prescribed classical course admitting to the various Departments that require a High-School Certificate for entrance.

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*Loyola College of Law*—Ashland Block, Clark and Randolph Streets. Founded 1908. Three years' course leading to Degree of LL. B. Class sessions 6:30-9:00, four evenings each week, with a fifth evening devoted to lectures and discussions on Logic, Philosophy, Sociology, Ethics.

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Four years' course leading to Degree of M. D. Jefferson Park Hospital attached. Ample clinical facilities.

*William F. Waugh, M. D., Senior Dean.*

## **The Pharmacy Department:**

*Central States College of Pharmacy*—1360 Fulton Street.

Two years' course leading to Degree of Ph. G.

*John D. Leek, Ph. D., President.*

## **The Engineering Department:**

Courses in Civil, Electrical, Chemical and Mechanical Engineering. The Michael Cudahy Building now being erected on Evanston and Devon Avenues, will be occupied September 1912. For outlines of the courses and further information, address

The Registrar, 1076 West 12th Street.

**St. Ignatius Academy at present  
includes :**

A regular Classical High School Course - four years

A regular Commercial High School Course, three years

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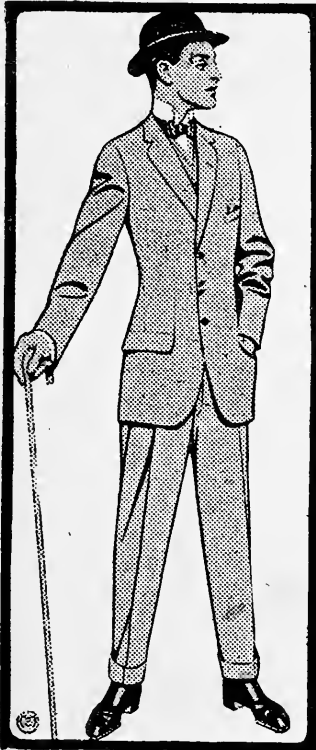
Beginning this term — September 1911—A Classical  
Scientific Course will be introduced—four years.

This Course will comprise Latin, English, Mathematics, History, Physics, Chemistry and a modern language — German, French or Spanish; it is intended primarily for those who desire to enter the Engineering Department at the end of the High School.



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Just South of Jackson Blvd.



*Society Brand*

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The smart, snappy styles and patterns that give you standing among your associates. Clothes that bespeak good taste as well as judgment.

The merit of these garments is sufficient to satisfy any man.

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We want you to see the clothes we offer at

**\$15 \$20 and \$25**

Special Line of Raincoats, \$15, \$20 and \$25

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**Savings Department**—Deposits of One Dollar or more received, on which interest is allowed at the rate of three per cent per annum, compounded half yearly. Open Saturday Nights from 6 to 8 o'clock.

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**Banking Department**—Invites on favorable terms the accounts of individuals, firms and corporations.

**Trust Department**—Authorized by law to accept and execute trusts of all kinds.

**Real Estate Department**—Buys and sells real estate on commission; collects rents; manages estates; sells high-grade mortgages; makes loans on improved real estate.

Louis S. Gibson

*Attorney at  
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Phone Randolph 3474

## BREMNER BROS

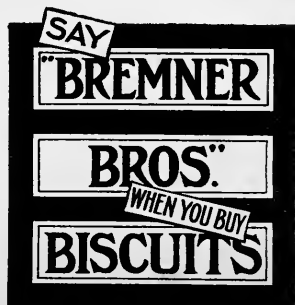
### MELLO

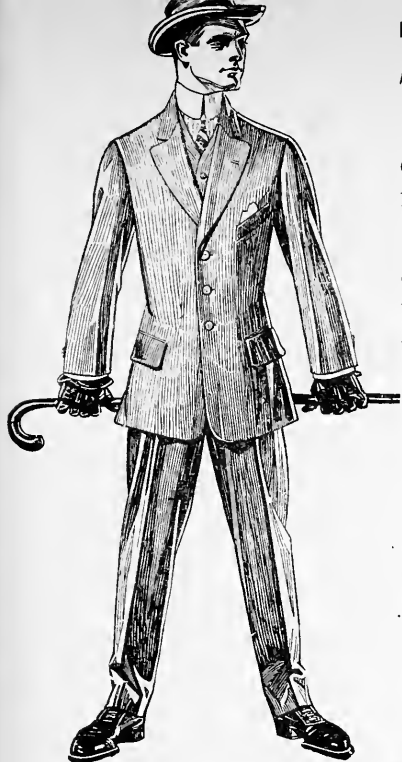
The delicious confection that has scored a big hit everywhere

**MELLO**—Two layers of dainty wafer with a rich, luscious filling.

**MELLO**—A toothsome morsel the taste of which will win you.

**MELLO**—On sale at grocery, delicatessen, confectionery and drug stores.





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The House of Kuppenheimer  
Chicago

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comes pretty near being a young man's paradise right now.

For the young men's new styles created by the leading manufacturers—designs all crisp and new—in fabrics fresh from the looms—are now here and ready.

They're thoroughbred clothes—no sham or flash about them—but in colors and with the smartness that belong to the season.

*You'll find them right in price, too.*

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Stores

**YONDORF**  
CLOTHING CO.

2  
Stores

Milwaukee and  
Chicago Avenues

Van Buren and  
Halsted Streets

Out of the high rent district.

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*Drapers and  
Tailors*

New Number 72 Washington Street  
Old Number 99 Washington Street  
REAPER BLOCK

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MANUFACTURERS OF

**SODA AND MINERAL  
WATERS**

723 and 725 West Eighteenth Street  
Phone Canal 306

## JAS. L. CUNNINGHAM

**Druggist**

Sacramento Blvd. and Lake Street  
Phones Kedzie 701 and 702

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Only 30 Cents Per Hour

1213 BLUE ISLAND AVENUE

F. A. ORB, Manager

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ST. MARYS, KANSAS

Collegiate, Academic and English-Commercial  
Courses

## A BOARDING COLLEGE

SINGLE ROOMS FOR ADVANCED STUDENTS

Under the  
Management  
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Fathers  
of the  
Society of  
Jesus.

Applicants must have completed the  
Eighth Grade and Furnish Record of  
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TERMS, \$250 PER YEAR

Write For Catalogue

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Nicholas R. Finn

*Attorney at Law*

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97 SO. CLARK STREET

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*Refiners of Grease, Tallow, etc.*

Hotels, Restaurants and  
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OFFICE AND FACTORY

Western Avenue and 28th Street

Telephone Canal 286

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Cypress and Ashland Aves.  
CHICAGO, III, (Centrally located)

## CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

The course of study extends through four years and includes English, Languages, Mathematics, History, Science, Drawing, Music, Physical Culture

**MUSICAL DEPARTMENT**—A course of music with the best methods in use. Sight-Singing and Theory of Music are special features, Private lessons on Piano, Violin, Mandolin and Guitar at moderate prices. Students prepared for professional work.

**ART DEPARTMENT**—Well lighted and thoroughly ventilated class rooms. All modern conveniences. The school is easy of access from all parts of the city, being one block distant from the 12th St., Robey St. and Ogden Ave. car lines.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS ADDRESS SISTER SUPERIOR, 74 CYPRESS STREET, CHICAGO

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YOU WILL SURELY APPRECIATE  
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Twelfth Street and Blue Island Avenue  
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Iron Stairs, Railings, Fire Escapes, Doors and  
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# C. Fraunfelder = Florist

Cut Flowers, Floral Designs  
Decorations for Weddings, Receptions and Funerals

Largest Stock of Tropical Plants on the West Side

3343 W. MADISON STREET

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*No Table is Complete Without*

## KREAM BREAD

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SHINGLES, MILLWORK

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Phones. Canal 1151 and 3245

## THE FOLEY MANUFACTURING CO.

Phone Canal 54.

WESTERN AVE. AND 26TH ST.

MANUFACTURERS OF

**SASH, DOORS, FRAMES**  
**MOULDINGS** PLAIN AND  
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**FINE INTERIOR FINISH**

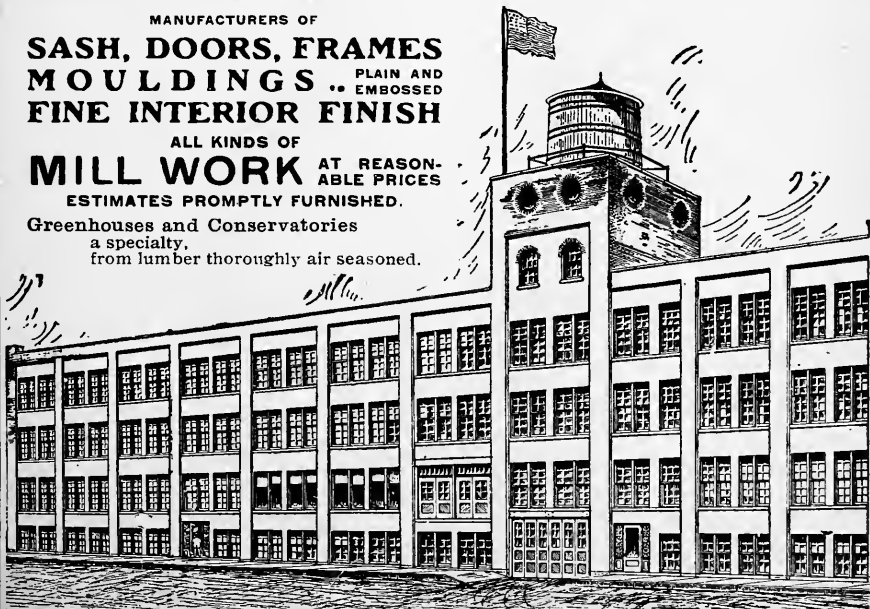
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**MILL WORK** AT REASON-  
ABLE PRICES

ESTIMATES PROMPTLY FURNISHED.

Greenhouses and Conservatories  
a specialty.

from lumber thoroughly air seasoned.



FOLEY MFG. CO.'S new location, Western Ave., between 25th and 26th Streets.  
Factory, Power House, Dry Kilns, Lumber Sheds and Yards—nearly 3 Acres.

## Our Raglan, Form-fitting

Convertible, Box and Fur-trimmed Overcoats for young men are the smartest and *most becoming* models that have been produced this season. In cut, fabric and details of design, they exactly meet the needs and tastes of young men in school, college or business. We quote the lowest prices possible for dependable qualities.

\$10 to \$35

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### Boots and Shoes

REPAIRING  
Promptly Done

1156 West Twelfth Street

## The John A. Hertel Co.

605 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago

PUBLISHERS OF

### Father Gaffney's Famous Bible Symbols

Highly recommended by Cardinal Gibbons  
and the clergy

\$\$\$ FOR STUDENTS—One student earned over \$500 this vacation. Scores have earned from \$150 to \$300. See us and get choice of territory.

FOR THAT NEW SUIT SEE

## JOHN V. POUZAR



### Men's Outfitter

A Complete  
Line of  
Stylish  
Gents'  
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West Side Headquarters for  
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# The Illinois Terra Cotta Lumber Company

Manufacturers of and Contractors for all kinds of

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## HOLLOW TILE

For Fireproofing  
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WILL BUY BOOKS YOU NO LONGER NEED

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**LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT  
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# LOYOLA UNIVERSITY

## CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



THE MICHAEL CUDAHY ENGINEERING BUILDING

The Engineering Department will open in September 1911, with courses in Civil, Electrical, Chemical and Mechanical Engineering. Students will find in this new department of Loyola University the same advantages that are offered in the old and well endowed colleges. In point of completeness and equipment the new engineering building will possess all the features of the latest engineering schools.

Professor J. D. Newton, A. M., M. E., of Kansas University has been chosen Dean. A graduate of Cornell University and a member of the Society for the Promotion of Engineering he comes to Loyola with the very best recommendations for experience and scholarship.

The school is open to graduates of a four year high school course.

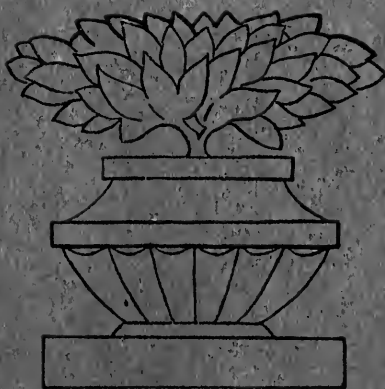
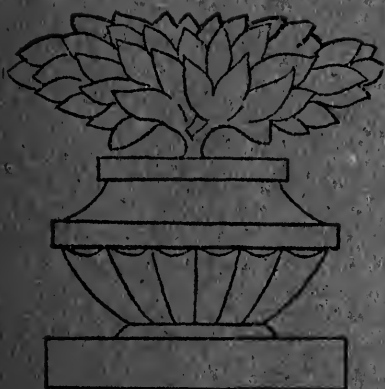
Further information may be obtained from the Registrar.

1076 West 12th Street, Chicago, Ill.

# Saint Ignatius Collegian

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**CHRISTMAS**

**Nineteen Hundred and Eleven**

# METROPOLITAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CHICAGO, ILLS.

*Organized, officered and owned by residents of this city  
It should therefore, receive the encouragement of  
the insuring public of Chicago*

STATEMENT DECEMBER 31st, 1908  
(NEW YORK STANDARD)

Cash Capital	- - - - -	\$200,000.00
Cash Surplus	- - - - -	31,917.61
Total Assets	- - - - -	394,888.44

## OFFICERS

THOS. F. KEELEY, Pres. WM. J. KERWIN, Treasurer  
WM. A. BIRK, Vice-President GEORGE ESSIG, Secretary

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Thos. F. Keeley, President of Keeley Brewing Company  
M. J. Naghten, of John Naghten & Company  
Z. P. Brosseau, of Brosseau & Company, Board of Trade  
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"Wm. A. Birk, President Birk Bros. Brewing Co.  
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*The cost of insuring your household furniture is trifling. Why  
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\$1000? Write or telephone us for information*

**John Naghten & Co.** General Managers

159 LA SALLE STREET

The office of John Naghten & Co. has insured the  
property of the Jesuit Order in Chicago for over 35 years

*Money Loaned on Catholic Church Property at the Lowest  
Rates of Interest and Expense. Most Liberal  
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Plumbing, Heating  
Ventilating, Gas Fitting and  
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927 and 929 S. STATE STREET  
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We make a specialty of remodeling defective Plumbing, Heating, Ventilating, Gas Fitting and Sewer Systems.

# 30,000 Open Accounts

An Increase of 10,000 Since January 1st, 1910

## THAT'S GOING SOME

Surely this ought to convince you that we are pleasing the public in general, with our Teas and Coffees. We always try and sell just a little better grade of goods than other concerns, and to this we attribute our success. We solicit your patronage and if you will give us a trial order, we are convinced that you will become a steady customer.

## AS A SPECIAL INDUCEMENT

to those that are not already customers, we will give a beautiful Japanese vase with forty tea and coffee checks. To show you the confidence we have in our goods the vase will be delivered to you with the first order, an order consisting of fifty cents worth of tea or coffee or both, and as additional inducement to those sending in their order within the next thirty days we will give absolutely free a beautiful hand painted fruit plate, to be delivered to you with the first order, provided you agree to purchase the amount of tea or coffee necessary to obtain the checks for the vase.

# The Crescent Tea Co

1159 WEST TWELFTH STREET

H. E. M. FUELLGRAFF, President  
L. W. FUELLGRAFF, Asst. Manager

H. C. FUELLGRAFF, JR., Vice-Pres. Mgr.  
E. FUELLGRAFF, Secretary-Treasurer

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BAY CITY, MICH.  
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# J. J. COLLINS' SONS

Established 1878

Paper Rulers  
General Binders

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Telephone Monroe 1451 all Departments

S. N. GROSSMAN

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Exclusive  
Agents for  
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Underwear



Up-to-date  
Furnishings  
and Nobby  
Head Gear

529 to 531 South Halsted Street  
CHICAGO

## You Men of Learning

who appreciate the importance of wearing a hat that shows your tendencies will appreciate the ones we have to offer at two dollars and upwards—hats from all over the world.



## Fine Copper Plate Engraving

100 Wedding Invitations, 10 lines (script) complete with two envelopes...	\$7.80
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Additional 100 .....	3.00
100 At Home Cards, three lines (Script) .....	3.25
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## B. C. KASELL

1003 Chicago Opera House Block  
Telephone Main 2165

## B. L. AMES HAT CO.

35 West Madison Street  
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## HATS AND FURNISHINGS

# Christmas Presents for Men

### HATS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

Stiff Hats . . \$2.00 or \$3.00    Velour Hats, \$5.00 and \$6.00  
Roughish Soft Hats, \$2.00 or \$3.00

### FURNISHINGS AT OUR LAKE STREET SHOP

Shirts . . . . 95c to \$2.00    Ties . . . . 25c, 50c, \$1.00  
Gloves . . . \$1.15 to \$1.50    Bathrobes . \$5.00 to \$7.00  
Pipes . . . . 50c to \$6.00    Silk Hosiery . . . . 50c  
Mufflers . . . 50c to \$6.00    Pajamas . . . . \$1.50  
Stick Pins, 50c to \$3.00

IN FANCY BOXES FOR CHRISTMAS

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**Hanley The Hatman**    Clark and Lake Streets  
No. 9 W. Monroe Street

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**Y**OU will find this store a good place to deal  
when in need of any of the following  
articles:

Desk and Reading Lamps  
Drawing Sets                      Work Benches  
Scroll Saws                      Tool Sets  
Wood, Leather and Copper Workers'  
Tools  
Arts and Crafts Supplies  
of all kinds, and

Everything in Hardware

**ORR & LOCKETT**  
Established 1872    **HARDWARE CO.**

14-16 West Randolph St.

CHICAGO





SCENE FROM "DAMON AND PYTHIAS"  
To be given December 28 and 29 at 2:30 p. m. at Power's Theatre

Established 1888

High-Class References

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**J. G. STEINBACH**

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(LICENSED ARCHITECTS)



South-East Cor. West Chicago Avenue and Lincoln Street  
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**BADGES**

**BUTTONS**

**PENNANTS**

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**WE MAKE THEM**

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141-143 West Michigan Street  
Phone Main 4299 CHICAGO, ILL.

We carry a complete line of  
Catholic Devotional Articles, Prayer  
Books, Scapulars, Candle Sticks  
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Sanctuary Lamps, Holy  
Water Fonts, Cards,  
etc., etc.

**THE NEW WORLD CHURCH GOODS STORE**

1122 South Wabash Avenue  
Near 12th Street The New World Bldg.  
Phones Harrison 4029 and 4030

Phone Monroe 3843

**Edward D. Le Tourneau**

**Real Estate and Loans**

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SUITE 315 NEW ERA BUILDING  
Blue Island Ave. and Harrison St.

# Full Dress Suits to Rent

Also the latest styles Tuxedos, Prince Alberts and Hats

FOR WEDDINGS  
and all other Social Functions

## RICHARD BLADDEY

76 LA SALLE STREET

TELEPHONE MAIN 1149

Opposite new City Hall now under construction



December

If cold December gave you birth,  
The month of snow and ice and mirth  
Place on your hand a Turquoise blue  
Success will bless you if you do.

### The Old Reliable Jewelry Store

Established 1882

**L. C. KRUEGER**

1212 Blue Island Avenue, near 12th Street

Phone Canal 4341

We have a most complete line of holiday goods, consisting of fine Diamonds Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, etc., which are now on display for your inspection

We will accept a small deposit on any article and lay it aside for Christmas.

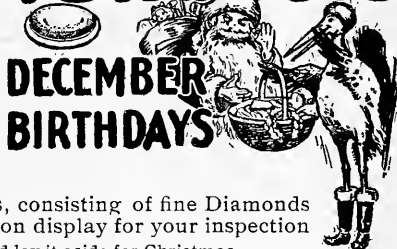
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J. FREDERICK REEVE, '12 . . . . . EDITOR

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“Lo! the King of men is born.”

# The St. Ignatius Collegian

Vol. XI.

Chicago, Ill., January 1912.

No. 2

## Christmas Chimes

“Sing, ye bells of Yuletide, sing;  
Let your pealing anthems ring.  
Wake the morn with gladsome chime;  
Greet on earth the infant King,  
With your melody sublime.”

Then the great bells swayed and swung;  
Rose a peal from each iron tongue  
On the misty air of morn.  
And the burden, sweetly sung,  
“Lo! the King of men is born.”

Rose their paeon clear and strong.  
Rolled their mighty hymn along  
To the twinkling stars of morn.  
While the grandeur of their song  
To celestial heights is borne.

Stilled their music grand and rare,  
Into deep and fervent prayer  
To the new-born King of men,  
Slowly rose, as incense fair,  
Far aloft, beyond our ken.

“Ring, ye bells of gladness, ring.  
Round our souls may the rapture cling  
Of your mighty pealing voice,  
From your tones majestic spring  
Hymns that bid our hearts rejoice.”

JOHN J. FITZGERALD, '15.

## The Murderers



THE high-ceilinged, oak-paneled room was in darkness, save for the meager space where the light from the low grate fire held at bay the advancing shadows of the winter evening. Within the cozy zone of light, in spacious, square-built chairs, sat two old men. One was a negro. The firelight gleamed upon his black, creased face and flashed upon his gnarled old hand as it swept into the shadows and back again, driving with sure light touch the bow across the strings of a stained, blackened violin. The other face revealed by the light was that of a fine old gentleman—the thin, proud, delicate-featured face of a Southerner—one of the “old school.” He sat with crossed legs, his elbows resting on the carved arms of his chair and his thin white hands clasped in his lap. His eyes were closed, but the nodding of his white head to the rhythm of the old darky’s playing showed him to be awake. The song died away in a wail. For some minutes they sat still. Then the darky took the violin from beneath his chin, plucked the strings a time or two with his fingers, cleared his throat, and looking straight into the fire, said:

“Marse Dan’l, I gwine ask you some advice.”

Without opening his eyes, the other queried: “Well, Peter?” The negro hitched himself up in his chair, and, grasping one arm with the hand in which he still retained the bow, but keeping his gaze fixed upon the fire, he began:

“This it: I done got a daughter, as you-all know, Marse Dan’l, an’ I loves that chile pow’ful. I reckon you know how a ole man kin love his daughter? Now, th’ man that chile’s married to, he gone an’ killed a man—shot him clear to death. But th’ law ketch hole of another man—some rich man, a’ enemy of this here dead man—and the law’s a-tryin’ him for that crime; an’ th’ evidence am pow’ful strong again’ him, an’ as like as not he’s gwine hang fer that murder what my chile’s husban’ done commit. Now, Marse Dan’l, I knows dat husban’ ought to suffer; I knows he’s a bad aig; I knows he jes’ was out holdin’ up people when he done that crime. It ain’t him I’m thinkin’ about. It’s this way: I knows if I don’t tell what I knows, that inn’cent man gwine hang; but if I does tell, it’s jus’ natchally gwine bus’ my chile’s heart and they ain’t gwine be much lookout lef’ in life fer her and her lil’ boy.”



A pause, while old Peter mopped his damp brow. "I knows it ain't look much impo'tant to mos' white folks about a crooked nigger's life in 'parison to rich an' furdermore inn'cent white man's—an' a ole darky's love fer his daughter maybe don't make no appeal to you, an' maybe it don't bother you none 'bout a lil' nigger boy startin' out in life as the son of a hanged murderer—maybe, Marse Dan'l, but agin, I think you-all is diff'rent."

Daniel's lips had gone white, and the two straight little lines between his eyes had tightened. The servant knew his moods, and waited silently, tracing, the whites, queer figures on the hearth rug with his bow. After a time Daniel spoke. "Peter, suppose you play something—softly. You have asked me something hard—very hard." The old negro played again—softly—and at length Daniel, when the tune was ended, said:

"Suppose, Peter—and this will not be else but easy for you to suppose—suppose you were an old man, and that you had in your younger days a daughter given you in place of a sweet young wife—suppose you devoted all your life to that child—suppose you loved her as deeply as anyone could love—and suppose she grew into a lovely girl, so lovely and so good that you still couldn't love her as much as she deserved. Suppose you were together day after day, and were the happiest pair in all the dear Southland. Suppose, then you had come up North with her—suppose a young man—a Northerner, a man you disliked from the first moment you saw him, a man who had shifty eyes—came and little by little gained for himself the affection of your daughter; not only gained it for himself, but stole away, too, her love for you. Suppose, then, she married him against your wish—suppose you were not invited to the wedding. Suppose, from that time on, you never once spoke to your child, though your love instead of failing grew more insistent each day she was away from you. Suppose you yearned and prayed and craved for her; but she never came. Suppose you haunted the theaters, the cafes, and all public places, that you might perchance catch a glimpse of her—and suppose, when you did see her, you saw she was unhappy. Suppose you saw that for her the bubble had burst—suppose you saw—oh, I could see it!—I could see she was miserable; the laughter and the sparkle were gone from her eye; the trill was gone from her laugh. Suppose you knew it was best for her to come home to you again—suppose you saw that she needed you, and that only pride was keeping her away—pride

and that—that twitchy-eyed husband—suppose all this, my Peter, and then suppose that that husband, who was making her unhappy, who was keeping her away from you, should be charged with murder, with every certainty of his being convicted and hung. Do you think, Peter, you could repress a feeling of exultation? Would you not be happy? Would you not look forward to the coming season of joy, and be glad in the thought that your little girl should be home; that you should claim her back again; that you should receive her here and take her in your eager old arms and soothe her in her hurt and sorrow and keep her with you until the light and the sparkle of happiness came back into her eyes; and the old ties of warm affection should be renewed and in renewing grow stronger?" He paused and drew a long breath; it was tiresome work, this talking from the heart—not like talking from the mouth or even from the head. The rest was going to be harder—so he had paused for a breath.

"But now, suppose somebody were to tell you that that husband was innocent; were to tell the man who had truly committed the crime. Suppose, for your daughter's sake and for your own, you wished he'd hang; suppose for your conscience' sake you should tell what you knew and so free him. Suppose justice urged you one thing, and unselfish love and selfish love urged you to another. There's the question, my Peter, we must answer before we can answer yours."

The old negro's face had changed in expression again and again during the recital. He knew the story as well as "Marse Dan'l"—he knew of the trial, he knew that Marse Dan'l expected Annie home. He had thought, however, as well as Marse Dan'l, that Annie's husband was guilty, and it had never entered his troubled brain to connect the facts of his vicious son-in-law's crime with those of Marse Dan'l's son-in-law's trial. Had he made any such connection he would never have spoken.

Now he broke the protracted silence. "Marse Dan'l, them suppositious people is you, and Miss Annie, an' her husban', an' me—sure! Now, Marse Dan'l, what am we gwine do?"

And so they hitched their chairs up close to the fire and, uniting in a common cause, set to work to answer the question.

Here, then, on Michigan Boulevard, in a brown-stone house, sit two old men. Over in the Harrison street station a well-dressed, stout, carefully-barbered man with shifty eyes, sat biting his finger-

nails, or paced nervously across and about his cell. Out in a shabby shack on South State street a young negro and his wife with a little sleeping boy in her arms, sat talking in low tones. The woman was begging the man to stay, not to leave her and the boy; reassuring him, telling him he was safer at home than if he fled; that no suspicion was on him; just only let him "lay low." In an expensively furnished room of the Blackstone, a young woman was sitting alone—worrying and regretting and weeping. What widely separated threads of life in the great modern city! And all the ends of the threads gathered and held in the hands of two old men!

It was late, indeed, they sat—these strange conspirators—two old men, weighing and arguing and juggling with the lives of two young men and with the happiness of two young women and the future of a little pickaninny. The fire went lower, but they deliberated still, their soft voices scarcely breaking the silence. There was no conflict between them. It was the sense of justice of each against his love—his selfish love. In the same moment they were considering the happiness of a girl of aristocratic Southern blood and the happiness of a little darky, the son of a criminal.

It was early morning when they arose from their seats, their old joints cracking sharply from the stiffness and chill. At a sign from the master, the servant filled a glass from the decanter on the table, and at a second sign he filled another.

"To the decision," toasted Daniel, "that will make us murderers." They drank it together.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Christmas Eve, as Peter moved about the room humming softly, the whiles Daniel sat dozing before the fire, a newsboy was crying an "extra" past the house. Peter stopped humming and stood with his ear cocked. Daniel sat up wide awake in an instant. The boy's shouting grew less and less distinct, and was swallowed up in the roar of traffic.

"So, Peter, they've found him guilty and he must hang."

"Yes, Marse Dan'l."

"Then, Peter, we are murderers!"

Peter's lips tightened a bit and his eyes winked faster for a second. He didn't like that word, but he answered:

"Ah reckon we is."

"Murderers, Peter; yes." The old man had risen, and was standing, tall and striking, in his faultless evening dress, the hot

Southern fire flashing out from his eyes. "True murderers, but we are lovers, too—lovers of our own flesh and blood—we are selfish, justly selfish, of their love. We have a right to them—they are ours. We are murderers, yes; but we will be happy tonight. My Annie will be happy again with me; she and the world will be rid of a scoundrel." You see, my reader, how little now he is thinking of Peter's daughter or of the little pickaninny. Yet hear him! "We, Peter, we are in the right; remember that, Peter; we are in the right; we are but doing justice to ourselves."

And the old darky was reassured. He trembled, yet exulted in the vehemence of his master.

Now another hour found one old conspirator trudging westward towards the carline; one grizzled hand thrust deep into overcoat pocket and clutching tightly a generous bill.

Back in the brownstone house was the other conspirator. The high dining-room was now all ablaze with light from many candles—a great candelabra on the broad table and two brace of them flaring at either end of the mantel. The shades were drawn to their highest, the fire was burning with cheerful, steady glow. Daniel in immaculate, faultless evening dress was pacing about, his thin hands clasped behind his back, his eyes half closed. Soon he took a drink from the decanter on the table and then sat him down in his accustomed place before the fire to await his child's coming.

\* \* \* \* \*

Christmas has come and gone. It is early morning. From the rear of the big brown house there comes a sound. A door is open, is closed. There is a shuffle along the hall and in the adjoining room; then the thick curtains are parted by a trembling hand, and Peter hesitates just inside the portieres. The heavy draperies fall into place behind him, and he stands all bowed down, bedraggled; with puffed features; with deepened lines upon his face, and in his eyes dejection. He speaks to Daniel, who is sitting near the hearth.

"Marse Dan'l" (Oh, the broken huskiness of his voice, and the bitterness of it!) "Marse Dan'l, they didn't want me. They laugh at mah littul trinkums and mah poor gif's—mah Susie didn't want me—and Marse Dan'l—Ah jes got back."

He waited. No answer. The servant-instinct awoke. He looked up. He felt the heavy, stifling staleness of the air in the room; he saw the candles were all burnt out, save two which sputtered bravely

in their sockets; he saw how streaks of wax clung to the candelabra, and formed little ridges on the polished table and on the mantel; the shades were still high up; the fire was out; the decanter was gone from its place on the table. The negro straightened quickly and glided to the chair by the dead fire. "Why, Marse Dan'l!"

The master was sprawled loosely down in the chair; the decanter, empty, was on the floor at his feet; a glass lay smashed against the grate. But it was his face that shocked old Peter. Ashen, stupid, with the stamp of betrayed trust, of outraged dignity upon it, his eyes staring fixedly into the old fireplace.

"Marse Dan'l," the old servant pleaded. Daniel never shifted his gaze as he said dully, flatly:

"Peter, she did not come!"

The old servant took it strangely. It was one thing for him to be disappointed, but that this same disappointment should come to Marse Dan'l—he had never thought of that. It was many minutes before either spoke; then it was Daniel again:

"We, Peter—you and I—have been very stupid. We have acted like children—very foolish. We weighed justice against love—love! But we didn't see that that love was only one-sided love. Why, Peter, they—young people—they don't even think of us in their scheme of things—we are out of date."

This weary chagrin of his old master was too much for the negro. In his indignation at the outraging of "Marse Dan'l's" love and pride, Peter went too far. He spoke wildly, passionately—he reviled his own daughter, and in the same breath he reviled his master's daughter; he urged that they tell what they knew. "Let them show these upstart young folks that they weren't so smart; let them——"

The grip on his arm stopped him. "You go to bed; you've been drinking—and, you old fool, if you breathe what you know to a soul, I'll choke you. That decision stands. I ain't considering you; don't judge my daughter by your standards; my daughter will come; she's been delayed. Do you hear?" Old Peter was writhing under the tightening grasp of Daniel's hand; his eyes shifted wildly before the blazing eyes of the other. "You hear, my daughter will come; she can't stay away—she can't." His grasp relaxed and the old darky moved quickly out of the room.

Daniel's arms hung limply at his sides, the fire left his eyes and the tensity of his muscles was gone. He was a pitiable picture, standing alone in the cold room trying to struggle against a dreaded conviction—trying to find some last straw upon which to fasten his sinking pride. Reader, this is beyond me. Picture it yourself—this old gentleman trying to keep alive his dying sense of pride—his Southern pride! Well, listen to him, my reader:

“She can't stay away; she will come; she has no place else to go.”

He fell back into the chair. He had presumed too much; he is helpless before the issue; he felt the futility of an old man's love to find response in the young heart. How could he face Peter in the morning? He had shown his heart; he had let down the barriers of pride and had allied his feelings with those of a slave—and back of it all was the yearning, the craving for his own, his little girl who with the way thrown open, did not come. She cared no more for him than this negress for her old black father.

In the midst of his thoughts, then, there came a ring at the bell. After some moments, recalling that he had dismissed Peter, he roused himself and went to the door. With his hand on the knob, he gave vent to a sigh that encompassed the last summation of all his hope and pride and love—in a moment the fight would be over—if this was disappointment again, he would give up.

When he came again into the room, Annie was with him. And you should have seen the pride, rekindled and intense, in his eyes as he led his child to the big chair; and you should have seen the all-effacing love with which he looked down on her as she sank down from his arms. And old Peter coming into the room saw them, and standing awhile, he began to weep—it made him pity himself—and then entering into the spirit of the thing, he went to the sideboard, and coming then to Daniel, he placed in his hand a sparkling glass of old wine, saying: “Something warm for Miss Annie, Marse Dan'l.”

So you see, my reader, what a queer set we are—we mortals, the white and the black of us, the high and the low of us—creatures all of many, many moods, and but some few senses.

JAMES FITZGERALD, '13.

## The Lost Key

---

Oh! the beautiful thoughts and the beautiful dreams  
Of my vanished childhood days!  
When I dwelt in a castle of fanciful schemes,  
In a palace composed of the sunniest beams  
That e'er set the sea in a blaze!  
I have sought, since, with aching,  
With heart near to breaking,  
To see what I once could see;  
But the golden haze of the bygone days  
Will never come back to me;  
The radiant glamour of youthful days  
Will never come back to me;  
Will never come back,  
Will never come back,  
Will never come back to me.

I have lost for a season the key to the gate,  
And forgotten the magic spell,—  
That immaculate key to the blissful estate  
Of the innocent pure who their Saviour await,  
In the land where the angels dwell.  
And I never shall find  
Sweet contentment of mind,  
And the happiness born of the key,  
Till the mournful bell in its hollow shell  
Is tolling a knell for me;  
Till the doleful bell, in a last farewell,  
Is tolling a knell for me  
Is tolling a knell,  
Is tolling a knell,  
Is tolling a knell for me.

JOSEPH W. BYRNES, '15.

## The Cross and The Flag



AN essay entitled, "Patriotism in England and America," from the pen of Mr. Sydney Brooks, appears in the *Forum* of the current month. Its theme is the Englishman's apathy to his country's history, both recent and remote, as contrasted with the intense fervor with which the American citizen celebrates the deeds of his country's past. In assigning the reason for this phenomenon, the writer proves that, since the history of both countries is rich in the extreme, the apathy of the Briton must be due to a lack of proper patriotism, while the American's interest is the result of a high degree of that national spirit. So far nothing is censurable. But he proceeds further to seek out the reason for America's patriotism, and he finds it in our public schools, where, he declares "patriotism is habitually taught as a school subject." The passage, in which he makes this remarkable discovery, is most interesting, since it shows an outsider's view. "In each classroom, above the teacher's desk, hang the Stars and Stripes, and the children every morning, before the day's work begins, hold up their hands towards the national flag and with flashing eyes repeat some such vow as this: 'I pledge my allegiance to this flag and the country for which it stands; one country, with justice and liberty for all.' There is something amusing, puerile and humorous in this little ceremony," says Mr. Brooks, "but it is also impressive. It is one of those things that have made the public schools of America the greatest instrument of patriotic instruction the world has yet seen." (*Forum*, page 723.)

Omitting for present purposes the rest of this article, which in justice to the author is most able and scholarly, we will consider only the general trend of the passage quoted above.

It is manifest that the display and ostentation of the public school classroom has caught the fancy of Mr. Brooks. However, if he is really interested in classroom procedure, especially in the morning, it might be of immense benefit for him to visit any of our parochial schools, and there he would witness a scene, which assuredly would not suffer in comparison with the one which he has described. But if he has neither the opportunity nor the disposition to go in person, we can be of assistance in this way: We can describe the morning procedure of a parochial classroom in a style of writing which he will not fail to recognize. For instance, we



would say: "In each Catholic classroom, above the teacher's desk, hangs the Cross of Christ, and the children every morning, before the day's work begins, hold up their hands towards that sacred emblem of Catholicity and with reverent lips repeat some such vow as this: 'Oh, my God, I offer thee this day all my prayers, works and sufferings, for the advancement of the best interests of mankind.'"

But here we must stop. We cannot proceed further in the Sydney Brooks style and say of this childish vow: "There is something puerile and humorous in it." Nay, this invocation which is offered by the child each morning in the parochial classroom is sadly lacking in the elements of humor; in fact, it borders on and approaches sublimity, since it is the expression of the most perfect aspiration, which a human being can possess.

But what place does the American flag occupy in our Catholic classroom? It hangs where it should be, if proper order is observed, at the side of the cross—not before it. In the public schools, where they teach sweet culture instead of stern religion, and where God is conspicuous only because He is entirely unmentioned, the first place is given to the flag. In our school, a different order prevails. Our pupils are taught that the cross made our flag possible, and since cross and flag are both dear to the Catholic heart, both are present in the classroom, but each in its proper place, the flag hanging beside the cross.

Does this semi-deification of the national banner, which is lauded by Mr. Brooks, eventually inspire the pupils with intenser patriotism than does the Catholic school by its quieter method? He terms the public school "the greatest instrument of patriotic instruction the world has yet seen." Whatever may have been accomplished by the public schools—and we know that much has been accomplished—in developing a true, deep-seated but sensible affection for the flag as well as a wholesome respect for the laws and institutions which flourish under its protection, the Catholic schools as a promoter of patriotism need not yield even to that "greatest instrument" alluded to above. Our schools teach and promote patriotism that is consistent with religion. And it still remains a great truth that such a patriotism is more sincere and praiseworthy and productive of good citizenship than one which worships a flag and denies a God, or if it does not deny, at least neglects Him and His due honor.

J. FREDERICK REEVE, '12.

## In Fancy's Realm

---

My thoughts like birds on a sunny day  
Are ever in flight;—they wheel at play  
And circling high o'er the waters deep  
Will flee away where shadows sleep.  
They visit my fairy castle of air,  
All bordered round with flowerets rare,—  
Far in the southern sea.

From haunts of toiling men they wing,  
Far to the south where the breezes sing;  
They cleave their way thro golden mist,  
'Neath blushing clouds, Aurora-kisséd,  
O'er a gleaming main of malachite,  
Inlaid with dancing golden light,—  
A laughing southern sea.

A darker green on the green of the sea,  
My heart is thrilled with buoyant glee;  
For nestled close to Mother Earth,  
Near a sparkling rill of joyous mirth,  
My castle a rose-bound cottage stands,  
Its courtyard broad the warm white sands  
Of the languid southern sea.

RALPH J. BYRNES, '15.

---

## By The Shore

---

I sit in silence by the sad sea shore,  
    'Mid rocks and beetling cliffs, wild, sombre hued,—  
A harsh, forbidding, lonely coast which bore  
    With proud disdain the sea's advances rude,  
And bade defiance to its baffled roar.  
    'Tis here I sit in solitude, and brood  
    O'er melancholy nature's saddest mood.

The tossing waters of the troubled main  
    Reflect the leaden sky's depressing hue;  
The thundering breakers' ceaseless wash and drain  
    Is sobbing out a threnodic adieu;  
The sullen billows moan a weird refrain,  
    Whose gloomy tenor all my thoughts imbue;—  
And abysmal sadness fills my soul anew.

The screaming gulls forever soar and swoop  
    In endless, sweeping circles o'er the sea;  
With spreading pinions sail each graceful group  
    And, wheeling, glide through boundless air more free  
But naught of pleasure find I in that troop;  
    No music have their raucous cries for me—  
They are but part with mournful sky and sea.

Cruel the rocks, but sterner far are they  
    On which my hopes lie wrecked, and I, tried sore  
By wind and wave, a friendless castaway  
    Remain, to gaze and mourn—and nothing more!  
A victim whom the Fates delight to flay.  
    O ghastly sham! to long dead wrecks deplore  
And sit forever wailing on the shore!

Is it for this I draw the breath of life?  
    What use to struggle on in fruitless quest?  
Were it not better end this futile strife?  
    No! God is good! This is but mankind's test,  
To win the prize o'er paths with perils rife.  
    Beyond the sea there lies a land of blest  
Tranquillity where weary hearts find rest.

No more shall I let ancient failure bar  
    My progress, nor inert on shore abide,  
But I will cast this coward sorrow far  
    Into the soundless depths of yonder tide,  
And, trusting childlike in my guiding star,  
    Will resolute brave Life's rough ocean wide  
Until I gain in bliss the farther side!

## The Platform Man

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TO begin with, "Red" Corrigan is the individual who is going to carry the above title in this story, and incidentally be the hero. What a "platform man" is, you will learn later, but I suppose I ought first to tell him holding such a strenuous position with the Palace Sleeping Car Company. I will give it to you as I received it from his inseparable pal and mentor, Mr. Peter Woods, Assistant Superintendent of the Company, in that "Queen City of the West," Seattle, Washington. (Any Seattleite would view with justifiable indignation the spelling out of that noble name of the father of his country, as entirely superfluous, there being really only one "Seattle" in the universe, Texas and Mars included, but we will leave it that way for the benefit of the uninitiated and the Cohanites amongst us.)

Red Corrigan's first appearance to his future employers you a little of "Red's past history, and how we come to find was made one July afternoon, when, as a big, raw-boned, sun-burned, but neatly attired youth of some twenty-five cycles, he strode into the little one room office of the Company in the aforesaid embryo metropolis, and finding Mr. Campbell, the Superintendent, alone, sprung somewhat of a surprise on that portly individual by asking for a position as sleeping car conductor. (We will call it a position, although it is really a job.) We do not wish to infer that Mr. Campbell was not used to receiving such requests, but there was something in the behavior of this applicant that distinguished him from the unending string of hopefuls who daily approached the same counter, asking for that same privilege, if we may call it such. Corrigan's rough face was strong, and nature had put a neater turn and part to his red kinky hair than two generations of the highest tonsorial skill and attention could possibly have accomplished. Further than this, when he talked, it was in that straightforward, earnest, yet somewhat careless way that told the Superintendent that he wanted the job because he knew he could handle it, and because he thought he was just about made for that particular place. The result of it was that Mr. Campbell reached under the counter and handed him an ap-

plication to be filled out and brought back at his convenience. After he had passed out the door, the Superintendent almost began to anticipate that he was going to get something good, and then postponed the thought for the time being, not quite sure that this latest "hope" was not another of those eastern "mushrooms" with which the West will ever be infested, and with which he had had some regretful experiences since the creation of the new Northwestern Division.

The fact of the matter was that he didn't need a conductor at all. What he was looking for was a "platform man." The platform man was the sleeping car company's representative in the train sheds during the time of arrival and departure of all trains carrying sleepers. It was a man's job in every way. Going on at two in the afternoon, he was supposed to stay "on the job" until all the trains had arrived or departed for the night, or at least until he was sure that everything was "set," so far as the sleeper end of it was concerned. This meant anywhere between eleven P. M. and three A. M. Everything from the outside sheeting of the cars to the toilet soap and berth cords was to be inspected and all defects remedied, if possible, before the car left. His duty it was also to see that the conductors and porters were on hand on time, that they were sober, properly equipped, shoes shined, wore clean linen, etc. He was also expected to be able to meet such emergencies as might arise, such as furnishing an extra car or man, or settling disputes between sleeping car passengers and the depot officials. In a word, after the office force had gone home, he was everything from superintendent to car cleaner. Mr. Campbell was unfortunate enough to find himself without a single eligible conductor for the new position, and so was obliged to seek outside. Up to this time, the platform work had been divided between the Superintendent, his Assistant (Pete Woods), and the venerable and antiquated cashier, these three composing the entire office force.

Corrigan returned the next morning with the application carefully filled out. Within the next half hour he had been introduced to Woods as the new platform man, and turned over to that minor official for instruction and enlightenment. He could not have been put in better hands. Pete had never worked for anyone else but the Palace Company, and never intended to work for anyone else. He had served his "laps,"

as he used to express it, starting in as a messenger boy in the big office in Chicago, and the word "fidelity" was stamped in big letters all over his work. He cultivated no outside interests for fear they would interfere with his giving his entire energy to his work, and the Company was just as welcome to twenty hours of his day as ten, if necessity required it. Outside of his mother, whom he had always supported, he could find no time even to devote to the fair sex and enjoyed the prospect of fulfilling an obligation to attend a house-party about as much as a Los Angeles porter would enjoy taking a tourist car load of landseekers to Oskaloosa. I can see Pete now, short and stocky, wearing that same old fedora turned down over his eyes, walking briskly down the platform with his eyes on the ground, and his left hand in his coat pocket. Always silent; yet everyone took a special delight in talking to him wherever he went; necessarily *to* him, because he seldom said very much himself.

It was the afternoon of the day the platform man had been hired. Corrigan and the Assistant Superintendent had sought the inviting plush of the smoking room of one of the idle standards standing in the yard. Five hours before, Woods was a perfect stranger to him, yet, sitting there opposite him in that smoking room of the Bardino, Red felt that there was no confidence which he could not trust to this new, subtle, yet apparently ingenuous acquaintance of his. Pete began the conversation, evidently interested beyond the ordinary in the new recruit.

"Are you any relation to Mr. S. T. Corrigan, one-time superintendent of the Northwestern Division?"

"He was my father," Red answered immediately, although this was one of the last things he ever expected to have known, at least for some time to come.

Woods looked at him with an expression not entirely free from suspicion.

"I ran under Mr. Corrigan for about a year and a half," he then responded laconically, and followed this up by putting the question point-blank to the new platform man: "Were you ever in the service before?"

"Well, I might as well tell you the whole thing right now, Mr. Woods; I didn't intend to do it, but it is well to get it off my mind. Of course you know that father was asked to resign

following the scandal that came on the heels of that Weber consolidation deal. The real inside history of that deal will probably never be known, but I will leave it to you to judge whether he would be guilty of any such underhand work against his own company; why, he considered it the greatest honor of his life to be able to slave for the company, and his whole time was spent between home and office, with home getting the short end of the deal. He was made for the sleeping car business, and his heart and soul was in it, and when he was forced out of it, he was like an Arabian ostrich up here in the plains of Alberta. He tried a couple of different deals, but the sting of the injustice done him kept working upon him until it finally triumphed; we buried him just two years to the day, after his discharge. Mother and I were left fairly comfortable, and I finished my last year of college, in accordance with Dad's wishes. Up to the time of his discharge, he had been grooming me for a mechanical inspector's position with the Company, and had looked for great things in me. Even after they made their fatal mistake, he didn't seem to be able to work up any animosity for them, and had me continue right along, seeming to feel that something would turn up to vindicate him and that he would get back sometime. Well, he didn't live long enough to get me started as a mechanical inspector, but he did live long enough to hand me down a ready-made vocation from which there seems to be no escape. Some people may be born with a silver spoon in their mouth, but I believe I was born with a sleeper in mine. Of course, when I had finished school and got ready to start to work, I hated to ask the Palace Company for anything, but couldn't very well help it, as they were the only ones in the country who had what I wanted and one of Dad's last wishes was that he hoped I would some day bring the name of Corrigan back to its old standing with the Company. I tried to get on in Boston, but was turned down, gently, but firmly, and I was given to understand that I might as well give up any aspirations to connect myself with the Palace Company. It was given to me in such a "no more Corrigans for this Company" style, that my Irish was considerably aroused, but I couldn't do a thing except to walk out and think it over. The next day I got a chance to make a cruise around the world as a fifth class engineer on one of the battleships, and I went. My term expired while we were doing some work

here on the Sound, and as soon as I got my papers and struck terra firma at your port here, that sleeping-car bee began to buzz louder than ever. I thought I might get in out here as a conductor, and then work my way back east, and hoped that by the time I would get to Boston I would be strong enough with the company so that it would take more than a prejudice to hold me out. So I've finally got a start, and that's all anybody can ask."

The following Sunday night "Red" Corrigan found himself alone on the job for the first time. He had had a week to break in, and with the sheet of instructions which had been left him, outlining the night's work, he went to the task with more front than actual confidence. Seeing the North Coast Limited pull into the depot, he remembered that he had instructions to turn one of the porters around and send him back on No. 8 at 11:30 that night. Boarding the train as soon as it reached the platform, he ran into his man.

"Higgins, I have instructions to send you back to St. Paul on No. 8, leaving here at 11:30 tonight," the platform man read to the negro, who was busy putting away his linen, and no doubt picturing to himself the delights of a good bath and two days' lay-over.

"What, me on No. 8 at 11:30 tonight? Why, that must be a mistake, boss. I can't go back on no 11:30 train tonight. Who gave you them orders?"

"Mr. Campbell."

"Well, let Mr. Campbell come and give them to me. He knows that a man can't turn around after a two thousand mile trip, and go back in two hours without no rest or sleep."

"It's a deadhead back, there won't be any work," Corrigan replied.

"Deadhead or no deadhead, I won't go tonight. I belong in Kansas City, and haven't slept in a real bed for two weeks; my linen's all dirty, my clothes shot to pieces, and I ain't in no shape to go no place nohow. If Mr. Campbell wants me to go back tonight, he will have to come here and tell me."

"I'm giving all of Mr. Campbell's instructions. If you want to work, go back on No. 8 tonight. If you want to quit and walk back, say so now."

"Now, Mr. Platform Man, don't get excited. I simply said I wanted to see Mr. Campbell."



"You can't see him tonight. Are you going back on No. 8?"

"Yes, I'll go," finally grunted the "dusk," and Corrigan dropped off the steps and hurried away, as the porter kept up a recital of his woes.

Corrigan finished his inspection about 10:30, with a sigh of relief that everything had gone off smoothly, but somehow felt that he better "stick around" for a little while for fear something might turn up before the departure of No. 8 at 11:30. Just at 11 o'clock the 'phone rang.

"Hello, 8156."

"Yes."

"This is the ticket office. There's a bunch of politicians down here at the window who are going to Spokane on that 11:30 train, and the space is all sold. Can you give us another sleeper?"

Corrigan's heart was in his mouth. Here was something that the sheet of instructions didn't cover, and he must act at once, because it would take at least thirty minutes to get the car switched into the train. He looked frantically at the "extra car list," which showed only one car, and that "Not Cleaned," and therefore unfit for service.

"Wait a minute, and I'll be down there," he answered nervously.

At the ticket window he ran into the crowd of excited politicians gathered in front of the cage.

"Guess there is nothing doing on that car." His voice quivered a little with inexperience as he spoke through the wicket to the ticket agent. "We have only one extra car and that isn't cleaned, and no porter to go on it. Besides, thirty minutes is too short notice to get the porter and get the car switched in."

The politicians were listening eagerly, and one of them tapped Corrigan on the shoulder.

"Say, old man, you just name the car, and I'll see that old Baer makes the switch all right. All you have to do is to get us a porter, and he can make down after we leave. We don't care if the car is a little dirty. We've been electioneering all day, and we can sleep any place. Come on, be a sport, fix us up."

Corrigan sized up the bunch and yelled in to the ticket agent:

"Phone the yardmaster to switch in the Kolmans. You can sell for twelve sections and a room in that car. I'll scout around and see if I can get a porter."

Before the elated politicians had a chance to thank him he was off on the run to find a porter. He didn't know *what* porter, but he had ordered the car in, and it was up to him to man it, if he had to make down the beds himself.

Racing down past the hotel barkers, he hurried through the side streets, and then down a dimly lighted alley to the "Elite Club," where the majority of the porters who followed the gay and more exciting life spent their time and tips during their lay-over in Seattle. The "Club" was in the basement of a Chinese gambling house. As Corrigan stepped in the door he heard the strains of rag time as played by a dusky "rag" artist, and was almost stifled by the dense fog of cigarette smoke, mingled with a heavy beery smell. It was almost impossible to distinguish anyone in that dimly lighted room. He had heard enough about this gambling joint, the most notorious place of its kind in that wide-open town, and would never have thought of venturing there alone at night or at any other time. Now his determination to get *that* porter, *any* porter, gave no room for fear or anything else. As soon as he was perceived in the place, the music ceased, the gamblers looked up from their cards and dice, and dropped their unfinished glasses to the tables, wondering what this excited red-headed individual could want, or if a raid was about to take place. Corrigan wedged his way through the tables to the bar, and asked one of the bartenders if there were any sleeping car porters in the place. The barkeep called up one from a distant corner of the smoke cloud, and he at once recognized the platform man.

"Say, Watkins, we have put a special car on that 11:30 train, and I haven't got a porter. I want you to take it out."

"Why, man, that's ridiculous. I can't get no car ready in thirty minutes—"

"See here,—"

 and Corrigan, getting very close to him, was giving him a confidential talk in a low tone when somebody broke in from the side.

"Aw, don't you go, Wat. That guy is all up in the air to-night. He don't know what he wants. He tried to tell me I had to go back to St. Paul three hours after I got in. Don't do anything he says until you see Mr. Campbell."

The perplexed platform man looked around to the bar and saw his friend with whom he had had the argument earlier in the evening, his finger clasping a glass of that ten-cent fire-water. Moving Watkins a little further from the disturber. Corrigan soon convinced him that it would be to his best interests to take those politicians down to Spokane. In five minutes Watkins was making down beds in the Kolmans.

As soon as Watkins had made the start for the depot, Corrigan walked over to the bar to where the North Coast man was still eying him. He stepped so close to him that the porter's heavily burdened breath made the rest of the room seem refreshing in contrast.

"Say Higgins, it's 11:30 now. Hadn't you better be going over to your train. It leaves at 11:30."

"Don't you think I know when it leaves?"

"You don't appear to. You'll hardly be able to make it now."

"Well, what if I don't? What of it?"

"Now, say, porter, you told me over at the depot that you would go back on that train. I thought you were a man—"

He got that far, when the drunken porter shot his arm forward, and pushing Corrigan fair in the face with his broad palm, almost toppled the platform man.

"You *thought* I was a man. I'll show you I *am* a man."

Whatever restraint the platform man had up to now was lost in that instant, and making a terrible lunge at his assailant, he felled him with a clean right to the jaw. The porter had scarcely sunk to the floor when Corrigan became the target for a dozen fists. With his body braced against the bar, he sailed into them as they came to him. Three years' service in the Navy had been three years of physical training for his six foot of big bone and solid muscle, and he was as hard as the wood he was leaning against. A left wallop on the side of the head sent one man sprawling over his pal who had gone down with a vicious kick. A right uppercut forced a dusky pug who had ventured too close to retire in agony. Everybody was standing up and yelling "get him," "carve him up," and pandemonium reigned supreme in the place. It was evident he could not stand it much longer, and deciding quickly to hew his way out, or go down in the attempt, he seized a half-filled beer bottle, and waded into his antagonists with such force that they fell before him like a horde of Turks before the battle

axe of Richard the Lion Heart. A razor flashed near him, and as he struck its carrier to the floor, strong hands seized him from behind, and before he realized what the two bartenders were doing, he was shot through the back door and landed out on his back in the alley. The door slammed behind him, and pulling himself together, he lost no time in getting back to the depot. It was just 11:35 when he rushed to the Depot Master.

"Say, did the politicians get away all right?" he gasped.

"You bet they did, and they were tickled to death, too. Here's a couple of cigars they left for you. What's the matter, you look a little ruffled?"

"O, I got into an argument over there at the Elite with that porter Higgins I ordered back to St. Paul on No. 8 tonight. He didn't show up, did he?"

"Sure, he came wabbling through the gates here about a minute before leaving time, with a bump on his jaw as big as a pumpkin. He was half stewed, but seemed to be awful anxious to get back to his family at St. Paul, so as long as he was going out deadhead, I let him go."

"Yes, I guess he was getting a little lonesome for his folks," the platform man remarked dryly.

Pulling himself up the three flights of steps to the little office, he sat down and wrote his report:

"Everything O.K. tonight with exception of being called upon to furnish extra car for Spokane. Supplied car Kolmans, porter Watkins.

Corrigan."

"P. S. Had an argument with Higgins about going back to St. Paul; will give you particulars when I get down. He got away O.K."

When Mr. Campbell sat down at his desk the next morning, he found a greasy, pencil-addressed white envelope on his desk, which had been delivered by a messenger. Opening it promptly, he smiled as he read:

"Hon. Mr. Campbell,  
Superintendenten.

Vary sorry for that little jam your Mr. Corrigan got into last nite over here in my place. While we might say the gentleman was really the fust cause of it, yet, nevertheless, some of the men at the bar at the time, whon, I should add, are *not* regular customers, and are unbeknown to us, surely acted under a misimpression when

they perceptuated themselves in the quarrel. Most of the boys who witnessed the little affair really side with your platform man, and permit me to say, without exaggeration or fear of contradiction, he sure is a game one.

I want to express herewith my most sincerest regrets at the occurrence, and to assure you that Mr. Corrigan, or any other representative of your company will always receive the highest courtesy at this place in the near future.

Hoping our past pleasant relations will continue, I beg to be,

Vary Respectively,

Howard Brooks,

Prop. 'The Elite Club.' "

The Superintendent laughed as he handed the letter across to Pete.

"Corrigan must have stirred things up a little over there last night. We seem to have chosen a good night to start him. I believe we've got a hot stove in that fellow, what d'you think?"

"Well, it seems so. He took more of a chance over there last night than I would care to, with my six years of experience around here."

The next afternoon when Corrigan reported for duty, the only indication of his previous night's experience was a slight scar on his cheek. His undiminished smile covered that when he conversed. Mr. Campbell made rather light of the occurrence to him, principally cautioning him to be more careful in the future in regard to getting into any altercations with the men, and that he was taking too much of a chance in getting mixed up at that time of the night in a place like the Elite. The platform man took the admonition gracefully, replying quietly that under the circumstances he could not very well help the affair, but that he would be as careful as possible in the future.

From that time, things went on comparatively smoothly. A year had passed. The Palace platform man had become a general favorite with the men around the depot with whom he came in daily contact. Of course he was known as "Red" Corrigan, and seemed to take pleasure in the cognomen. His wonderful memory of details soon made him a valuable man, and one in whom the officials of the railroad lines with whom

he did business, placed considerable confidence. He was constantly in demand whenever definite, detail information was wanted quickly about the sleepers. He had it in his head. The 'phone rang for the twentieth time one night, as Corrigan was sitting up in the little office, his feet up on the desk, and pulling at a stogie.

"Hello, Red?"

"Yes."

"Jensen." (Chief Dispatcher of the S. P. & W.)

"How are you, Mr. Jensen?"

"Fine. Say, we've got to make up a special for the Commercial Club, leaving here tomorrow morning at 10:30 going down to Portland for the Rose Festival. I want four sleepers. Now I figure you have the Cheltenham, Helvetia, Susquehanna and Mondana in tonight on No. 216 with extra business. We better use them for these Commercial fellows to Portland in the morning, what do you say?"

"Well, wait a minute now, Mr. Jensen. You know they took the gas tanks out of that Cheltenham the last trip she was in here, and you don't figure on having a dynamo baggage on that special do you?"

"No."

"Well, that puts that baby out of consideration. Now I noticed the carpets in that Susquehanna were pretty ragged, and I don't believe she would be a very good car for the Commercial Club."

"We want first class cars."

"And you know that Mondana is a fourteen straight, and I take it that there ought to be enough sports among that bunch to use drawing room cars, oughtn't there?"

"O yes, they want drawing room cars."

"Well, that knocks three of them out. The Helvetia is a good car and ought to be all right. Now, let's see, we better take three of those New Plan 2718 cars out of the Walhula line for these Commercial fellows, and stick in those other boats you mentioned to take their place until they come back. We ought to send our Commercial Club down to the Rose City in a fitting manner."

"Well, all right, Red. I knew that after I took the trouble to dope it all out, you would change the whole program, but then I guess you almost live in those sleepers over there, and can pretty near call them by name by the noise they make rolling into the train shed. When are we going to take that little fishing trip?"

"Oh, some of these days. It's pretty hard for me to get away, and then I'm soon going on my vacation, but I'll see you later on that."

The next afternoon found the platform man engaged in a lively conversation with Mr. Campbell.

"I mentioned to you once before, Mr. Campbell," he was saying, "that my main reason for taking this platform job away out here was because I thought it would be a stepping stone to something better, preferably in the mechanical line. Now, from what you told me yesterday, I take it that the chances for promotion are pretty remote in this division, and so I am going to ask you if you have any objections to my making application for transfer to Chicago when I go through there on my vacation. I can hardly feel justified in coming back here under the present prospects. What is worse than that, I was foolish enough to make it known to my mother and one or two others, some time ago, that I was on my way to becoming an official of this Company, and I have made up my mind not to go home at all until I can show something better than 'Platform Man' after my name on my trip pass."

"Well, I'll tell you, Corrigan. I want to do the right thing by you, but I can't see a thing in sight to offer you now. I'll think it over a little and let you know in the morning."

No. 7 had just pulled into the shed. Corrigan was hurrying down the steps to look her over, when he met the conductor and two gentlemen passengers hurrying up to the office, one of the passengers white in the face and talking ferociously.

"What's up?" Corrigan asked the conductor.

The excited passenger spoke up quickly.

"Why, I've been robbed, that's what's up. Somebody cleaned me of three hundred dollars in cash this morning. That's a fine way you fellows protect your passengers—let some crook come in during the night and fleece them of every cent they have in the world. I want this company to make good to me right away."

Corrigan didn't say a word, but started right down to the platform. The porter on the car in which the passenger had ridden was no less excited than the passenger, and the car looked as though a hurricane had swept through it. Everything from the coal piled in the range room to the head rests on the seats had been turned upside down and inside out to find some trace of the missing purse and money. No more trace was found than if such property never existed. Corrigan quickly questioned the porter and felt

convinced in a minute that he knew nothing of the disappearance of the money. The porter was satisfied that a shady looking individual, who boarded the train about eleven o'clock the previous night, and left the sleeper about four A. M., saying that he couldn't sleep and was going up to the smoker, was responsible for the robbery, if any occurred. Where he left the train from the smoker, the porter, of course, did not know. The principal thing the porter had noticed about the fellow was that he had two fingers off the left hand, and appeared to be an ex-brakeman.

"Did he have any conversation with you?" Corrigan asked.

"Well, yes; when he came in he appeared to be about half drunk, and became quite friendly and sat down in Section 1 with me."

"What did he talk about?"

"Oh, he was telling me how bad he was feeling and said he wanted to go to bed right away. He said he used to run on this division."

"Did you ever see him before?"

"No, sir, this is my first trip over here."

"Did he say he knew any of the men running here?"

"Let me see—why yes, he did; who was that he said he knew—? I can't remember the name now, I didn't pay much attention to it then."

Corrigan pulled out a list of the porters operating out of Seattle. The porter ran his eye down the list and picked out the name of Sam Brownson, one of the oldest men in the service.

"Brownson, that's the man, Sam Brownson."

"Come on upstairs with me."

By the time Corrigan had gotten up to the office, the Superintendent had secured elaborate statements from the conductor and passengers, without, however, a definite clew in any of them on which to work. Porter Brownson was evidently the man who could furnish some clew to this three-fingered individual who was strongly suspected. Brownson was due in at 11:30 P. M., on the second section of No. 7. Mr. Campbell sized up the situation in a minute.

"I'll tell you what we better do—" he was speaking to the Assistant Superintendent and the platform man; "Brownson is due in here at 11:30 tonight. That brings him at Toppenish at 7 o'clock. Toppenish is just about where this fellow dropped off the train. We might as well work this thing while it's hot. Now, Pete, you and Corrigan leave here on No. 46 this afternoon, get off at Ellens-



burg, catch Brownson's car, and ride back to Toppenish. I'll have a special officer meet you at Toppenish, and with what information you get from Brownson, added to what you already have, you fellows ought to be able to land something down there. Of course, this fellow might have taken a freight east, but there's not many of them, especially ex-brakemen, that like to take a chance going through that tunnel on the bumpers. It's probable that either one of you ought to know this fellow if he used to run over here."

The men were off on No. 46, to all intents on a short inspection trip. Corrigan was already flushed with the thoughts of success, and as he and Pete sat in the smoking room, talking the matter over, his smile grew more reckless and daring than Pete had ever seen it before, as they both pictured the possibilities of the night before them.

The second section of No. 7 was on time at Ellensburg, and Brownson was interviewed. He at once named the man, who was generally known as "Three-Fingered Bill," an ex-brakeman with an unsavory record. Pete was quite sure he would know him if he saw him, although the "Three-Fingered" had not been running on the Seattle division for three or four years. The two sleeping car men dropped off at Toppenish, one at the forward end of the platform, and one at the rear, and, coming together at the depot, apparently met each other for the first time. The special officer was not there, or at least could not be seen about. They stepped down the main street, dropped into one or two saloons, and loitering places, but saw no trace of the ex-brakeman. Corrigan suggested that they engage a room at the one good hotel in town, and spend the evening in town to see if they couldn't uncover some clew. It was agreed upon. Looking over the register, they scanned the day's arrivals. One shaky, ill formed "Frank Rogers, Spokane," caught their eye.

"Ah, Rogers is here," Corrigan said aloud to Pete, so that the clerk could hear. One would have thought "Rogers" was a long lost friend.

"Is Mr. Rogers in his room, Mr. Clerk?"

"Let me see, 26? No, he's left. He went about 7 o'clock this evening."

"Guess he didn't like the looks of this town, hey?"

"Guess not, he stayed up in his room all day, from five o'clock this morning."

"Well, the old soak. We'll take a walk around to see how the town looks, before turning in."

Once outside, Corrigan grabbed Pete by the arm.

"That's our man, as sure as you live. If he isn't down to catch No. 6 when she pulls in here tonight, I am a boob. Do you think you would know him if you saw him?"

"Well, I'm not sure about it, if he's dressed up pretty well, because it's quite a while since I saw him, and then he was always in his working clothes."

"Well, if we see any three-fingered gentleman around the depot about that time, we'll take a chance and try him out, anyway. After we get to the next corner, I'll go back and sit around the hotel until about train time, and you go down and sit around the depot. Of course, we won't know each other from now on, and if something that looks like our friend gets on the train, we'll go right with him, and believe me, if he's our man, and we don't find it out before we let him get away, we ought never go back. I kind of wish that special officer had shown up; he might be useful. You've got your gun with you, Pete, though, haven't you?"

"You don't think I would come out on this kind of a trip without it, do you?"

"Well, I wasn't sure. I know the only gun I got is what I use punching the bag in the attic. But we're not supposed to catch this fellow, anyhow. We're only supposed to help find him. Well, so long, Pete, I'll see you at the depot."

Corrigan got down to the depot about five minutes before train time. Pete was sitting over in one corner, smoking a cigar and reading a newspaper. Just as the train was heard in the distance, a dapper-looking youth, dressed in a new brown suit and brown fedora, and carrying a cheap grip, stepped in the door, peered rather carelessly around, walked straight to the ticket window, and bought a ticket and berth on No. 6 to Spokane.

"Upper 7," the clerk was heard to say as he handed him his sleeping car ticket.

As soon as the passenger's back was turned, Corrigan looked over at Pete, and by a nod of his head, Pete answered that this was their man. Pete went out immediately after the suspect, and going up ahead of the coaches, boarded the smoker. Corrigan stayed behind until he was satisfied that the ex-brakeman had boarded the train, and then dropped onto the steps of the next to the last sleeper as the train was pulling out.

Pete immediately took a seat in the smoking coach, and told the train conductor to tell the porter quietly, the first time he went through the Spokane sleeper, that he wanted to see him up ahead. In a few minutes the porter was up in the smoker. Pete had him sit down opposite him.

"Now, Hopkins, listen and make no mistakes. This is a ticklish business. Upper 7 in your car is taken by a fellow whom we suspect of crooked work, and Corrigan and me want to watch him tonight. Corrigan is now in the rear sleeper. What have you got vacant around 7?"

"Lower 9 is vacant."

"What have you got at the men's end of the car?"

"Lower 3."

"All right; about half an hour after this fellow goes to bed in upper 7, you get lower 3 all ready, and let me know and I will slip into it. I want to watch him in the morning when he gets up. After I retire, you go to the rear sleeper, where you'll find Corrigan in the smoker. Tell him I said for him to go to bed in lower 9. After the lights are turned down, you sit on your stool under the night light where this fellow in upper 7 can see you, and pretend to sleep. In fact, you better snore a little, so he will be sure. We'll watch the car."

If Hopkins paid any closer attention to the suspect when he returned to the car, it could not be observed. The man for upper 7 asked to have his berth made ready about ten o'clock, and he immediately retired. There were four other passengers in the car, and Hopkins waited until the last of them had retired before calling Pete and Corrigan, which was about eleven o'clock.

Shortly after midnight, the porter was heard to snore heavily. He had been apparently asleep for about three minutes when Corrigan heard a slight rustle in the curtains just above him, in upper 7. He quivered with excitement, as he lay full dressed under the blankets in lower 9, the light turned out, and the blind pulled down, where, to all appearances, he had been asleep for about an hour. Slowly a three-fingered hand crept down the head-board to where his pants were supposed to have been laid away for the night. There was nothing there now but his soft grey crusher. Just as the three fingers laid hold of it, Corrigan grabbed the protruding arm with a vise-like grip, and, springing out of the berth himself, tumbled his quarry out of the upper, right down on top of him. The surprise had put the strength of a tigress into the ex-brakeman,

and the two went to the floor in a whirling mass, the one trying to get away by biting, punching and kicking his captor, and the other clinging like a leech to his man, and trying frantically for a strangle hold. The ex-brakeman was no amateur and when Pete, who had sent the porter back for the conductor, rushed up to the strangling forms, those three fingers were closed in a death clasp on the platform man's throat. Pete grabbed his wrist, and giving it a savage turn, threw the man over on his back before he was aware what had happened. The ex-brakeman's right arm was still free. A quick wiggle, a flash, two shots that burned a hole in the Assistant Superintendent's coat, and Pete Woods let go his man and rolled over dead. Corrigan, his senses barely returned, was on his knees when the shots were fired, his face about six inches from the gun. Before the smoke had cleared away, he had wrenched the gun out of the desperado's hand and was pummeling his head with the butt. The conductor said he would have killed him had he not pulled him off. Three-Fingered Bill was quickly bound by the terrified porter and passengers, and the train hurried with all possible dispatch to Renton, the next stop, in hopes that a spark of life still lingered in the breast of his victim. With tear-dimmed eyes the blood-be-smear platform man looked piteously into the face of the company doctor as he examined dear old Pete, who, in the last year, had become to him more than a brother. When the physician reported coldly, "Death was instantaneous," the platform man knelt down beside him and wept bitterly. Nobody could console him. He was through with this business.

"Search that fellow in there and see what he has on him!" he commanded in a frantic tone.

A black purse with three hundred dollars was found in his inside pocket, and some railroad keys in a side pocket. The old grip contained the black suit he had discarded the day before.

Corrigan promptly wired the Superintendent:

"We got our man. He killed Pete. All coming in on No. 8. I resign when this is over. I'm through."

Mr. Campbell met the train next morning, bowed in grief, and when the little party filed past him, carrying the dead Assistant Superintendent on one stretcher and the near-dead highwayman on another, he couldn't restrain the tears. Full particulars of the affair had been sent him by telegraph.

"Corrigan," he said, slowly, "I know you feel as bad, if not worse, over this affair than any of us, but I hold you entirely blame-

less. You have been appointed Assistant Superintendent, taking effect at once."

"I've resigned, Mr. Campbell. I'm through out here."

"Well, you think it over and let *me* know tomorrow morning. I told you yesterday I would let *you* know this morning."

The next morning Corrigan came in and sat sadly in Pete's vacant chair.

"Well, I've been thinking it over, Mr. Campbell, and I know Pete wouldn't like it if I should quit you now. I'll take the place."

The Superintendent handed him a Western Union, which the platform man read, half aloud:

"T. W. Campbell, Supt.:

"Received your letter regarding Corrigan. Also learned of his affair yesterday with highwayman. Too awful bad about Pete. I have absolutely nothing against Corrigan. Would be pleased to have him call on me when here.

"R. W. CAMPION, Supt. N. E. Div."

"Well, I guess I can go back on that all right, but as long as I've made good with the company, I think I'll just stick with the West and grow up with the country out here."

That is why the railroad company filled a request the following week for a trip pass, Seattle to Boston, for Mr. F. J. Corrigan, Assistant Superintendent; and Boston to Seattle, for Mr. F. J. Corrigan and his mother. The West had claimed her own, and "Red" Corrigan had gotten what he started for, although not just the way he expected.

JOHN F. HENRY, Academy, '12.

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### My Fancy

My fancy, like a soaring eagle,  
 Mounts high in the morning weather;  
 Up, up high, to a cloud-throne regal,  
 While I from the purple heather  
 Gaze wistfully towards the cloud-flecked blue,  
 And wish that I might follow too.

EDWARD E. CAVERLY, '15.

## The Play "Damon and Pythias"

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Those interested in the affairs of Loyola University, will no doubt rejoice to hear that an ancient custom will be revived this year by staging the annual play at Christmas season. Moreover, another pleasant bit of news is, that it will be held at Powers' Theatre, the scene of many brilliant successes. Although the play is an old one, it seems to grow more popular with increasing age.

Damon and Pythias, two gallants of Syracuse, are bosom friends, who united against the tyrant Dionysius in his insidious attempts to be crowned king. When Dionysius comes into power, he casts Damon into prison with a sentence of death to be inflicted at once. Damon, burning to see his wife Hermia, and his young son before being put to death, finally prevails upon the tyrant to be allowed to go, but only on the condition that Pythias takes his place in jail. Furthermore, if at a specified time he has not returned, his friend is to receive the punishment in his stead. Damon leaves the prison and hastens to his wife, who faints at the terrible news. Meanwhile, Lucullus, the servant of Damon, out of love for his master, kills his steed, thus preventing him from returning by ordinary means. Damon is on the point of slaying Lucullus, but rushes away to the prison, hardly daring to hope that he will arrive there in time.

Pythias in his cell waits and wonders, unwilling to believe that his friend has proven false, yet not knowing why he should be delayed. While in this mood, Dionysius comes in disguise to the prison and pretending to be a courtier of the royal house, he offers a means of escape to Pythias, telling him that Damon has been waylaid and will never return. And Pythias, despite the entreaties of his betrothed, refuses to escape, saying that his honor was dearer to him than all else. The scaffold is ready to receive Pythias and Calanthe, his espoused, has bidden him a last farewell, when out in the distance a great shouting is heard, and at the next instant, breathless, bleeding and half-crazed, Damon staggers into the hall of death. This is the master climax of the play. The noose is then transferred from Pythias to Damon and death is about to be inflicted, when Dionysius, tearing away his disguise, exclaims to the bewildered onlookers:

"Bid the Herald cry,  
That Dionysius, tyrant that he is,  
Gives back his life to Damon."

This he does in admiration of the honor, displayed by both Damon and Pythias—honor, which the tyrant considered Godlike. Tender is the closing scene as Damon staggers into the arms of his friend.

William O'Brien is to play "Damon," and James Fitzgerald will be the fiery, amorous Pythias. J. Fred Reeve will be the tyrant Dionysius; while Thomas O'Brien as Damocles; George Zahringer as Philistius; Leo Ryan as Lucullus; Winthorstt Berghoff as Procles, will lend the performance the dignity and polish, for which they are noted. An added attraction will be the two female characters, Calanthe and Hermia, both of which require great talent, and will be capably handled by the graceful William Horgan and the charming Leo Dunne. Senators, soldiers and courtiers in profusion, will lend zest and spice to the performance. There will be two performances, on the afternoons of December 28th and 29th. The advance sale of tickets gives promise of a large and representative audience. Tickets are procurable from the students or at the box office of the Powers Theater on or after December 21st. The handling of details is left to the Loyola Dramatic Society. Mr. T. McGillen is the director.

J. FREDERICK REEVE, '12.

### Prospice

I looked out at the silent snow  
Flake by flake descending;  
And in my mind were set aglow  
Memories of a year ago  
In joy and sorrow blending.

And as the memories through me passed,  
Those dreams of youth recalling,  
I cried in vain to the winter blast,  
"When the year returns, O, Wind, forecast!  
Shall I see the snowflakes falling?"

PATRICK J. GLEESON, '15.

## A Traitor to Britain



IT was evening before I finished my reports. In the faint half-light I sanded my writing and sealed the letters, and secured them within a certain secret panel, known only to myself. Then I rose, and after pacing up and down the darkened room for several minutes, went to the window and looked out. Below lay the street—quiet, desolate and almost empty. Down on Wall street, the lights in the shops and barracks glimmered cheerfully. Then I turned my gaze and looked out over the broad Hudson, its waters tinged a fiery orange by the setting sun. Out farther, the vast expanse of water of the bay lay unruffled, with scarce a craft stirring. Through the gathering darkness I could distinguish the prison ships; the Jersey, known also as the "Hell," and near it the Good Hope, the Falconer and the Scorpion; rotten old hulks with stripped masts and nailed hatches, holding such cargoes of human misery and suffering as never ship held before. In these the captured Continentals were imprisoned, kept in squalor and filth, with polluted water and tainted food, mercilessly penned up like cattle in narrow cabins, till they wasted away with some deadly fever, and became ghastly living sepulchres, so frightful that even death seemed afraid to lay its icy finger upon them.

Sick at heart, I turned from the window and sat down before the fire. How much longer was this damnable war to last? For four years now I had played the spy, and as secretary to Sir Willard Cook, had paraded under false colors, to aid the cause of liberty and the rights of man. Aye, more, I had lived unsuspected with the very cream of British aristocracy, in the midst of the British forces. The crisis had now passed. The country, rising on its bleeding knees, was renewing the conflict. For five years we had struggled; Burgoyne had been defeated; then came that awful winter at Valley Forge, and our hopes sank lower and lower, till the glad news of French alliance came, like a soothing and strength-giving balm, rousing our dormant passions and quenched hopes. Our impoverished troops were clothed and fed again, French reinforcements arrived daily and the French fleet was coming. In the meanwhile, his Excellency General Washington waited on the outskirts of New York, till sufficient forces should arrive, to enable him to enter the city. The British were already in trepidation, for



they had learned to fear the "Old Fox," as they called him. And thus, until this year of our Lord, 1781, and this month of October, for four years, I had played an auspicious part. Yet I liked it little. Not that I was afraid. No! I saw our gallant Captain Hale strung up on the gallows in the square, and wondered calmly when these good folk would come to see me swinging there. No! It was not fear. But never had a Parvauld played spy before, and I longed for the day when I might cast aside my mask of treachery and deceit, and join my brothers in buff and blue, to fight openly and above board, man to man, steel against steel, and in the face of the whole world.

But my meditations were cut short by the entrance of my man William, bearing candles. He reminded me that since I dined with Lord Cook that evening, I had better begin to dress. Reluctantly I started. As I looked into my mirror, I saw a tall, rather slender, young man, whom one might judge about twenty-three or twenty-four years old, or thereabouts. My features were clear-cut and smooth, clean-shaven, and altogether not bad to look at. I had somewhat of an olive skin, inherited, no doubt, from my early French ancestors, and not yet paled by English beef and ale. I dressed in the fashion of the day, an outer long-tailed coat, embroidered waistcoat, frilled shirt, knee breeches, stockings and buckled slippers or half-shoes. Though not of the military, I affected a dangling gilt sword, as did many other fashionables of the time. In fact, I was reputed to be somewhat of a fop, which repute, I firmly believe, helped me to avoid suspicion for so long.

Yet I was not as delicate as I looked, for until my eighteenth year I had lived in the wilds of northern New York, among trappers and Indians, whom I knew well, and was, in fact, an adopted chief of the Oneida clan. My father's manor, if such it could be called, was at Maltby, but had been burned down by that damnable peer of savages, Sir Walter Butler, before he let loose his painted Rangers and Iroquois on the garrison and inhabitants of Wyoming. Damme! My blood burns now as I think of him. As I stood there, gazing into the mirror, I marveled how five years had changed a bungling country boy from the New York woods, to that brilliant, cosmopolitan gallant before me, whom matrons liked to have in their ballrooms, and belles liked to dance with. So there I am—Casper Parvauld, secretary to Sir Willard Cook, commander of the Forty-seventh Horse, alias member of the Secret Service Department of the Continental Army.

At supper that evening I was duly informed by Sir Willard that his niece, Lady Alicia Grey of Quebec, had arrived in New York and would spend the social season as his guest. "I shall expect you to take good care of her, Caspar," he said, smiling. I laughed and nodded. Subsequently, during the meal, I learned that Lady Cook was an orphan and wealthy, and then Sir Willard mentioned more cautiously that she was secretly affianced to Captain Butler. At these words my heart leaped. Affianced to Butler! Why, for years there had been a rumor among the tribes of the Six Nations, and even among others outside them, that Butler, several years ago, had married a French-Indian girl, known as Marie Cretin. I was reminded of my surroundings by Sir Willard's polite stare, and again listened absently to his Lordship's chatter. As we finished supper, he added: "You shall be introduced tomorrow, no doubt, my dear Caspar." Bowing, I waited till he had left the table and then proceeded to my own room, pondering over what I had heard.

That evening I received an important message from an itinerant spy, and the following afternoon, having finished my duties in Sir Willard's behalf, began to write another report. After this, I added to my diary my account for the day:

"October 17, 1781.—Met a carpenter on Broad street last evening, who as he passed me, muttered, "Pro Deo," Mr. Parvault.' Instantly I knew that this man was one of our spies, and as I walked back, I passed him again and gave the other half of the watchword, "Et pro patria.' What news, sir?" He told me and I have since sent a notice to his Excellency. Outside of this, there is no other news. Lady Alicia Cook, a niece of Sir Willard, arrived here yesterday, but still keeps her chamber——"

My diary was broken off abruptly by the sound of a footstep on the stairs, just outside my door. Leaning over the table, I hastily yet noiselessly gathered up my papers and slipped them onto a shelf and into the panel. The steps sounded fainter and fainter, and then ceased. With due caution, I finished my accounts and carefully placed them away.

The day, for October, was singularly warm and springlike, and I decided to go out on the roof, where Sir Willard had a small but comfortable stand where we might enjoy the air. Slipping on my coat, I lit my pipe, and after cautiously looking around the room, closed the door and climbed up the narrow stairway. At the top, to my chagrin, unpowdered and negligee as I was, I ran plump into a pretty miss, whom I should have judged about nineteen or twenty

years; very dainty in her lace and powder and looking very cool withal.

Bowing quietly, "Lady Grey, I believe?"

She curtsied in turn. "And this is Mr. Parvault, my splendid uncle's secretary, of whom I have already heard so much?" She looked me over with cool assumption and polite indifference, and appeared rather amused at my appearance, all of which rather piqued me, to be so coldly regarded by this child. For she was little more than a child, with her white skin, and large black eyes, her cherry lips and delicate mouth, and the darkness of her hair showing through the powder. Yet she interested and puzzled me somewhat. By degrees we drifted from ordinary polite conversation to talk of more moment—to war, the city, the rebels, the British army, the gallant officers she had met and danced with, and finally to—Walter Butler. Yet she discussed all with that same childish innocence and freedom, as though the workings of empires were of no more importance than the dancing of a minuet. Nevertheless, I was quite amused, for the young lady considered herself very wise in the ways and wickedness of the world. Supposing that she did not know that I was aware of her engagement, and desiring to test her, I asked languidly and indifferently: "Have you ever met Captain Butler's wife?"

"Captain Butler's wife!" Out of the corner of my eyes I saw her whiten to the roots of her hair. Then she laughed, a sweet, gentle, scared little laugh. "Oh, surely, Mr. Parvault, you must be mistaken! Captain Butler is not married."

"Oh, is that so? I must be mistaken then," I answered, calmly puffing at my pipe, which she had forbidden me to throw away.

"Yes, you are mistaken," and the conversation resumed its normal course.

As she chattered on, skipping from one subject to another, I turned my chair a little, and with my head resting on my hand, looked out over the bay. I listened absently to what she was saying, but answered only in monosyllables. The conversation lagged and a short period of silence ensued. Suddenly I was roused by another laugh, and turned facing her.

"I am finished now, Mr. Parvault. You must be very interested in me." Astounded, I could make no answer. Again she laughed; a provoking, mysterious laugh, and pointing to my cuff, which protruded a little from my coat sleeve, she asked: "What has Lady Alicia Grey of Quebec and what does she keep?" For, imprinted

on the back of my linen cuff, clearly, though reversed: "The Lady Alicia Grey of Quebec has . . . but keeps . . ."

For an instant I was deadly pale. The girl noticed it, became serious, attempting to apologize, but I recovered myself and gave some excuse about a letter to an intimate friend. Still, I always fancied, after that, that Alicia had an inkling of what I really was.

I met her often during the succeeding months, and several times, at Lady Cook's request, escorted her to balls and the theater. But I had little time for frivolity. In truth, Lord Cook's finances were in a most serious condition, for his Lordship was fond of cards and gambling in general, and played heavily. Although I warned him of this, he only laughed at my fears, and said that he had matched his brood of cocks against those of the Thirty-second Foot. "They shall fight at the Oiseau d'Argent, Caspar. Of course you will see the match?" Reluctantly I consented. For I was not fond of the sport, and besides I would never bet. Not that I lacked money, for Sir Willard paid me a generous salary and I received an allowance from my father and an irregular competence for my service to the Colonies. Yet as surely as I lost a half-sovereign on a cock, or horse, or at cards, I felt that I was robbing some poor devil on the prison ships, or holding back water from a prisoner's parched lips. This habit made me the butt of jokes of the men and more often of the women, yet I stood by my resolution, and sent all my surplus gold and silver to Colonial headquarters, where the value of coin ran high in proportion to its scarcity.

I was also afraid that if his Lordship's brood should lose the match he might be impoverished, for he believed his birds invincible, and staked them heavily. It was mainly for Lady Cook that I feared, for her motherly attentions and kindnesses had done much to rob my situation of its terrors when I first came to New York.

The match was set for the fifteenth of November, and, as his Lordship said, at the Oiseau d'Argent, a little inn outside the city, and much frequented on account of its excellent fare, by townspeople and the military. Its chief attraction, however, was its cock-walk, where weekly matches were fought. Accordingly, after breakfast, Sir Willard and I rode out to the inn, and found assembled almost all the Thirty-second's officers and some few of our own. The birds, which had been sent there a week before, were looked over and discussed. Wagers flew thick and fast. To my alarm, Sir Willard accepted every one, regardless of the odds.

The match began at eleven. As usual, the birds fought separately, eight fights constituting the match, and the brood having the majority of the eight victories was declared the winner. Sir Willard's first bird, a big red-feathered war horse, strutted grandly into the ring and was met by the Thirty-second's little white Eslin, who promptly ended the red bird's career by planting his spurs in his opponent's breast in one vicious jab. The officers of the Thirty-second jeered and shouted and redoubled their bets. Smiling, Sir Willard again accepted them all. His second and third birds met a like fate, but the fourth, fortunately, was victorious. As half the match was over, an intermission ensued. There were no more wagers, for the Thirty-second had nothing more to bet—nor had Sir Willard. Before the match was resumed again an interruption occurred.

A new officer had just arrived—a tall, stately-looking man, in a uniform of green and black, decorated with some strange beading like wampum. He had a large, impressive-looking head, dark hair and eyes, sallow complexion and pointed chin. He was hailed by several of the officers, but as my eyes rested upon him, I felt myself stiffen, the muscles of my jaw grew taut, and the savage in me started to rise. The strange officer was Walter Butler. What was he here for, when I had supposed him miles away with his Rangers? Had he come after Alicia? Again I stiffened and my blood surged. I did not stop to reason why I acted that way, but now I know.

As the second half of the match began, Sir Willard was still confident, for he had four Redquills, birds of a famous breed, and on these he based his hopes. I did not watch the fighting, however, but strayed off by myself into a little orchard beyond the walk, and tried to answer my own questions about Butler. As I paced back and forth in troubled meditation, I heard a sound behind me, and turned, face to face with Walter Butler. He bowed with courtly grace, and not to be outdone in courtesy by this vagabond, I bowed low in turn.

“Captain Butler, I believe?”

“Mr. Parvault, sir, to you I must express my most sincere regret for that deplorable accident committed on your father's property, though against my orders——”

I cut him short with a gesture.

“In behalf of the King's cause, sir, which we serve, the offense has long been forgiven. Please mention it no more.”

I was very cold in all my actions. Butler seemed to feel this, and was not so effusive in his conversation. Yet as he talked, I felt the strange melancholy which seemed to pervade the man, almost hypnotic at times. This was probably what Alicia took for love. Accordingly, I was relieved when the match was over, but fearful of the consequences for Sir Willard. As I met him he calmly handed me a tablet and remarked, carelessly: "See what I have won, Caspar."

"Won!" I gasped. He nodded, and, looking down the row of figures, I quickly estimated that Sir Willard had won close onto eight thousand pounds—cleaned out the whole Thirty-second.

As we rode home, after the luncheon that followed, I learned from Sir Willard that Butler was in town to lay a scheme of his before Sir Henry Clinton, and to ask for aid. I breathed easier after that, but wondered how Alicia would take his arrival. I soon had my chance. The next day, as I was riding along the frozen beach, I saw her come galloping toward me, her hair and habit flying in the wind, and her whole being aglow with life and health.

As she neared me she reined up with mock ceremony, and gravely saluted. Then, like a flash, she galloped off again and flung back a laughing challenge to catch her. Apparently she was neither much pleased nor disturbed by Butler's arrival. It was some time before I caught up to her, for Alicia is no poor rider. Then she drew rein, and looking very much like a mischievous child who has been caught in the act, petulantly asked: "Well, what are you going to do to me, Mr. Parvault?"

I dared not tell what I would like to do, so putting on a grave face, I said sternly: "I shall compel you to ride back under my escort, and shall report your unseemly levity to your aunt, Lady Cook."

"Oh, indeed!" She lifted her eyebrows superciliously, and held her chin high and was the personification of haughtiness—for almost a minute—when she broke forth laughing again. Somehow, I always like to hear Alicia laugh, her laugh is so whole-souled and clear, full of the joy of life.

As we trotted back, Alicia grew serious. For on the landward breezes, above the wash and thunder of the surf, there came a low moaning, a heart-rending wailing, an awful cry of despair. It came from the prison ships. Never before had I heard it so loud, so strong, so plaintive as today. Alicia, too, heard it, and with wrinkled brows, asked:

"What is that noise, Mr. Parvault?"

"It is the clamor of the rebels on the prison ships," I answered.

"But what are they crying for?"

"For food or water, or more likely air. It must be very hot in holds, with so many men in them."

Alicia shrugged her shoulders. "Well, what can rebels expect?" I had often heard like remarks. British women, it seemed, did not consider rebels as human beings, men and women like themselves, but as some obnoxious pest or plague, the sooner blotted out the better. Yet to hear Alicia say this stung me, and unable to control myself, I burst forth bitterly:

"Rebels! Yes, they're rebels, but aren't rebels men? Have they not souls and minds; can't they feel the same as you? Are they not human? Don't they need food, and water, and air, and sunlight, as you do?" Truly, Alicia's eyes are the windows of her soul, for at my heated words they became clear, limpid, with something of fear in them. Heedless, I went on: "Rebels! Yes, but is it right that we should be penned up like cattle, in filth and misery, in idleness and suffering——"

Her eyes again startled me. I have often seen a clear pool, when a pebble is thrown in it, ripple and ripple, till the surface is covered. Into Alicia's eyes came a queer smiling light, which spread over her whole face; a look of wonder and surprise.

*My secret was out!* I lowered my head and it seemed that all the blood in my body rushed to my face. After a while, shamefaced, I raised and saw in Alicia's eyes a new light, of pride, of—love? My heart thumped in fierce exultation. I knew my secret was safe.

Some time later Sir Willard informed me that the annual ball of the Forty-seventh would take place on Christmas Eve. This regimental ball was quite a social affair, and all New York attended. Great was my joy when Lady Cook informed me that I was to escort Alicia.

On the day of the ball I received a very important piece of news, and immediately penned an account to his Excellency. In my haste, however, I blotted a page and tore it out and stuck it inside the panel. It was evening before I finished, and I made haste to dress, for the ball would start at eight.

As I said before, I am fond of dress, yet I fancy I never looked better than that night. I wore a costume of pure white silk, trimmed with heavy gold lace; my hair be-powdered and frizzed and per-

fumed to the best of William's ability. So delighted was I with myself that as I stood before the glass I drew my sword and made imaginary feints and passes, while William looked on laughing, and fervently hoping "that God would spare the ladies, sir."

But if I was pleased with myself, I was doubly so with Alicia. Never had she seemed so beautiful before. Her costume was of some light, shimmering blue silk, trimmed with silver lace, delicate as a cobweb. The neck was cut low, and she wore her hair unpowdered, making a pleasing contrast with her white skin. I beamed my approbation, and Lady Cook must have noticed something unusual, for as we entered our carriage, she looked in at us and whispered, shaking her finger: "Remember, Caspar, that there is no kissing bridge between here and the barracks." Obediently I promised.

The ballroom was resplendent. On the walls, with the regimental standards, had been hung holly and mistletoe, while broad chandeliers of wax candles threw down a pleasing light upon the bare shoulders and jeweled coiffures, showing off to advantage both the brilliant costumes and their pretty wearers.

The evening was one of unalloyed pleasure to me; but as the dancing passed I grew uneasy. For Butler had promised to be present. Why was he so late? Alicia, too, felt some vague premonition of evil; but before supper Butler made his appearance and I felt somewhat relieved. The supper was very brilliant; and after the last course we rose and made an arch with our swords for the ladies to pass under, as they went to the parlor to take their tea. Then the cloth was removed and wines and tobacco brought out. Butler, down at the end of the table, was a conspicuous figure in his dark Ranger's uniform. Somehow his presence seemed to cast a spell on the company, for no one spoke; each one kept puffing silently on his pipe. Butler, for his part, did not speak, but sat with his head down, staring at the table and drumming with his long white, nerveless fingers. At length he rose, and as his eyes fell on me I grew deathly cold. Then, looking up, he addressed the company. "Gentlemen, it is my painful duty, and yet in accordance with my loyalty to the King, to tell you an extremely distasteful truth." No one stirred, but all listened intently. He continued slowly: "There is a spy among us." Still no one displayed any signs of being moved or startled. Reaching into an inner pocket, Butler drew forth and unfolded—the blotted page I had torn off from my report and stuck into the panel. Instantly I understood



why Butler had been so late. Turning his large, lustrous eyes upon me, he asked: "Did you write this, Mr. Parvaul?"

Before I could answer, a voice behind me replied: "No, Captain Butler, I wrote that to tease Mr. Parvaul, and then put it in his panel where he would find it." I turned swiftly. There, in back of me, talking, stood Alicia. My God, how she had changed! This was not the girl Alicia I had loved. Here was a woman, pale and drawn, majestic and regal as a queen as she faced Butler. Instantly I saw his eyes narrow and a sneering disbelief settled on his features. Calmly I rose, and in measured words said: "No! I wrote what is on that page. What have you to say, Captain Butler?" I stood there, boldly facing the lion in his den, as it were, and waited.

"What have I to say? Sir, you have played the part of a sneak and dastard, and you are a traitor to your King."

I cut him short. "And you, sir. What part have you played with your painted Rangers and drunken Iroquois? What of the butcheries at Cherry Valley, at Wyoming? What of the murders that shall cause your soul to be damned for ages eternal? I am a traitor to the King, but you—you, damme, you—you are a traitor to all humanity."

Before he could answer the door was flung open and a servant appeared and addressed Butler. "There is a woman here, sir." The door opened again and a woman in rags, with a child in her arms, rushed in and flung herself on Butler. *It was Marie Cretin!*

"Soy-o-ten-ah! (Butler's Indian name.) Oh, my husband! It is your wife. Here is your child."

Butler flung her off in his rage. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw that Alicia had disappeared, and I knew that all would be well. The woman gazed on Butler a moment, and then with one quick movement, drew a dagger from her belt and stabbed at Butler viciously. In the ensuing excitement I escaped.

\* \* \* \* \*

Outside I found Alicia holding two horses, saddled. She nodded toward the barrack stables, and I understood. Lifting her up, I mounted and we started quietly. Without difficulty we passed the British lines and emerged on the road to Tarrytown. Ahead of us lay the Colonial outposts. Looking at Alicia, I found her looking up at the sky. In the East shone a brilliant star. Instantly there entered into my heart such peace as I had never felt before. Before lay a glorious future, the past was dead. Leaning over, I caught up

Alicia from her saddle and strained her to my bosom in one wild, passionate embrace, and then, in the brilliant moonlight, with snow and the forests around us, while the twinkling lights of the city grew fainter and fainter in the distance, we rode together out of the old world and into the new.

LEO MCGIVENA, Academy, '12.

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## Old Boreas

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Now comes the time of nipping breeze,  
 Of sharp and biting gale,  
 That fiercely rages from the North,  
 And over barren fields goes forth  
 To cloak the hills, the vales, the trees,  
 To boss with gems the rail;  
 While Nature's dying flowerets freeze  
 Beneath the snow and hail.

The trees in sheen of ice now seem  
 With streams of light ashine,  
 Like glistening strings of diamonds rare  
 That hang suspended in the air.  
 Though wilful winter rules supreme,  
 'Tis useless to repine,  
 For memory e'er will bring a gleam  
 To those whom dreams incline.

The eaves are hung with pendent ice,  
 Like swords of Damocles  
 That menace earth; with armor set  
 She scorns their power, she mocks their threat.  
 Voices with myriad tongue entice  
 The sturdy heart and free,  
 Suggesting manifold device  
 For innocent gayety.

EDWARD E. CAVERLY, '15.



## Editorial

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A controversy attracting considerable notice, is being carried on at present in "Everybody's" Magazine, between the owner, Erman F. Ridgeway, and the reformer, Mr. Lincoln Steffens, on the subject of "Censorship." The formal asserts most logically that vigorous censorship as a means of combating present day evils is in harmony with the teaching and example of Christ. In support of his argument he shows from scripture that the Master Himself grew indignant and used force in expelling the money-lenders from the temple. Hence, this precedent justifies us in bitterly censuring (which is equivalent to using force), for instance, the immorality of the stage. Seemingly his adversary, Mr. Lincoln Steffens, was forced into a "tight fix" by this argument and it would have been far more graceful on his part if he had admitted the point and allowed the matter to rest. However, it seems that the argument of neither God nor man can stop the tongue of such men as Mr. Steffens, who make their living by reforming the sinful world. Behold the manner in which the reformer attempts to elude his opponent. Speaking of the incident in the temple, he says: "Jesus couldn't stand them (money-lenders). He didn't turn the other cheek to them. He did what we muckrackers would like to do, and sometimes do. Jesus lost His temper. He forgot His theory. Brought face to face with business men, he threw charity to the winds and picked up the big stick. He used force. But was this right? Was it Christian?"

The answer he himself supplies :

"And certainly it was wrong to lose all patience with the Pharisees and call them names." In brief, Jesus sinned: He sinned against His own teachings. They were amiable sins, but sins. \* \* \* The human weakness which tempted Jesus to use force and bad, exaggerated or clever words." \* \* \*

These are the exact words of Mr. Steffens and they show the extreme folly and vanity of the man. He claims to be a reformer, and no doubt he is. In fact, he is the most universal reformer of the time, not only do men and government and business come under his lash, but he would even reform Jesus Christ himself.

With regard to his absurd statements, it is hardly worth while refuting them. If Mr. Steffens had a correct notion of the infinite perfection of Christ's Divine nature, he would realize that it is impossible to accuse Him of sin. Nor again would he have imputed to Christ, uncontrollable passions, such as anger or wrath. When Scripture narrates that Christ grew indignant at the money-lenders, it did not mean indignation in the sense in which it is ordinarily used, namely, as a human weakness, no, for Christ came into the world to atone for the surrender of mankind to the passions, and it is absurd to imagine Him adding to the number of sins, for which He in person was to atone.

The entire spirit of Mr. Steffens' article is reprehensible, since it uses false foundation that Christ, who was really God, was guilty of sin. Mr. Steffens accuses Christ of being "inconsistent with His doctrine of love." We do not attempt to refute this assertion, knowing that the bare statement of it is sufficient for self-refutation. But as the reformer is in the business of picking up inconsistencies, we will advance one that is just a little closer to home.

He himself states in "Everybody's" (page 796): "I believe in the teachings of Jesus."

Now, on December 4th, in an article published in the Chicago Daily News, he asserts:

"I am not a professing Christian, am not, and never have been, and don't pretend to live up to the tenets of that religion."

Now these statements were made not more than two weeks apart, one in which he professes a belief in the teachings of Jesus, and in the other he declares that he does not pretend to live up to those teachings. Let Mr. Lincoln Steffens sit down quietly with these two statements before him and probably he will for the future discontinue criticising and "finding" inconsistencies in the lives of others.

J. FREDERICK REEVES, '12.

The recent edict of Archbishop Moeller, of Cincinnati, to his Diocese, stating the obligation of Catholic parents to send their children to parochial schools, with the alternative of being guilty of mortal sin, seems to have drawn forth some comment.

In particular we are attracted by a little notice in the "Life" for November, under the heading, "Mortal Sin."

The lines might be lightly passed over, but for the fact that they leave much unexplained. The editor takes this attitude, "These are good words," he says, referring to the Archbishop's letter, "They tend to protect the youthful Catholic from that devilish thing, the American school. *Moreover they give a realizing sense of the contagious depravity of Protestant children.*"

Here we perceive a sort of veiled sarcasm, an attempt to place the purpose of Holy Mother Church in a false light. Archbishop Moeller acted advisedly and reasonably, expressing the will of the Council of Baltimore, on this very subject of religious training for the child.

The action does not indict Protestant children, far from it. But it does protest against the American public school, in so far as it treats the name of God as if it were too perverting a thing to be mentioned.

It is not positive atheistic teaching against which Archbishop Moeller seeks to guard those under his care, though this too is creeping in, but a negative element the total lack of anything spiritual or Christianlike in our public schools of today.

When it is known that such dogmatic principles as "There is a God," "It is a sin to lie," or "The soul exists after this life," are forbidden in many public schools to be instilled into the minds of the children, it is readily seen how such a complete absence of morality will affect the tender child.

While Canada has solved its problem of religious training, and while England and other countries are trying to introduce some satisfactory code of morals into their public schools, America, with wonted independence, or disparagement of such a necessity, stands aloof from these.

Is it any wonder then that a Catholic Archbishop, in whose diocese conditions are most favorable for Catholic instruction, should insist that parents take advantage of those circumstances?

The Catholic Church is a society of the faithful, joined together for a common end. Now, the means to that end the Church

has judged for centuries to rest in the belief and practices of her religion. The public school casts out all religion, Catholic and otherwise. Hence, what is of more necessity to foster and preserve religious fervor than that the Church demand to supervise the instruction of her youthful members?

THOMAS J. O'BRIEN, '12.

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## Summer's Elegist

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Through woodland lanes I love to walk  
While winter is in power;  
I love to hear the sad wind talk  
Of the day when the world was in flower.

It whispers to the bare brown trees:  
"I miss what once was nigh,  
The leaves and the quiet symphonies  
They made as I passed by."

Its whisper grows into a roar:  
"I miss the roses red;  
I'll see their beauty never more,  
For all that lived are dead."

And thus it whispers and it sings  
O'er wooded lane and bower;  
Its song through tall trees often rings  
While winter is in power.

ROBERT M. CONNELLY, '15.

## His Gift



IT was Christmas Eve. The crowds of tardy shoppers surged through the streets, which were ablaze with many lights. The shop windows looked their prettiest and seemed to echo with silent mockery, "Merry Christmas." Arthur heeded nothing of his immediate surroundings, and wandered, wrapped in thought, aimlessly, yet inevitably, toward the "Rendezvous." Not because behind those swinging, knee-high doors with the stained glass transoms, there lay the remotest chance of a job, or even an assignment, but because he took solace in the company of his more fortunate brothers in the profession, a number of whom were, as a rule, to be found in the Rendezvous.

"Christmas Eve in a strange town, and that Christmas Eve to be spent in a saloon for want of a better place!" The fact alone that he was to spend the evening in a saloon was not what mattered, for, had he a job he, in all probability, would have stood a few rounds; but the realization of no alternative made him wince.

The first year away from home had been a hard one for Arthur. He had drifted from place to place, trying to convince city editors that he was what the "masses" called a journalist, but what he termed a reporter. His arguments with the gentlemen, though, somehow always lacked the actuality and the length of his many engagements averaged about three weeks.

"Oh, well," he calculated, "if I hammer on these fellows long enough I'll surely land a job. A whole bunch have worn their shoes and the pavements out walking the streets trying to bump into work; but I'm not trying to bump into it. I'm pursuing it, and, by George, I've got to land!"

He proceeded to the extreme end of the bar and stood with his hands in his pockets and his shoulders slightly humped forward. Suddenly he threw off his dejected air, but discreetly resumed it, without the absent expression of countenance, and moved nearer to the partition at the rear of the place. A small window or rather hole in the wall, was above his head. A subdued conversation going on behind the partition was distinctly audible to him, an attentive listener.

"It's all right now, Mr. Wells," he heard spoken. The voice was smooth and had an indescribable oiliness that seemed to fascinate. Arthur asked himself if he was doing the right thing in listening to the conversation, and Arthur lied back to himself that

he was justified therein if he saw the "makings" of a good story; and Arthur saw the "makings." He began to conjure up opinions and visions of the unseen speaker. He pictured a slim, dark-haired person with black eyes and black clothes, but rent the portrait with the soliloquy that such a voice was too traditionally accompanied by the man, and immediately set up in its place the corpulent portrait of the back page cartoon.

"It's all right, now, Mr. Wells. It took a lot of arguing to convince you; but you're safe. The only ones who know it are you and I, the other aldermen who voted my way and the heads of the company. You know the money goes on the books as 'operating expenses,' thereby precluding any possibility of a 'Citizen-fixit' stockholder stirring things up. Our sewer pipes may not be as good as some of the others who were after the job, but our business department is certainly 'there.' Eh! old boy?" Here the speaker chuckled and rang the table bell for the waiter. Drinks were served and Arthur imagined them being gulped down.

Something about the voice seemed to recall memories, he knew not of what; but somewhere in the past he had heard that voice. Arthur glanced down. There lay at his feet a slip of paper. He stooped and picked it up. It was a check "payable to L. G. Wells," and for one thousand dollars. It was signed by "M. F. Cartwright."

"By George! I know that voice now," and he pounded the bar with his fist. "That's Cartwright who was mixed up in the city council bribery case when I was on the *St. Cloud Chronicle*. He's the man who bribed his own jury."

Arthur had particular cause to remember the case in the fact that his story in the *Chronicle* contained the brazen statement that Cartwright was a perjurer and a bribe-giver. The ensuing libel suit had caused Arthur's discharge.

Vivid pictures of a great story, the scoop of the year, presented themselves. He had the facts and a check. He could even "shake them down," for, to him, fabulous sums—five, even ten thousand dollars—might be obtained. The money point of view was banished, though. Whatever he did he would be "on the square." But there remained the story. He would be a star tomorrow. Every paper in town would be after him.

These wild dreams were interrupted suddenly by the resuming of the dialogue in the next room. But this time a different voice spoke.



"Cartwright," it said, "Cartwright, I'm through. I dealt with you and your gang of crooks once, because I needed the money. My young wife was in a hospital from June till November, and now that she and the baby are home again I sold my very honor to give them a real Christmas. To save her the worry and pay off the debts incurred while she was sick, I have not shrunk from bribery. I am an orphan. I was raised in an asylum. The only Christmases I ever knew as a boy were the same as any other day. And so it has been all my life. Now, I have laid plans for my first real Christmas. My wife knows nothing of my dishonesty, and if she were told of it, it would kill her. She was a country girl, Cartwright. And she threw over another fellow to marry me. When I first met Frances in her home in Lincoln, she was engaged to a college fellow who was preparing to be a newspaper man. And I'm going to prove to her that the change was for the best."

Arthur gasped and recoiled as if struck. So this was the fellow Frances married! A bribe-taker!

Again he was interrupted in his thoughts. This time it was Cartwright speaking.

"I hoped to deal with you right along, Mr. Wells, now that the ice was broken. But it shall be as you say. I have your check here."

The bribe-giver tapped his breast pocket reassuringly and then drew therefrom a bundle of papers. He fingered them confidently, but failed to find the desired one. "H'm, that's strange. I thought I made out your check, but I guess I forgot it. However, I'll pay you in currency, if it's all the same to you."

Wells took the money, counted it and murmured something about "first real Christmas."

Arthur, struggling fiercely within himself, walked toward the door. "Here was the story," and there the girl. But what was she to him now? he asked himself. Why should he sacrifice his success for her? But then he recalled the words of Wells: "My wife knows nothing of my dishonesty, and if she were told of it, it would kill her."

With quick, decisive movements he tore the paper into bits and scattered them on the muddy floor. He turned to go.

"Merry Christmas!" cried Davis of the *Post*, as Arthur passed through the swinging doors and into the crisp night air.

"Merry Christmas!" he flung back. And there was a decided trace of bitterness in his voice. J. N. PEGLER, Academy, '15.



A plan is now under way to convert the old music room on the third floor into a clubroom for the use of the students in the College classes. The room is furnished with a piano and, after it has been fitted up and decorated, there can be no better place in which to pass the noon hour enjoyably. The scheme, sanctioned by the authorities, will doubtless meet with the hearty approval of the students.

A word on the progress of our new advertising plan might not be out of place. Thanks to the energy and enterprise of our managers, many business men have been interested in the plan and guarantee it their support on condition that it bring to them but a small part of the student trade. Now, a conservative estimate places the amount of money annually expended by the families of the students at about half a million dollars, and, if a small portion of this sum can be turned to THE COLLEGIAN'S advertisers, the results can be readily seen. THE COLLEGIAN will be relieved of all financial embarrassment and a value given it in the eyes of business men that will make it unequalled as an advertising medium by any College publication. The outcome of the scheme is now in the hands of the students. Then let us be Boosters; let each one do his mite towards the success of the cause and prove his loyalty to his Alma Mater by helping to further anything of interest to her.

Since its reorganization this year, the activities of the Frequent Communion Guild have increased until it now has enrolled as members a large percentage of the students. The new buttons, which arrived recently from the East, have been distributed and it is noticeable that those who wear the emblem are from every class in the College.

The annual election of officers of the Loyola Oratorical Association resulted as follows: President, Mr. Frederick L. O. A. Reeve; Vice-President, Mr. William O'Brien; Secretary, Mr. James Fitzgerald; Treasurer, Mr. Windhorst Berghoff; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Thomas O'Brien.

The following is a schedule of the subjects discussed since the appearance of the November issue of THE COLLEGIAN :

Wednesday, November 15—A constitutional amendment should be adopted giving Congress exclusive power to regulate divorce in the United States. Affirmative, Messrs. Colnon and Bellock. \*Negative, Messrs. L. Hayes and Reeve\*\*.

Wednesday, November 22—The best interests of the American people demand the "open-shop" principle in our industries. \*Affirmative, Messrs. Burke and Fitzgerald\*\*. Negative, Messrs. W. O'Brien and Healy.

Wednesday, November 29—The system of "direct" legislation should be adopted in Illinois. Affirmative, Messrs. Garland and Berghoff\*\*. \*Negative, Messrs. J. Hayes and T. O'Brien.

Wednesday, December 6—It was not good policy on the part of the National Government to open "savings banks." Affirmative, Messrs. Regan and Higgins. \*Negative, Messrs. Dooley and Ryan\*\*.

\*Awarded the decision. \*\*First in point of merit.

The improvement, as well in the details as in the general tone of the work offered at the meetings, is quite perceptible. To this we may owe it, that we are favored with visitors in such numbers as to tax the capacity of our hall.

In the past few weeks a number of live subjects have been discussed at the meetings of the Loyola Literary Society. A partial list of these subjects is as follows:

Friday, November 17—Resolved: That a protective tariff is productive of more harm than good. Affirmative, W. J. Holton and Leo McGivena. Negative, J. Kerwin and J. Henry.

Friday, November 24—Resolved: That immigration requires restriction more than our present laws effect. Affirmative, M. O'Brien and G. Kiely. Negative, J. Mahar and J. McNamara.

Friday, December 1—Resolved: That United States Senators should be elected by direct vote of the people. Affirmative, J. F. Fleming and W. J. Bowe. Negative, W. A. Wade and Thomas Purcell.

Friday, December 15—Resolved: That Hawaii is more of a burden than a benefit to the United States. Affirmative, J. F. Henry and John Harrington. Negative, Leo McGivena and Peter Nolan.

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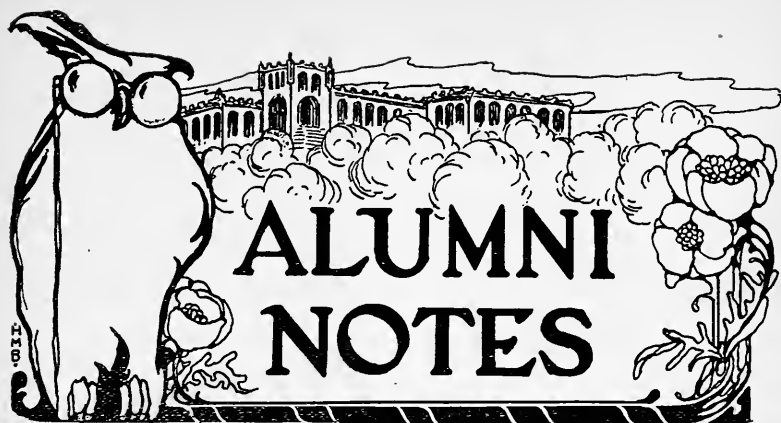
## The Dying Year

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The end comes fast;  
His weary life's near o'er;  
Still to the last  
We hear his mighty roar;  
As if the close,  
Which comes in spite of all,  
Gave strength, which rose  
Unto his final call.

He shakes from trees  
Their tinted garments rare.  
The rivers freeze;  
And feathered flakes all fair  
Aloft are whirled,  
Then slow to earth descend;  
The snow-bound world  
Now mourns the old year's end.

LAMBERT K. HAYES, '15.



Good fellowship and joviality characterized the first meeting of the Loyola Alumni Association, which was held in the large music room of the College on October 23rd. After some time had been spent in renewing old acquaintances and recalling old times, the members reluctantly dropped their conversation, and the meeting was called to order by Mr. Joseph Finn.

Mr. Finn made a few remarks concerning the Association, and then introduced Messrs. Devitt, Madden, Walsh and Bigane, who responded with some quartette songs. The next person to grace the floor was Rev. Fr. Siedenburg, S. J., who recently returned from abroad. His interesting narration of his visit to the Vatican and audience with the Holy Father was listened to with keen interest, as were his views on the Social Question in Germany. Rev. Rudolph J. Meyer, S. J., and Rev. Alexander J. Burrows, S. J., also addressed the meeting, as did Rev. Thomas B. Finn, who, it will be remembered, formed with Carter H. Harrison, present Mayor of this city, the graduating class of 1881.

During the progress of the meeting resolutions were adopted and spread upon the records of the Association congratulating Dr. Thomas S. Crowe upon his complete exoneration by the Civil Service Board of the charges made against him in connection with the internship examinations.

The meeting was closed with a few remarks from Rev. William P. Lyons, S. J., the new Moderator of the Association. After his address the members repaired to the adjoining room, where refreshments were served. These consumed, final greetings were exchanged, and a happy evening came to a close.

- '76 Anthony Schager, a member of the first graduating class, came up from Joliet to attend the Alumni meeting, October 23rd. Mr. Schager is a voluntary resident of Joliet, and told his fellow-Alumni that if any of them ever found himself in that city involuntarily, he would do his best to get him out.
- '96 Rev. Edmund M. Loftus, of Britton, South Dakota, recently visited the College. Fr. Loftus has an extensive parish, including several missions. His flock includes numerous Indians, among whom Fr. Loftus is working with much success.
- '03 Rev. P. Long, ordained last summer at Rome, is now assistant at St. Andrew's Church.
- '05 Rev. Thomas A. Canty, ordained at Rome last June, is curate at Presentation Church.

An announcement that will in all probability be pleasing to the Alumni and to the faculty of Loyola University, is the news that the class of '05, after a separation of six years, held on December 5th its first reunion at the Great Northern Hotel, where a sumptuous banquet was served and reminiscences of the past recalled. Mr. Payton Tuohy was the toast-master of the meeting and performed with surprising brilliancy.

Owing to illness, Rev. Fr. Gleeson was unable to grace the reunion with his presence, but we found an able representative in the person of Rev. Fr. Fusz, also one of the professors of the class, who extended a hearty welcome and congratulations to same, and gave a very interesting talk on his experiences and duties, while doing missionary work in British Honduras. A delightful program was presented and highly appreciated by all. An interesting talk was given by Rev. J. J. Lannon on "How an American Looks and Acts in Rome." Rev. H. D. J. Brosseau, now stationed at Haileybury, Ont., threw great light on the question of "Reciprocity from the Canadian Viewpoint." Dr. Eugene O'Neill's remarks on the "cut ups" of his profession were delightful, to say the least, as he himself is anything but a "cut up." It seems six years ago, Mr. Rice wagered with Fr. Brosseau that the year 1911, would still find him enjoying the blessedness of single life, and amused the class by telling how he won his wager.

Mr. Justin F. McCarthy caused the Rev. Fathers, lawyers, physicians and business men of the class of '05 to forget for a

moment the dignity of their positions by delivering a few hot shots in recalling their past frolics whilst students at old S. I. C.

The evening was made most pleasant by musical selections from the famous quartet of the class of '05, composed of Rev. H. D. Brosseau, Rev. P. Drevniak, Mr. Jno. Seger, and Mr. Jos. Tyrrell. Rev. P. Drevniak and Mr. C. Hutter, former director of the S. I. C. Glee Club, also favored us with vocal and piano solos.

Much credit for the organization of the reunion of the class of '05 must be given to Rev. Paul Drevniak, who, on short notice, assured a grand success to our first annual meeting.

All the boys of the old class were called upon to say a few words and their remarks were witty to say the least. The class passed resolutions that the reunion should be made an annual affair, thus making provisions to keep the boys of the class of '05 in close touch with one another.

One of the praiseworthy acts adopted at the reunion was a resolution passed donating a scholarship to the Loyola University, with the suggestion and hope that other classes of the University will follow the example set by the members of the class of '05.

**ex-'06** John G. Mielcarek, former editor of *THE COLLEGIAN*, was ordained at Rome, on November 1st. There are ten S. I. C. boys at the American College in Rome.

**ex-'07** Cardinals Farley and O'Connell visited the North American College, Rome, on Wednesday, December 6th. S. I. C. was again conspicuous, as Rev. John Doody, ex-'07, was selected to read the address of welcome.

**'08** Francis J. Shea and M. Joseph Heeney have entered St. Viator Seminary, Bourbonnais, Ill.

**'09** Class of '09—Hearken! When, on commencement night three years ago, the music and song had died away upon the evening breeze, the class of '09 assembled for the last time, sad in spirit and disheartened at the thought of parting. Each one vowed that he would return to Chicago, no matter where fortune had sent him, to attend a grand reunion on July 10th, 1916. With this hope, and with fervent good-byes, the class of '09 separated and walked into the night.

In behalf of the class of '09, I ask *THE COLLEGIAN* to kindly favor us from time to time by announcing the date of the reunion, so that the class of '09 will have no reason to forget the date.

The last meeting of the K. W. V. Society (the official social club of the class of '09) was held Friday evening, November 17th, at the Hotel LaSalle. At this meeting the following was noted concerning the various members of the class.

William H. Brown is in New York, representing George W. Jackson.

William A. Carroll is taking up law at Loyola; during the day he looks after the smoke nuisance for the city.

Edmund F. Curda has settled down to married life, and does not report at headquarters very often.

Edward V. Del Beccaro is still at Northwestern, studying how to prolong life in order to obtain greater fees.

Ignatius P. Doyle is working for the Germania Fire Insurance Company and is also studying law at Loyola.

Thomas J. Kevin is often heard from, but his occupation has not been ascertained.

Clarence H. Kavanagh is studying law at Illinois, and is secretary-treasurer of the Livingston Warehouse & Van Company.

James L. Foley is at St. Louis University, in the medical department.

J. Ambrose Murray and Thomas F. Nolan are carrying off laurels at the American College in Rome.

James R. Quinn, Thomas J. Reedy and Alfred O. Lambeau are studying law at Loyola. The latter is associated with Walter C. Healy in the real estate business.

Charles Klitsche is a well-known druggist.

Sylvester T. McGeever is working for Bartlett-Spencer Company.

Peter Priestly is a draughtsman for the Illinois Tunnel Company.

Joseph L. Rylands, who was claim agent for the Union Casualty Insurance Company in Columbus, Ohio, is now stationed in Chicago, retaining his connection with the same firm.

James E. Royce has been very quiet since he took his bride out West.

Walter S. Keefe is working for the Universal Portland Cement Company.



Ernest A. Schniedwind is studying dentistry at Northwestern University.

On October 21st Raymond Edmund Moles, son of F. R. Moles, 321 S. Euclid avenue, Oak Park, Ill., died at Denver, Colorado. Solemn Mass was celebrated at St. Edmund's Church. The interment was at Calvary.

'10 Edward I. Dankowski is at St. Francis Seminary, St. Francis, Wis.

'11 By an oversight we made no mention in our last issue of two members of last year's graduating class: James P. Tormey, who is studying at St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y., and Louis C. H. Rockett, who is studying engineering at Loyola.

### My Prayer

Sing me a song—a carol sweet,  
One that an angel might repeat;  
Sing me a song that is pure and rare,  
One in praise of the Virgin fair.

Sing me a song, that I ne'er heard before,  
That aloft to the stars my thoughts may soar;  
Sing me a song full of joy and praise,  
That the love of the heart for God conveys.

JOHN P. MANN, '15.

### The Song of the Sea

Blow, winds, blow, breathe soft and low,  
And sing a song to me;  
Oh sing as you blow what you learned long ago,  
What you learned from the still blue sea.

Oh sing as you blow of man in his woe,  
Adrift on the raging deep;  
Of the angry roar of the rock-bound shore,  
And the village where women weep.

RICHARD H. REGAN, '15.

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With the stress and excitement attending a heavy football schedule over, we have again descended to the baser levels of the everyday University happenings.

On retrospection, though, we look askance at the meager trophies of victory. Nevertheless, we rejoice at the decided stride forward Loyola has taken in athletics.

The football schedule was heavy, the heaviest, we believe, in years. Seven difficult games followed in close order, two of them with leading teams of this section.

To the coach much praise is due. He met the drawbacks experienced by other coaches, and with his limited squad developed a team that surely fought a valiant battle for the honor of the Maroon and Gold.

The team, though made up principally of new material, consisted nevertheless of football players in the real sense of the word. The galaxy of stars was apparent in every game; and that a winning combination did not result is traceable to the fact that time for developing team work was limited.

Doyle, Brophy and Cahill in the backfield formed a trio that any team would welcome. Cahill, playing his first year at Loyola, is an excellent punter, and a powerful open field runner.

Doyle, the "grand old man," played the best game of his career, and that is some tribute. Brophy, also playing his first year with Loyola, started at end, but found his right place at left half. Brophy's terrific line plunging against the "Vets" and Dixon was the feature of the season.

Montfort and Sullivan, the ends, came in for their share of praise.

Montfort is a product of Michigan "Aggies" and did not let his reputation, made there, suffer this season.

Sullivan, last year's quarter, divided honors with Montfort. Joe didn't join the squad until late, but proved a most valuable asset. He is the surest tackler on the team.

Daniels of High School fame and Howard Brundage alternated at quarter. Both ran the team well and ran back punts effectively.

The line must not be forgotten. Higgins and Donovan, tackles, were a good pair and played brilliant defensive games.

Eckwald, Dahl and Metzger played the guard positions and worked to advantage.

Fromme, the ponderous center of last year, played a great game. He is an accurate passer and managed to interpose his bulk in most line plays.

\* \* \*

#### LOYOLA 3, DePAUL 5.

A large and thoroughly boisterous crowd journeyed to DePaul field the Saturday following the Notre Dame game. It was the first meeting of the two teams in eight years.

An entirely rejuvenated aggregation, full of eagerness and vim, faced DePaul and fought hard for victory.

Both teams see-sawed up and down the field for two whole quarters with no score. Cahill and Brophy made several long runs in this half, but of no avail, since they were called back on penalties.

In the third quarter Loyola led in aggressiveness and gradually forced DePaul back towards its own goal. Held on the 35-yard line, Montford dropped back and booted a beautiful place kick for the first score of the game.

Loyola rooters went wild after the tension of the struggle and the game seemed won. The fourth quarter began with Loyola forcing the ball down the field; then suddenly the unexpected happened. An outside kick went wild, straight into the arms of Buckley, DePaul's right end, and in one bewildering moment he had raced across the field for the only touchdown.

It was rapidly growing dark and with but eight minutes left to play, Loyola tried in vain to recover lost ground, while DePaul played safe. The game ended in gloom for our staunch rooters and with unhoped-for joy to DePaul.

## LOYOLA 17, DIXON 11.

If we were allowed to record but one game, we should choose to narrate the one with Dixon College. It was easily the most thrilling and best played game of the season. The spectacular up-hill fight that finally ended in victory for Loyola cannot be witnessed every year.

The day was raw and cold and the field covered with large splotches of ice.

Dixon kicked off to Loyola and Loyola carried back 15 yards. Cahill punted on the next play, Higgins recovering the ball on Dixon's forty-yard line. From here Montfort essayed a place kick, but the ball hit the cross-bar and bounded back into the field.

We then saw Dixon in action, especially Fingal, their elusive and speedy quarterback. His open field running is a treat.

Immediately from the 25-yard line on a forward pass, and three dodging runs by himself, he carried the ball to our 15-yard line, and from there went over for a touchdown and kicked goal.

By a succession of trick forward passes in the second quarter Dixon scored again and the half ended wretchedly for Loyola, with the score 11 to 0 against them.

In the second half began the prettiest and pluckiest uphill fight seen in some time; and Loyola, apparently beaten, slowly turned the tide in its favor.

Brophy, Cahill and Doyle began an unceasing hammering of Dixon's line and in five minutes of play Brophy went over for the first touchdown. The same quarter added another, Cahill carrying the ball after a succession of telling plunges. Goal was missed.

The final quarter found Dixon fighting for a tie, but we could not be stopped. The ball was carried steadily into Dixon's territory and in the gathering darkness Brophy made the winning touchdown. The final whistle blew a moment later and the large crowd unloosened its enthusiasm in wild cheers for the team.

## LOYOLA 5, DETROIT 11.

Finally we arrive to chronicle the last game of our eventful season. Contrary to tradition, St. Viator's were not the gladiators for Thanksgiving Day, but Detroit University.

Loyola kicked off and Detroit punted on second down. Then

for the whole quarter the teams swayed to and fro in mid-field, little gaining being done by either.

In the second quarter Cahill and Brophy brought the ball to the 25-yard line, where Montford failed at place kick.

Detroit punted out to the center of the field, Loyola failed through the line, and the next play, a forward pass, was interrupted by Barton, Detroit's left end, who rose out of a mass of players and with a clear field, ran 60 yards for a touchdown.

Detroit constantly used the forward pass after this, though it was blocked two times out of three.

Towards the close of the first half Cahill received a punt on his 20-yard line, and throwing off half a dozen tacklers, tore down the right side of the field and crossed the goal line. However, Loyola was penalized for holding and the play not allowed.

In the third and fourth quarters Loyola had the ball many times, but could not gain consistently. Doyle, Brophy and Cahill, in the back field could not get footing in the mud and did not penetrate Detroit's line. Sullivan played a great tackling game at end.

Detroit's final score came in the last quarter, following an exchange of punts. With the ball in the mid-field two forward passes gained first down, the third failed and then a double forward pass to Purcell carried the ball over from the twenty-five-yard line.

With the score 11 to 5 and but a few minutes to play Loyola took a final spurt but lost the ball on downs near Detroit's goal and the fray ended with the ball in Detroit's possession.

#### ACADEMY TEAM.

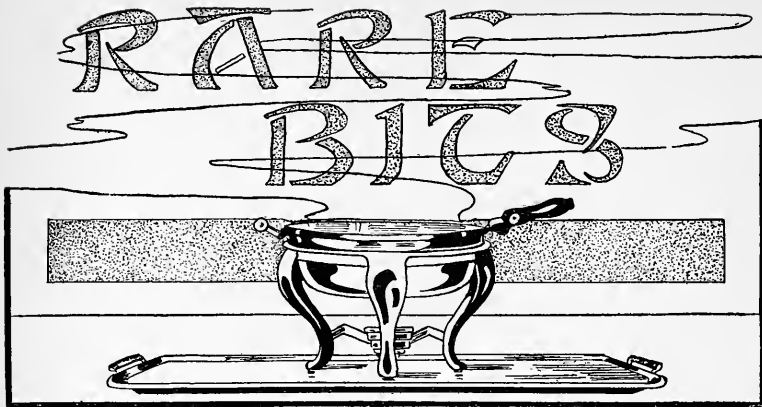
The Academy team closed its season with two victories, three defeats and one tie. Considering the many set-backs which were encountered in the early part of the season, this is a very creditable showing. Coach Maginnis was seriously handicapped by lack of material and inexperienced men. At no time during the season did he have enough players for scrimmage and practice consisted chiefly in tackling and signal drills. But the coach finally succeeded in building up a very promising team. The first game, in which our young players held Loyola Academy to a 0-0 tie, was indeed encouraging. The contests with Lake and St. Viator's were a little ragged, but then the players got into shape for the last two games and these were certainly well played. The "new game," with its

many open plays, was used to great advantage against St. Rita's College, which went down to defeat at the hands of our warriors by a score of 19 to 0. In the last game, however, our boys showed that they were in the best of trim and although St. Viator's scored a touchdown, St. Ignatius outplayed them from start to finish. The boys certainly rounded into great form; and it is to be regretted that now, when the team is a winning one, the season comes to an end and no more games can be played.

Coach Maginnis, who gave a large part of his time to the Academy squad, deserves great credit for building up so good a team from the material he had.

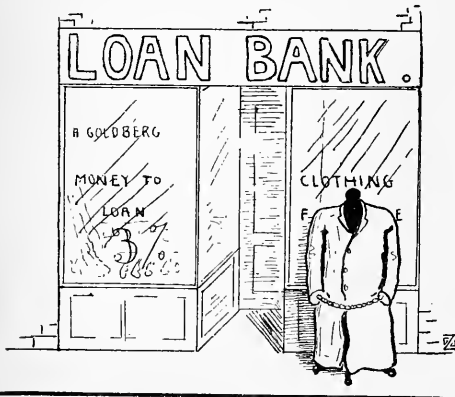
On Wednesday, December 6, the members of the squad held an informal meeting and elected William Quan captain for 1912. The prospects for next year are very bright. As the Varsity is now known as Loyola, it devolves upon the Academy to uphold the name, which the St. Ignatius teams of the past have won. The Crimson and Gold "I. A." monograms will be awarded in a few days and it is needless to say that then indeed the players will make a "touchdown" over their fellow students.

The fearless halfback, Captain Kiley; the husky guard, "Little" Tom Maher; the doughty tackle, Jim Molloy; the fast end, Red Hartigan; field general "Jones" Devitt; scrappy Joe Bigane and Wade have fought their last battles for St. Ignatius. But many good players still remain. The aggressive full, Billy Quann; the whirlwind, Joe Bulger; the spectacular player, Clement Bruns; the star punter, Weinberg and the speedy little end, Wallie McKeon, will still be left. So also will the plunging tackle, Rig Sackley; big guard Cadieux; center-rush Beckendorf, and the French cyclone, Lupien. We also expect to see Jerry Hefferman, a likely quarter-back, Dave McWhinnie and Borne, two plucky players, and Canary and Shortall, two swift ends, out in uniform next September.



ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

A hitherto unpublished bit of the beautiful in literature has been secured for this our initial issue. This lyric gem has just come to light after long interment among the effects of that noted bard, playwright and dramatic star, the late lamented J. Oswald Q. Llewelyn Hamphatt.



A word or two concerning the interesting history of this immortal indication of imbecility might not be amiss. To Dr. A. Steingoldberg of the South Clark Street Emergency Hospital must be given the credit of its discovery. At this hospital, as all know, are treated those subject to a kind of disease known as lackamoney.

Our poet was periodically stricken with an acute form of the malady called dead-brokitis; and while in the last stages of the ailment, because of his gratitude would

often press upon Dr. Steingoldberg various intimately personal belongings which he wished preserved for posterity. It was among these, to be more exact, in the pocket of a well-worn fur overcoat, that the manuscript was found.

From various data and references upon the original we are led to believe that it was written just previous to the poet's demise, which occurred from over-indulgence in his favorite dish. The poem follows:



## APOSTROPHE TO A BEAN.

Is this a baked bean which I see before me,  
 This marble on my plate? Come let me spear thee.  
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
 Art thou not, O navy bean, sensible  
 To fork-tine as to sight? Or art thou but  
 Bepainted on the plate, a fake concoction  
 Masq'rating as a genuine baked-bean?  
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
 As this which now I bend  
 To look thee over and to catch thy fragrance—  
 Yes, such a Boston dish I was to eat.  
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
 Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still  
 And on thy hull and insides gouts of blood  
 Which was not so before. There's no such thing!  
 It is the Heinze's catsup which informs thus to mine  
 eyes \* \* \*  
 Now, beanlet, thou art et!

\* \* \*

HOLY SMOKE!

Gink: Say, did you know it was a sin to burn a blessed candle to read by?

Jimfitz: No! How's that?

Gink: It's *making light* of holy things.

Jimfitz: I didn't know, but I always thought it was *wicked*.

Gink: Gee, you *wax* witty!

Bigboy: Now don't get heated up over it—

Chorus: One! two! three! whang!

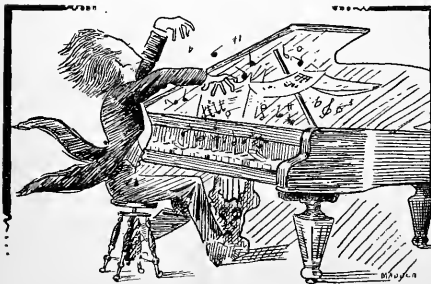
(Exeunt Gink, Jimfitz and Bigboy [hurriedly].)

## GALLERY TOURS—PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.



Ladies and gentlemen: The first picture we will study this afternoon is the large, rectangular one in the huge gilt frame—(yes, ma'am, the one right in the middle)—which, by consulting your catalogue—page 138, third article down—you will find to be entitled "Bruns." It has been variously credited, but it is undoubtedly the work of Madden, whose signature you will find in the lower left hand corner, I believe. This picture fairly reeks with "atmosphere"—the spirit of battle. As a piece of character delin-

eration it is unexcelled. (No, little girl, that is a headguard he is wearing, not a coal scuttle.) As I was about to say, this famous work of art is the best preserved specimen of olive oil painting in the world. Some claim that this is because he used imported oil only; others claim that it clearly exhibits the advantages of our own salad oil. The point is still being debated. I have, however, a small chip from one of his paintings which I will pass around to the ladies for inspection and sampling. Ladies will please refrain from leaving teeth marks in the sample. (No, young blonde man in the back there, the warrior in the picture is *not* endeavoring to give a correct imitation of a lame duck nor a living picture of the figure 4.) All will kindly take the matter seriously and eliminate the "British wit." Passing on to our next painting we again consult the catalogue (page 237, No. 8) and ascertain that it is likewise by the same master and is called "A government of the people, by the people, and for the people." It depicts an orator or debater (to use a euphemism) giving vent to that obscure and little known quotation from our Constitution. You will please notice especially the marvelous power delineated in the left hand of the speaker. The picture is so animated and spirited that we can almost see O'Brien himself standing before us and hear the startling words leaping from his curling lips. You will also pay especial attention to the clever draping and arrangement of the garments—a wonderful stroke of genius. Note how the striking cerise hosiery blends so well with the "sweet auburn" of his locks. Another mark of talent! Wonderful, ladies and gentlemen, wonderful! Walking a few steps down the corridor, the second picture to our right as we enter the room, we come upon another great painting



from the brush of the same master. The work is known, I believe, as "Come Back to Erin." You will observe I laid special stress on the "back"—and so did the artist. In this we see the wonderful versatility and skill of the painter in treating so difficult a pose. As you see, we have represented here a portrait of Harry P. Beam, the world-famed pianist. The portrait is almost photograph-

ic in its exactness! Again I would ask you to study the amazingly natural expression of the entire countenance, the mouth especially. (No, miss, he is not singing. That is the Lost Chord you see suspended in midair.) The painter has caught the artist in the very act of hypnotizing the wild straggling notes to come back to earth. A truly astounding portrait. With this last, best and greatest of his works we close our tour for the afternoon. Those wishing tickets for to-morrow's tour kindly move forward singly. One at a time, please—anybody else here? Only a few more left.

\* \* \*

APHORISMS OF SAMMY SOLOMON, JR.

Variety is the spice of life, but most of us like over-seasoning!

Study in haste, flunk at leisure.

Familiarity breeds a bump!

Better half a loaf than no holiday.

Love your neighbor, yet pull down the shades!

"Strike" while the weather is hot!

If the command to "Know thyself" were literally obeyed, some people would have only a grammar school education!

Where there is "SMOKE" there is "FIRE."

GEORGE J. ZAHRINGER, '13.

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## Respite

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All alone I sit by my window,  
 And gaze on that moonlit sky,  
 The dew-dimmed stars in heaven,  
 And the dark clouds floating by.

And gazing, my fancy wanders  
 To those many ill-spent years,  
 And the thought brings back old memories,  
 And fills my eyes with tears.

How many a friend in manhood,  
 Who once sailed by my side,  
 Has vanished upon the ocean,  
 While I tarry and wait for the tide.

RICHARD H. REGAN, '15.

# Daubs in Doggerel

BY JOHN AARON COLNON, '14.

---

Friend: Though you find no reason in this, there is, forsooth, a reason for it.

TO CHRISTMAS.

Ho! Christmas, bounty-giver of the year,  
Come hither and rejoice us with thy cheer.  
Let steeples echo with the ringing of each bell,  
Which in tuneful praise the joyful tidings tell.  
Come, traveling minstrels, with your merry strain,  
And sing us the songs of old Lorraine!

Ho! Christmas, haste and bring again  
Thy happy times to weary men.  
Scatter green holly—its berries all aglow—  
Ivy wreath and fern and mistletoe.  
End sorrow and pain, and let all rest content;  
Stop toil and tune all hearts to merriment!

\* \* \*

Kind Readers: Christmas is here again! Consequently I take this opportunity to wish you a merry, merry Christmas, and I sincerely hope that on this joyful day nothing may happen that may mar your pleasure. Hence, as a precaution against such a calamity, I would advise thee, unsophisticated one—if mayhap you have read this far—to let the rest of this hodge-podge go unread, at least until after the holidays. For we have it on authority that there is nothing so pathetic as attempted humor when the humor so-called is about on a par with that usually found in Greek grammars.

\* \* \*

## THE BROADWAY MUSIC HALL.

A little boy named Bobby was the first to appear on the scene. He sang a song entitled,

THE CHRISTMAS OF SIMPLE SIMON.

Simple Simon met a pieman,  
Going to the fair;  
Of the pieman Simple Simon  
Purchased an eclair.

From a waiter bought he later  
Shrimp-pink lemonade;  
Next a nickel's worth of pickles  
The simple one essayed.

Now, if Simon meets a pieman,  
 He'll make no mistake,  
 For he's fitting where they're splitting  
 Only angel cake.

\* \* \*

Bobby also read a series of three letters, which he called

THE TRAVELS OF THE SEALING WAX.

(From Algernon Rodney to Thomas Jones.)

Dec. 23, 1911.

Dear Tom:

I am sending this note as a reminder of my best wishes for you at this happy time of the year. I wish you a merry, merry Christmas, and as a slight token of my regard allow me to present you with this beautiful set of sealing waxes of different scents and colors. May it forever hold us fast together in the bonds of friendship.

Yours truly,

Algernon Rodney.

(From Thomas Jones to William Smith.)

Dec. 24, 1911.

Dear William:

How are you? I'm having a great time skating here now. Aren't you glad Christmas is coming? I am. I am sending you, along with this note, a beautiful set of sealing waxes of different scents and colors. May it forever hold us fast together in the bonds of friendship.

Your loving friend

Tom.

(From William Smith to Algernon Rodney.)

Dec. 25, 1911.

Dear Algernon:

A merry, merry Christmas to you and your dear mother and father. Mother wants me to ask you to come to our home for a Christmas visit. Please come. You and I will have a fine time up here. As a slight token of my regard, Algernon, let me present you with a beautiful set of sealing waxes of different scents and colors. May it forever hold us fast together in the bonds of friendship. Hoping that you will come, I remain,

Your loving friend,

BILL.

\* \* \*

Then a little girl sang:

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house  
 Not a creature was stirring, but one tiny mouse,  
 Who thought to himself, now that all was so quiet,  
 He'd go out for a lark—but he hit on a riot;  
 For Sister Sue, donning her 'kerchief and cap,

Stole down the back stairs—to disturb no one's nap—  
 To see if the butler the pantry had locked,  
 With all Christmas goodies the pantry was stocked.  
 A sudden thought struck her—a cookie she'd eat;  
 The mouse had selected the very same treat.  
 In the jar went her hand, she pulled out the mouse.  
 Not a creature could sleep that same night in the house.  
 For Sister Sue had the hysterics so bad  
 To think of it now makes the whole family mad.

Then a young clergyman sang the following two things:

SORROW AT CHRISTMAS.

My head is bowed and my tears fall fast;  
 The moon is rising an empty crescent,  
 And I sit with the ghost of a Christmas past,  
 For I haven't the ghost of a Christmas present.

HARD FEELINGS AT CHRISTMAS.

The Pies, indeed, were all cut up,  
 The Turkey had a roast;  
 The Celery's talk made the Apple sauce,  
 And crusty was the Toast.

Then Mr. W. A. Binks, our star tenor, sang:

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?

Though of wonderful stories a lot you have heard  
 From the time of your earliest youth,  
 I will tell you in secret, though strange it may seem—  
 And in telling I'll vouch for its truth—  
 That a story you'll hear that seems certainly queer  
 And to all the incredulous, false.  
 The scene of my story's a drawing-room bright,  
 The time is just after a waltz.

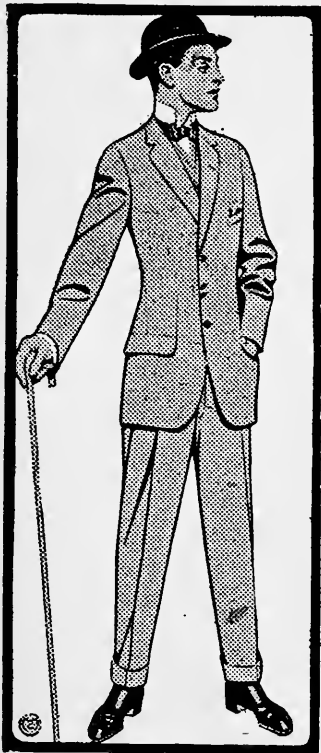
It was after a hot and a tiresome dance,  
 Where a sprig of green mistletoe swayed,  
 That I met—and I tell you 'twas all a mistake—  
 With a very entrancing maid.  
 I stopped for a moment, to recover my nerve;  
 Then kissed her—and waited for war.  
 But—"Why did you wait?" with a shake of her head.  
 "Pray, sir, what's the mistletoe for?"

\* \* \*

Good-bye, friends. May the Christmas bells merrily tintinabulate in  
 your homes on that joyous morn.

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*Attorney at  
Law*

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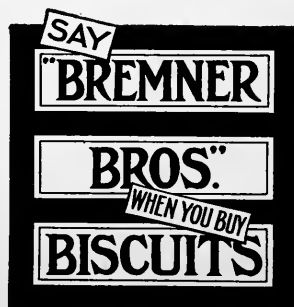
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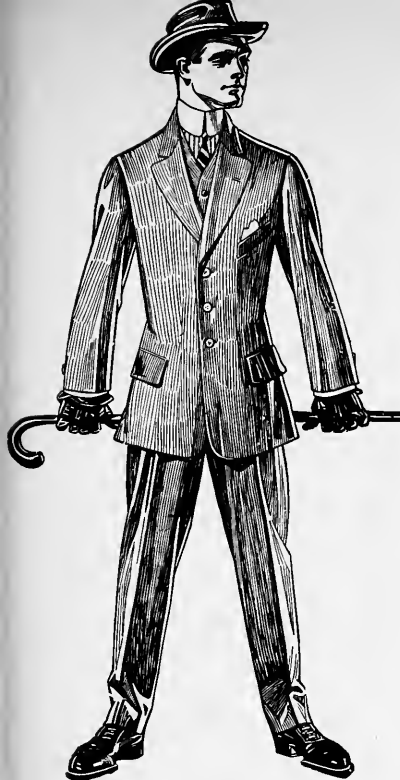
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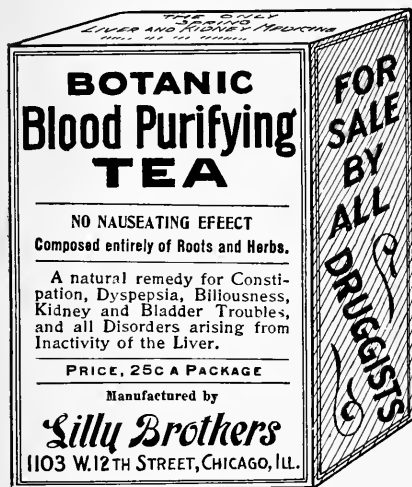
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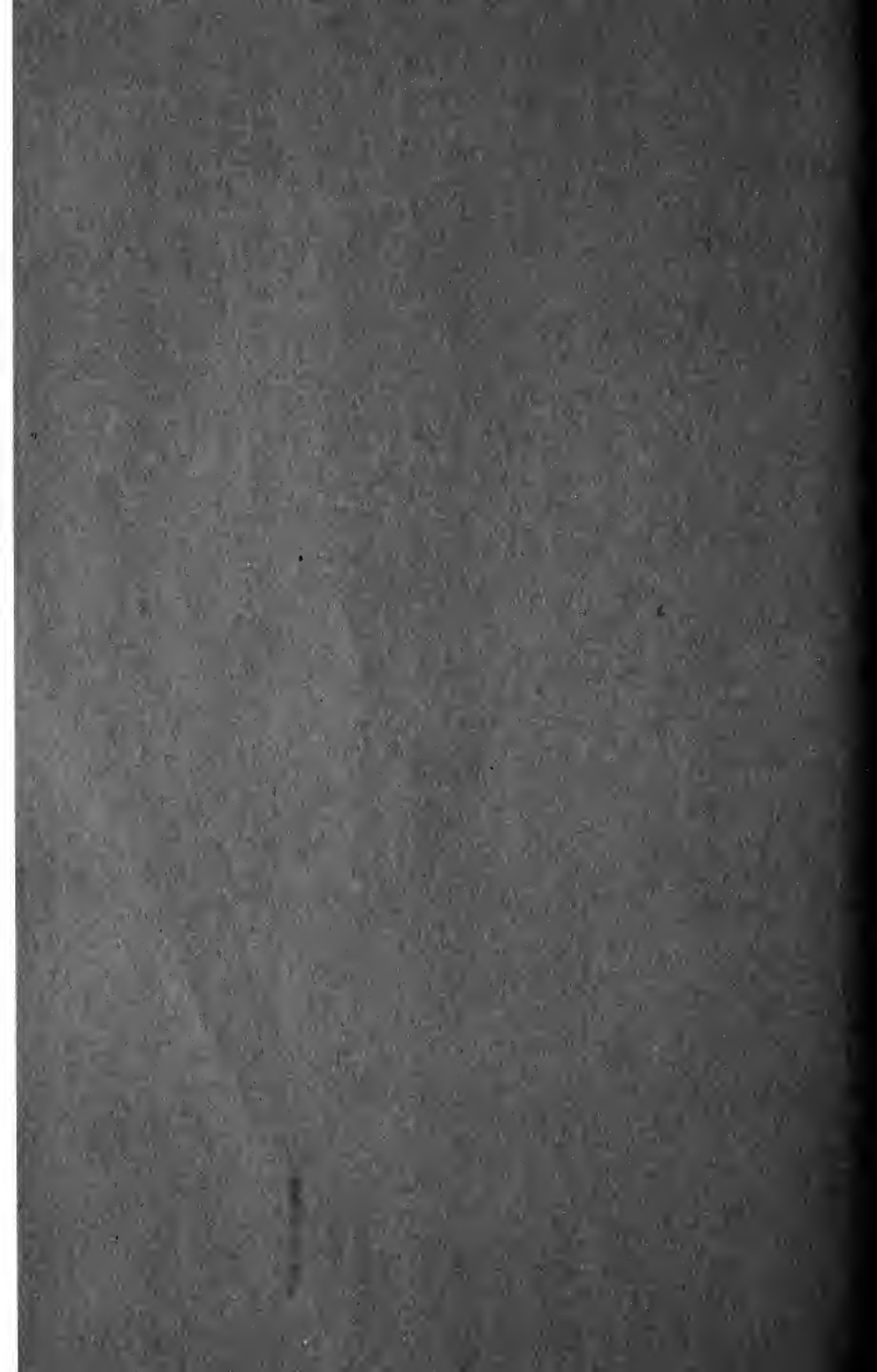
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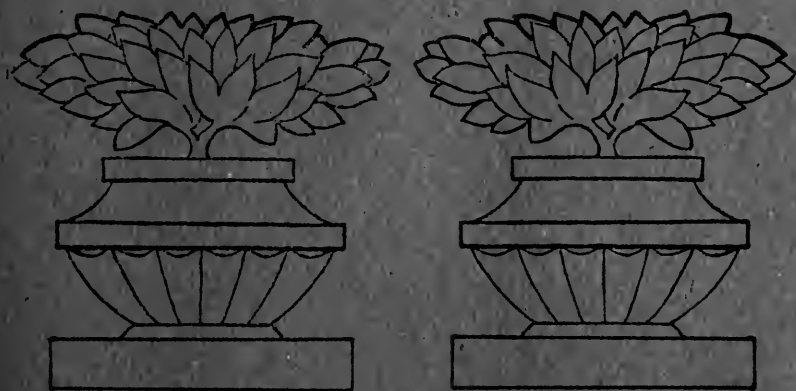




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CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH, 1912

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“On velvet mead that girl a darksome wood.”

# The St. Ignatius Collegian

Vol. XI.

Chicago, Ill., March 1912.

No. 3

## Song of the Lark

IN morning's ruby gold I stood  
On velvet mead that girt a darksome wood  
In pensive mood, my spirits low and dulled,  
And sad withal, as walked I slow along,  
Until the soaring skylark lulled  
My gloomy soul with heaven-reaching song.

His trembling lyric thrilled the golden air  
With melody no other throat could dare.  
In harmony that filled the sapphire height  
His song arose to heaven pure and free;  
And like a balm strewn in his upward flight  
A train of song was wafted soft to me.

I gazed aloft but far beyond my sight  
The feathered poet held his upward flight;  
And, though his soul aspired to heaven's gate,  
His silver lyric cheered the distant earth.  
Though soaring songs the heights with music sate,  
The humble fields can know the songster's worth.

So, too, the songs of men that highest rise,  
Can deepest reach to clear the welling eyes;  
The greatest poet is the loftiest flown,  
Whose lays can touch the heart-chords' deepest tones.

JOHN J. FITZGERALD, '15:

## Tricked



It was rather late—the clock in the drug-store told five minutes past eleven. The corner was deserted save for a man standing in front of the drug-store. That was Mr. Swiggins. He was waiting for the cross-line car that would bring him to the door of his—at least it was almost his, two more payments would make it so—home. He was whistling a new air that he had heard during the evening at the club, and was going back, over an obstinate bar of it, when a young lady came before him—to save his honor he could not have told where she came from—and laid her hand on his arm and, “Oh, I beg you, sir,” she said, “help me. I am in most deplorable straits, and I—I—.” Mr. Swiggins saw that she was very, very pretty. There is no use describing her; tastes differ so. But to Mr. Swiggins’ mind she was very pretty and her eyes were fairly swimming in tears and—well you can put it down to soft head or soft heart, as you choose, but this is what Mr. Swiggins did. He started doing it in this way—

“Why, my dear—my dear young lady, anything I can do”—as he got off his hat—“George! anything I can do why—why I’ll do! Now, these straits you speak of, what might they be?”

“Oh, sir, I work, you know, in the loop and tonight I was paid. I worked very late and it as ten o’clock before I left—I had my pay in my bag,” she showed him the handle of the bag—“and when I got off here to change cars, I found the bag was gone—some one just cut it right off the handle—”

“Well, my good gracious, cut it right off the handle—they did—they surely did!” agreed Mr. Swiggins, after a careful inspection of the piece of strap.

“Oh, sir, and when I stepped off the car, I—I some how twisted my ankle and—” Mr. Swiggins grabbed guiltily at her elbow. “Oh, sir, I’m sick and faint—won’t you please help me home—I’m so afraid alone at this time—and, oh, you will help me!”

No doubt of it Mr. Swiggins would help a pretty young woman with a twisted ankle and a missing pocket-book—no doubt.

"I—I why of course I'll help you—I'll take you right home—next car—here now come along." He got a very firm, paternal grip of her arm, and they reached the corner just as the belated car came up.

"But—but this isn't my car. I go—the other way."

"Oh, of course not; certainly not; your car goes the other way. Well, here's one our way—hustle,—up aboard!" Mr. Swiggins had never been affected in quite the same way, since the first time he met Elmira—now Mrs. Rufus Swiggins—at the "Knights and Ladies' Picnic."

All the long ride—it was very long—they sat together in silence. The girl wouldn't trust herself to speak, it seemed, but sat with her chin on her hand and her face turned away from her companion, staring out the window. But though her face was turned away, Mr. Swiggins could see, out of the corner of his eye, how every now and then a tear stole over the curve of her cheek and splashed unheeded down on her faded dress. Mr. Swiggins didn't say anything, because he was occupied too deeply with his thoughts. And of course nothing interferes with real thinking like talk. He was thinking what Elmira would say if she could see him; and what she would say anyway when he got home, and where he should tell her he had been until "this outlandish hour," and he was thinking about the cause of those tears that kept falling unheeded; and, simply because he had time to think and because his head wasn't going round so fast now, and because he, at least he thought, was a wise old codger, he was weighing and measuring a suspicion that had but lately formed in his mind. I don't know what the result of his weighing and measuring was, but after a time he began unconcernedly to button up his coat, which had all the while yawned apart displaying the full extension of a heavy gold watch-chain.

Having completed this operation, Mr. Swiggins was settling back with something of a victorious look in his eye, when the young woman said:

"The next street!"

"Yes—oh, yes, of course; next street!" said Mr. Swiggins jumping up and pressing the button. For some reason or other, Mr. Swiggins felt "found out" and ashamed.

They got out of the car and walked a half block and entered the hallway of the big building. It was a long hallway with many doors opening into it; it was lighted by two low-turned gas-lights; and it smelt of cooking. Mr. Swiggins found it hard to get his breath there.

The young woman put out her hand, "Thank you, sir!"  
"Don't mention it—I won't be thanked—"

And then she gave way; she clung to his arm and sobbed. And while Mr. Swiggins patted her shoulder and "now-nowed" and "there-thered," she told him the real trouble—widow—working in a department store—baby sick—medicine all gone—rent due—now her salary gone—altogether a rather ordinary story. "Too ordinary," thought Mr. Swiggins and he almost smiled. But he kept on patting; and when she was through he said, "it was all too entirely bad." "But he'd fix her up," he said, "he'd fix it all for her;" and he closed her slender fingers about a flat little wallet. The fingers clutched it; she pressed it to her breast and she said over and over, "Oh, thank you, sir;" and then she turned and went to one of the doors that opened into the long hall. She paused and looked around and told him "God will bless you, sir," and then went in.

And Mr. Swiggins stood where he was until he heard the key turn inside the door. And Swiggins looked solemnly at the closed door and very solemnly, as a wise smile spread over his chubby, round face—he winked. Then as he went out, hearing the sound of laughter behind him, he turned and winked again.

As he walked to the car, he spoke to the man in the moon, "when they fool your old friend Swig, they're doing very well, indeed. She was quite clever and she played it well with her 'oh, sir,' and her tearful eyes—but, oh, my good gracious, she laid it on too—oh, entirely too thick—stolen pay, twisted ankle, sick baby; oh my land; sick baby! and rent due! oh, my great good gracious. I must look *so* simple!"

He had reached the corner now, and waiting there he took out his watch. "Oh, lands! quarter of twelve; what won't Elmira say to me! But I was lucky to get away from that trickster of a hussy when I did. I might be there yet with her bawling on my shoulder—with her sick baby and rent due! She'll have something to bawl about, I'll wager, when she opens



that purse—oh, my good gracious, I'd like to see her pretty face when she finds her plunder bag empty!"

It was a well contented and elated and smiling stout, little man that boarded the car when it came up. The car was well-filled with the home-coming crowd; but Mr. Swiggins found place in a double seat next to a timid, white-haired bit of an old woman who supported on her knees a basket of sundry small stock of pencils, matches and gum. Mr. Swiggins paid little notice to her but settled down in dreamy complacency against the long return ride. It was only when within a few blocks of his stopping place, that a movement in the old lady drew his attention to her. He pitied her. She was so old, so small, so white of head, so sad of face and yet so calm; she was so out of place in this gay crowd; and she reminded him of his mother. He found himself unconsciously contrasting this timid deserving old creature, with the bold, tricky young schemer of his night's adventure. When he got down from the car he had left a crisp bill with the old woman and had received in exchange—for she insisted, she was not a beggar—a great supply of gum and penny lead pencils. So Mr. Swiggins went home satisfied with his own sagacity and with restored faith in woman kind. He thought he would sleep well that night.

However he did not. For having got in all safe and being kindly greeted by his wife who had awaited his coming as was her custom, and then having said his prayers and having eaten his apple, this happened. Elmira asked him what time his watch said. Mr. Swiggins put his hand to his pocket—and his watch wasn't there.

He lay awake for hours that night listening to his wife wailing disconsolately over the loss of "Frankie's watch." Frankie, I may tell you, was their son, their only child whom they never talked about. Not that he was dead; no. At least they had never heard that he was. He had got into bad ways and had left them and gone off on his own hook. Once he worked a whole year and lived steadily with them, and on that Christmas he had given a very fine watch and chain to his father as a present. In another month he was back at his old tricks again, and had gone off and that was the last of him. After five years they gave up waiting for him. So you see they thought a deal of the watch.

For the next few days Mr. Swiggins was a very meek and humbled man in his own eyes. He worked as in a trance, he wore a hurt expression that was ridiculous on such a plump face; he ate little, and he avoided, especially on street cars, kind-faced, timid, old women. Then one morning at the breakfast table he got another shock—a sickening one.

He had the morning paper propped up before him as he ate. "My good gracious!" he suddenly exclaimed and snatching up the paper, rose from the table. And "Oh, my good gracious!" was all he answered to Mrs. Swiggins' query, as he thoughtfully folded up the paper and thrust it into his pocket. And "Oh, my good gracious," he kept repeating to himself all the way to his office. And I don't know how many times he said it during the day, but anyway so often that it surely would have been well for him if in his young days he had learned to swear,—I think it would have done him good to say something stronger, for "good gracious" could never express his true feelings, especially when, reading the article over—as he did a dozen times—he came to this—"died, infant Rufus Swiggins, aged two yrs., 5 mo.;" and this, "at 95 Walnut St." "Walnut Street"—that was the street and 95—that was the number over the door of the flat with the long hall, with its many doors opening upon it, and its dim light, and its "cookish" odors—oh he would liked to have thought different but he couldn't. And this swelled the lump in his throat the more—"death induced by general debility, due to starvation."

And so you will understand why, next Sunday as Mr. and Mrs. Swiggins were walking in the park, Mr. Swiggins suddenly left his wife's side and crossed the street and tried to force a bill into the hand of a young lady who sat alone on a bench. And when, after five minutes of patient and insistent explaining he had prevailed upon the astonished girl to accept his offering, and had come back to his wife—"My gracious," he thought "now I *am* in for it." But he wasn't. For Mrs. Swiggins knew all about it. Why, he wasn't five minutes' walk from the house that other morning when she had a paper in from the corner newstand and opened and the article read and memorized. So now she simply said, "Is that the young woman?"

"Oh, lord, no!" Mr. Swiggins replied, "no; she looks a little like her though. No, it isn't her—if ever I find her I—

why, Elmira, we'll take her in, oh, my good gracious, no doubt of it—we'll take her in, eh?" Then Mr. Swiggins remembered, "George! Elmira," he said, "you must, you certainly must think I'm out of my senses—but come now, I'll tell you all about it; I was not going to, I confess, but I must tell you; indeed, I must."

And so they walked on and he told her, and she listened as though she knew of it now for the first time. It would do him good to tell it, she knew. Then, he told it all and he ended in this way:

"I've looked for her; I've been to the house, but she is gone; I've been to the store, but they could say nothing of what had become of her. But I'll look for her, and you'll look for her, Elmira, and if we either of us find her we'll take her in. And I'm quite sure we shall find her—quite sure."

"Yes, quite sure," Elmira answered, "but I hope it is not too late when we do find her—we find so many things too late." And this seemed to sober them both the more, and as they turned toward home, Rufus held the more tightly to Elmira's arm, as if he might be fearing to lose her.

And yet when they came on their way to the old, white-headed beggar-woman that sat in her usual doorway, Mrs. Swiggins was at a loss to know why Mr. Swiggins turned his head, and quickening his step, passed by without the offering that had come to be a habit associated with their Sunday stroll. She saw the disappointment in the old woman's face, but she said nothing and they went on home.

So you see Mr. Swiggins had held something back from her after all, and it was "small pride" that had actuated him.

But the young woman? I couldn't really say whether they ever found her or not, but I hope they did. And I'm sure that you hope so, too.

JAMES FITZGERALD, '13.

## The Song of The Hurricane

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**P**OWER and might I sing,  
Fear and despair I bring,  
Awful the knell I ring;  
"Death to the craven."

See! o'er the darkened brine  
How yonder barkentine  
Strains every spar and line  
To reach a haven.

But thro its creaking shroud  
Swoop I from frowning cloud,  
Scorning its efforts proud;  
Its fate is graven.

Loose I the flashing lance,  
Far gleams its lurid glance;  
While crashing resonance  
Makes heaven tremble.

Foaming, the waters lash,  
O'er cruel rocks they dash,  
Whose jagged points now gash  
Though wool they semble.

Huge clutching waves uprear,  
Men shriek aloud in fear,  
Seas drenched in heaven's tear  
My fiends assemble.

As fierce the water raves  
Men sink beneath the waves,  
Down into mossy graves,  
Their journey ended.

Then seek I other prey;  
Naught can my fury stay,  
Though some my mercy pray,  
Low on knee bended.

Till time shall be no more  
E'er shall the waters roar,  
And wrecks be washed ashore  
If I'm offended.

RALPH J. BYRNES, '15.

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## The Comet

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**A**CROSS the velvet black of heaven's dome,  
Star-studded, as the flash of far-flung foam  
Which gleams in fleeting iridescence fair  
And fills with radiance the viewless air,  
A dazzling comet cleaves its blazing path,  
And trails a fiery streaming aftermath:  
Then swallowed up within the jaws of night,  
It onward speeds and none can mark its flight.

O transient meteor hurtling on through space!  
What worlds hast thou o'ertaken in thy race?  
A million eons reeling in suspense,  
Still spinning onward, falling, falling—whence?  
Out of the black abysmal gulf of time,  
Across immeasurable space sublime,  
What universe of suns hast seen destroyed,  
Since God first flung thee out into the void?

Eternities have dawned and passed away,  
Nor seen thee falter from thy fixed way;  
Still shalt thou roll past clustered lifeless spheres,  
Beyond the cosmos known to mortal years,  
Till chaos come, the firmament be caught  
In one mad swirl, and crashing, grind to naught;  
Time perish just below high heaven's rim,  
And God alone endure, and we in Him.

JOSEPH W. BYRNES, '15.

## Electivism

"In the Harvard 'Alumni Bulletin,' remarks a recent editorial in "Collier's," "are printed certain percentages showing the choice made by undergraduates. For the last two years of their course forty-five per cent of the Harvard sophomores specialize in economics, history and government; thirty-three per cent in language, literature, art and music; twenty-three per cent in the natural sciences and but two per cent in mathematics and philosophy." Further on the editorial continues, "This is the inevitable result of changing political and economic conditions, a result seen long ago by Chas. W. Eliot, who had a sense of the meaning of Democracy and a superb talent for guiding and satisfying, instead of opposing the inevitable movements of his time."

Such then is a new record for the elective course instituted by the honorable gentleman mentioned. "Colliers" we note applauds the results, designating them a step forward as it were, in the science of education. However with all due respect to this approbation and even though initiated and fostered by a man who for many years has been peculiarly high in education, it would be well to consider that despite the avowed political and economic changes spoken of, the great majority of colleges and universities throughout the country have never adopted or approved the much exploited elective system of former President Eliot.

Moreover in the very university he once headed a perceptible reaction is now taking place to subvert his radical departure and return to the grand old conservative course, for so many generations the glory of Harvard University.

The reason is plain and was demonstrated a few years ago by occurrences which took place in several German universities. Like Harvard, Latin and Greek and several of the other obligatory branches were made optional or abandoned altogether. For about a decade the learned German professors bore the brunt of the disastrous results and then arose in arms and demanded a return to the old curriculum or they would withdraw their services.

It had become a notorious fact that the standard of proficiency found in students under the new regime was much

lower than those of former scholars who had embraced the liberal or classical course. That thoroughness of work, tenacity of purpose and agility of mind, so characteristic formerly, in students of the renovated curriculum, had given way to dilatoriness, superficiality and mental sluggishness.

And the same view must find place in regard to the great numbers annually graduated from Harvard, where the elective or optional course prevails.

When we consider the general onrush of students there, towards such soothing studies as economics, government, art and music and the increasing unpopularity of Latin and Greek and the natural sciences, which latter especially are so essential in this day of enlightenment, we feel inclined to think that the average student is making of the optional course a universal "snap" course.

But the more we dwell upon the almost total abandonment of mathematics and philosophy, so indispensable in the training of a keen, vigorous and logical mind, the more cynical will he become on contemplating the Harvard graduate, should he perchance vaunt his "A. B." as an infallible sign of intellectual breadth and development.

THOS. J. O'BRIEN, '12.

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### Twilight

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From out unbarred, celestial gates of gold,  
 Across the sky a wondrous glory shines;  
 While glimmers faint, serene and silver-cold,  
 A star above the pines.

Softly the zephyrs from yon valley hushed and dim  
 Carry the echo of the far-off sea;  
 While o'er the tranquil world's engoldened rim  
 Steals twilight noiselessly.

EDWARD MAHER, '15.

## A Winter Night's Dream

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**W**HEN in the night when the cold winds blow,  
Comes a wild, weird thought to me;  
My soul is the soul of a Corsair King,  
Whose bones lie under the sea.

Down in the depths where the seaweed drifts,  
In the caves where the jewels lie,  
A chanting booms through the rotting ships,  
And the ghosts of the dead go by.

Quiet I lie and fixedly stare,  
At the spirits of mariners old;  
Who in ages past had roved the sea,  
In their quest of treasures and gold.

They pass in review with ghostly tread,  
With solemn and stately grace;  
The sheeted spirits of Morgan and Kidd,  
Like men of another race.

The spirits stealthily round me close,  
And drawing their sabres they stand;  
With arms upraised their shifting shades  
Play on the marl-fleck't sand.

Then slow they advance with lowering mien,  
In my fancy loudly I scream;  
But as they approach their figures fade,  
I awake, and find it a dream.

WILLIAM J. PICKETT, '15.



## The Globe

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HE shaded lights of the Regis Cafe, falling upon the classic features of Johnnie Langley, the King of Confidence Men, revealed a countenance alternately brightened by hope and darkened by despair. Tom Sharp, the world's greatest authority on time-locks, who sat across from him was evidently in the throes of a similar agitation. The reader may surmise the cause of the disturbance, when it is stated that the third diner was Anne de Frossad, whose part upon the criminal stage was that of the wealthy heiress in distess.

Johnnie, Tom, and Anne, together with "Gentleman Jim" Barker, had been children together in the tenement district of Chicago. Years before the events I am about to relate, the vivacious, golden-haired Anne had inspired a common hope in the hearts of all three; namely, that through her favor they might be admitted to a life of domestic respectability. The fiercely contested battle for supremacy had already called forth feats of daring which shall live forever (in a somewhat inaccurate form) upon the records of the Department. Ever since the day, now almost six months past, when "Gentleman Jim" had been forced into involuntary servitude by the State, Langley and Barker had been pressing their respective suits with redoubled energy. The element of secrecy, without which Cupid refuses to smile, had been wanting; for as both were evenly matched in determination and astuteness, neither one had so far been able to elude the other upon a single occasion. Their mutual desperation increased as the hour of Jim's release drew nigh.

"Anne," demanded Sharp, for the tenth power of the thousandth time, "which is it to be?"

Anne's only answer was an abstracted and indulgent smile. Mentally she was calculating how long it would take Jim (estimating that the Big Four would not be more than an hour behind its schedule) to follow out the instructions in a missive which she had confided to his sister.

"Anne," declared Sharp, returning to the charge, "this matter is going to be settled right now. Make any terms you want, but don't keep us any longer in this state of suspense."

She faced them with an indulgent smile and said, "You both have declared, time and again, that you love me. But as I cannot live altogether on love, I will marry the one who succeeds in pulling off the cleverest trick. A trick which will make the police of the country sit up and take notice."

Both her hearers sat thoughtfully smoking for a spell, until Langley's eyes suddenly lighted and he began:

"Some few months ago, I was smoking in Hadley's back room in Frisco when Fred Howard was ushered in. I was both pleased and surprised, for it was reported that he had been forced to leave the country some two years before. After mutual good wishes had been exchanged, he told me of his life abroad. After embarking from the Pacific Coast on an out-bound steamer, and passing through numberless adventures, he arrived in Siam, where he took service in the king's household. It was while here, that he saw and stole the Lorinan diamond. He escaped the authorities, and later arrived in America. I greatly admired the jewel, and by the permission of Howard, had a fac-simile done in paste. As proof of what I am capable of doing, I shall proceed at once to convert the same into coin of the realm."

"Across the street," interrupted Sharp, "is situated the famous 'Adventure Club' composed of the most influential men in both worlds. Their roll of membership contains the names of famous prime ministers, ambassadors, senators, lawyers, and literary men. If you can persuade one of them to buy your gem, I am perfectly willing that Anne should marry you. If you fail—well, you can do the only honorable thing by withdrawing from the race."

Langley smiled steadily under his rival's fire, but made no remark.

"Now, I wish to say," concluded Sharp, "that I believe your task hopeless. So confident am I of your failure that I will also depart, but will return in a short time with a tray of two dozen gems from the display window of the 'Society Jeweler' on State street."

"Robbing a store in the loop is simplicity itself," objected the confidence man; "State street is the haven of crooks. Try something hard."

"Very well; what do you suggest?" queried Sharp.

"Take this watch," replied Langley maliciously diving his hand into his pocket, and withdrawing an antique gun-metal watch, which undoubtedly had its birth under George Washington, and ticked its last as Sherman hoisted the Stars and Stripes over Atlanta, "and obtain a loan of twenty-five dollars on it from any Jewish pawn-shop dealer along Halsted street."

Sharp's face blanched as he saw the enormity of the undertaking, but he arose, and with a forced laugh joined Langley in a toast to their mutual success.

After having agreed to await the return of the successful knight-errant, the Lady in Blue dismissed the pair with a smile.

Langley paused outside the large fashionable building known as the Adventure Club, and meditated the best way of obtaining admittance. As he stood in the door-way, a heavy touring car drew up before the curb, and a flushed corpulent gentleman alighted, whom Langley recognized from sundry newspaper photographs, as Cameron the lumber king. After noticing that the millionaire was a trifle unsteady on his feet he determined upon a bold stroke. Striding quickly across the short stretch of walk that separated them, he grasped the astonished Cameron by the hand and exclaimed:

"Good evening, Mr. Cameron. It is indeed a pleasure to again meet you. You surely remember me. I am John Langley, and was introduced to you at a banquet in Philadelphia last October. Permit me," he continued as the clubman stumbled and came near falling, "to assist you up-stairs. The ice is slippery and you might take a bad fall."

The semi-intoxicated millionaire, though not recognizing this new-found friend, gladly accepted the proffered help, and arm in arm the two ascended the broad staircase.

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The interior was brilliantly lighted, and the tone and magnificent refinement of the rooms corresponded to the wealth and social position of the members. The stuccoed walls were adorned with landscapes of great value; the painted ceilings depicted the various adventures of the clubmen; and the heavy, cushioned rug of the banquet room gave forth no sound as a servant appeared, preceding Cameron and his new acquaintance.

After the outer wraps of the new arrivals had been quietly removed by an attentive flunkey (who had all the pomp of a

department store usher), the confidence man was introduced to the company by the millionaire.

There was Brown, soldier-of-fortune and counselor-in-chief to the King of Siam, who was now on a secret mission in search of the crown jewel; Smith, late from Africa where he had been collecting zoological specimens for the British Museum; Delgrade, star reporter and part owner of the Comet, had just returned from six months' tour through Siberia.

Over in one corner of the room, Bankes, Burke, Allison and Sinclair played at poker, while Daniels was an uninterested on-looker. Bankes, whose sunken gray eyes, hollow cheeks, and nerve-racking cough told of a losing fight against a living death, had but the day before arrived from Colorado where he had lately spent much of his time. Burke, a free-lance who had recently discovered an inexhaustible vein of silver in the foothills of Argentina, was the life of the crowd with his sparkling blue eyes, his ever-twinkling smile, and spicy repartee. Allison and Sinclair were two Englishmen much alike in appearance, but differing widely in their tastes and habits. The former held the rank of chief in the Canadian Mounted Police, while the latter was a millionaire, whose only disappointment in life, lay in the fact that his yacht had been declared ineligible for the International Boat Race, that was to be held at Long Island in the following Spring.

When conversation was resumed, Smith related how an Indian hunter had been found frozen stiff to a tree trunk, by a trapper in the North American wilderness.

"That reminds me," began Langley in the soft, well-modulated tone of voice that bespoke the experienced story-teller, "of the time I was lost in the Klondike and was without food for five days; how my dogs, one after the other, perished from cold and starvation: how I had to drag my sledge over fields of ice, vast open plains, far from the tracks of man; how, after what seemed an eternity of time, I had fallen unconscious to the ground; how I had been found, raving like a maniac, by a party of gold-seekers, and was finally brought by them to a fishing village where I was tenderly nursed."

Here he paused, smoked for a moment, and continued, "how for weeks I was stricken with an intense fever, which finally departed, and left me as helpless as a child without a memory of any past event; how I stayed with these kind-hearted people a

year, before they thought me strong enough to undertake the journey back to civilization. But these events tell only of horror, of privation, and of despair; and you, as I take it, wish for something dealing with circumstances out of the ordinary, yet lacking in grewsome details. I will therefore relate an adventure in which I was an unwilling participant.

"Some five years ago, I received word that a brother of mine was dangerously ill at a hospital in Calcutta. Hastily packing a few clothes, I boarded the first steamer for the East. I left the ship at Bombay and went by rail to the City of Palaces. City of Palaces, it may well be called. One gazes with a pleasure akin to admiration at the numerous mosques whose brazen roofs shine like mirrors under the eastern sun, and at their tiny, glinting minarets which reflect each beam a four-fold; at the Scotch, Greek, and American churches, which stand surrounded by the Mohammedan houses of worship, like the Crusaders of old surrounded by the doughty Saracens, and apparently with that same dauntless spirit; and above all, at the strong and regular citadel of Fort William, the guardian of British interests in India.

"After registering at a hotel, I was annoyed to find that the American hospital would receive no callers until late in the afternoon. I fretted and fumed about the place, until I received a message that my brother was much better, and no longer in danger. Then while sitting on the wide veranda, I gazed with much interest at the scene before me. There is probably no race in the world that wears a more picturesque costume, than the native inhabitants of British India. There were peddlers, clad in dirty mantles of divers colors, shouting their wares and grinning hideously at every prospective purchaser; there were beggars clad in rags, and others who wore only the loin-cloth, though these latter were not numerous; there were Jews dressed in a sober black or gray, glancing covertly at any of their own race, and with open suspicion and defiance at every one else; there were occasional sight-seers moving through this throng, their spotless suits of linen forming a real haven for the eye, after its journey over the riotous sea of faces, that surged unceasingly onward.

"The strange gibberage of the natives, and the foul-smelling odors that arose from their persons disgusted me, and I had just decided to go inside and partake of a light lunch, when with

a sudden shout the crowd broke into a run, while cries of "Fire! Fire!" filled the air. I rushed to the gate in order to obtain a better view of the street, when some one intentionally pushed me, and I found myself in a crowd so dense that I could not force my way out. Dragged along in this maelstrom of humanity, I proceeded some fifty feet when I felt a sudden tug at my watch-chain. I turned in time to see a huge black coolly pocketing my watch. With a hoarse cry he endeavored to run past me, but was tripped by a native policeman in the throng. As he fell numerous diamonds, pearls, rubies, and other precious stones dropped from his turban.

"A wild scramble ensued, and in the mix-up I secured a diamond. The officer with a wink showed me a pearl breast-pin, and a small golden crest inlaid with rubies, which fell to his lot. He advised me to say nothing to the officials concerning the booty, and as my watch had disappeared, I felt justified in keeping its equivalent in value in the shape of a diamond. I afterwards heard that my assailant was not only a thief, but had committed several murders. He was imprisoned, and died long before his term had expired.

"Gentlemen, that is my story, and I hope it has proved entirely satisfactory. As I have the stone with me, perhaps some would like to see my talisman."

As he finished speaking, he showed them what appeared to be the most beautiful diamond they had ever seen. Brown, seeing it, and thinking that it was the Lorinan stone, determined to obtain it with the least possible trouble. To his fellow-members' amazement, he offered twenty thousand dollars for the souvenir. Five thousand he gave Langley at the time. The confidence man, having succeeded far beyond his fondest hopes, was willing that Delgrade should hold the bauble until the transaction had been made. Carefully wrapping the money in his pocket-book, the guest arose to go. He promised to call around the following evening, when Brown was to hand him the balance of the money.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the door of the cafe, Langley collided with Sharp who was hastening from the opposite direction. The latter proudly displayed a crisp roll of banknotes, together with a pawnbroker's ticket. They hastened to the end table, and to their dismay, beheld that their companion had departed. In the cen-

tre of the spotless linen tablecloth, lay the tiny, silken gloves of the lady, to which the following short note was appended:

"To Tom! To John! Farewell!"

"Gentleman Jim wins!" breathed the baffled pair, their hands meeting across the table; and the bonds of a common suffering united them in a new and eternal friendship.

J. WARD FITZPATRICK, Academy '13.

## The Coming of the Frost

**W**HEN night had closed the lattice,  
 Along the village street  
 I heard the clank of iron mail,  
 The ring of steel-shod feet.

I drew the silken curtain by,  
 Between it peering forth;  
 And lo! beheld a wild gray knight  
 Fast riding from the North.

A snowy mist besprent the lawn,  
 The cottage roofs and hill;  
 His steed had nip't the gentle flowers,  
 With fear congealed the rill.

His trail is found upon the rail,  
 At dawn a gleam of white  
 That sparkles in the morning sun  
 Where he had passed at night.

He brought in wake the northern wraith,  
 Like cloud round courser fleet;  
 'Tis found broadcast on Nature's folds,  
 In vale and fair retreat.

EDWARD E. CAVERLY, '15.

## “The Merchant of Venice”

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THOUGH Shakespeare does not respect the rules of the unity of time and place, which are so assiduously adhered to by French and Grecian dramatists, he observes, in his finished works at least, a unity of far greater importance, namely, the unity of the moral lesson. He chooses a single moral, and every incident of the play serves to bring out its truth. Like a connoisseur exhibiting some precious article, he touches on this moral frequently, so that we may see it from a dozen different angles and view its various aspects, that by so doing we may be made to appreciate it all the more. Throughout the play Shakespeare depicts the various circumstances attendant upon the moral: if truth prevails there is joy, if dishonesty is triumphant all is sadness. However, in most of his plays, the author shows that in the end truth and honesty are victorious over their enemies, falsehood and deceit. Each character helps to bring out the lesson, and even the jester or clown, under his outward appearance of foolishness and buffoonery, illustrates the moral.

The moral lesson in “The Merchant of Venice” is the imperfection of the human law; and the author clearly shows that since the law is made and administered by man, and since man himself is fallible, the most carefully worded law may in its application be unjust. In other words, while the law is striving to grant justice, it may have the opposite effect, unless that virtue common to every law is observed, namely, moderation. When the law, on account of some defect, concedes a right, which in reality is an injustice, the possessor may adopt two courses, while there are three modes of procedure open to the person who is subject to the law. These five attitudes are represented by five of the principal characters:

1. Shylock, possessing the right to a pound of Antonio's flesh, claims it in violation of common justice.
2. The Duke of Venice, who could have put Shylock to death, refrains from doing so out of Christian charity.
3. Antonio, in the toils of the law, submits, but while submitting, he despairs.
4. Portia, on the other hand, submits to her fate with good grace.



5. Jessica refuses to submit at all to fate.

To begin, therefore, Shylock had the greatest right over Antonio that one man could have over a fellow-being. He has this right in virtue of his bond, and yet is not that bond one of the greatest injustices one man could do another? Yet Shylock demands the pound of flesh, saying that it is his in justice; he exclaims: "If you deny me justice, fie upon your law." This only serves to show Shylock's hypocritical character; however, this is not the only evidence we have of his hypocrisy, for he says: "What judgment shall I fear, doing no wrong?" and again he exclaims: "An oath, an oath; I have an oath in Heaven." Shylock justly deserves to have his name loaded with all possible opprobrium. Although Ulrici, a learned Shakespearian scholar, considers Shylock worthy of mercy, I cannot see how a man without any feeling of compassion, "a damned execrable dog" as Gratiano calls him, a usurer carried away by his two predominant passions, avarice and revenge, a father who does not even love his own daughter, can be in any way worthy of pity. In Shylock is to be found all that is mean; avarice, revenge, hypocrisy, flattery, hatred, mercilessness, want of paternal love, deceit and in fact everything that causes a man to be hated and despised by other men. Shylock is typical of those men who take advantage of circumstances to commit what might be called "legalized crime." To himself alone he admits his sordid motives, but before the world he professes to think that his actions are just.

Having discussed the character of the much hated Jew, we will now proceed to examine the character of the polished but energetic Antonio. Antonio is a perfect contrast to Shylock. Opposed to Shylock's vices are Antonio's virtues. Antonio, the friend of the poor and needy, was just, merciful, honest, generous, forgiving, liberal, friendly and charitable. He was loved by every one, except Shylock, for his readiness to assist those who were in want, and for his virtues in general. The one thing the reader can object to about Antonio is his melancholy disposition. Antonio considers that he is only his part in life when he yields to his dejection, and he tells this to Gratiano when he says:

"I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;  
A stage where every man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one."

Antonio appears to take a morbid pleasure in finding himself the victim of fate. Even in the time of his prosperity he is habitually sad. Though he could have escaped the forfeit of the bond by appealing to his friends for assistance, he does not do so, but rather seems to welcome the idea of approaching death. Antonio submits to his fate, but he lacks both the natural strength of Bassanio and the spiritual strength of Portia, for in submitting to his fate he gives way to despair.

Portia, on the other hand, neither resists her fate nor succumbs weakly to it. She rather leaves the outcome to Providence, convinced that those who act as their conscience dictates will succeed better than if they rebelled against their fate. She can make no free choice in her marriage, and has to leave it all to chance, because her father, who possessed a parental right over her, has willed it so. The injustice of this decree is at once apparent to the reader, but Portia acted according to her high sense of duty and observed her father's command to the letter. In Portia we find all that is to be particularly admired in a woman. She is truthful, generous, merciful, obedient, modest, witty, cheerful, and she is a friend in need. Although Portia was beautiful, she was not proud. We can see from the trial scene that she was highly cultured; and from the remark she makes when one of the suitors fails to choose the right casket we know that she has a remarkable gift of observation, for when Arragon fails in the choice of the caskets, she exclaims:

"O, these deliberate fools, when they do choose,  
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose."

From her court speech we may draw the conclusion that Portia herself was merciful; nor is this the only proof we have of her merciful and charitable disposition, for she says of herself:

"I never did repent of doing good,  
Nor shall not now."

But while we are considering the beautiful mistress of Belmont, the impetuous Bassanio, her ardent lover and suitor, must not be overlooked. Born of noble parents, he is at all times and in all places a gentleman, in the true sense of the word careless and a little unreliable, but ever courteous and polite. One of Bassanio's petty faults was his love of show; the reader learns this when he reads of his going to court Portia, preceded by a courier dressed in velvets and rich laces. But

this little fault is far outweighed by his good qualities, namely, his gallantry, faithfulness, truthfulness, manliness, courage, impetuosity, high-mindedness and devotion to his friend in his time of need. The thing that stands out most predominant in Bassanio's character is his independence, and next to his independence comes his impetuosity. Being of noble lineage, Bassanio refuses to entreat his enemy, Shylock, when the latter expresses doubt as to whether he could accommodate him. Bassanio neither succumbs to fate nor resigns himself to Providence, but on the contrary he believes in arranging affairs for himself. Of this we have plenty of proof, when at the court scene he attempts to console Antonio by exclaiming:

“Good cheer, Antonio. What, man, courage, yet.  
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all,  
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.”

The Duke, who might justly have put Shylock to death for conspiring against the life of a citizen of Venice, pardons him, in order that he may see the difference between Christian charity and that demon, revenge.

Jessica, lacking culture and religious training, escapes her fate by deceit and dishonesty. The want of education and of good company make her appear to poor advantage. However, with the necessary care and training she would soon become as cultured and refined as we could wish. She stole some of her father's money and spent it in revelry and in gratifying her whims, and she also eloped and married against her father's wishes. Though Jessica was, strictly speaking, bound to obey her father, still her actions are in some measure excusable, when we consider that her father had made her home “a hell,” as she affirms he did, and when we remember that she was not allowed to converse with the other inmates of the house or even “put her head out the window.”

When the reader has finished criticising the characters, the thing which is impressed upon him is the truth of the old Latin proverb “Summum jus, summa injuria” (the greatest right is the greatest wrong). Shylock had the greatest right over Antonio, in virtue of his bond. In direct contrast to Antonio is Bassanio, who is free. Again we have Portia's enforced submission to chance in the choice of a husband. The dissimilarity between Portia's position and that of Nerissa is evident.

Shylock possessed and exercised unlimited authority over Jessica, his daughter; and because he used his right without tempering it with moderation, she was forced to flee from his house. Her marriage was different from either Portia's or Nerissa's, yet probably more like Portia's, and therefore to be contrasted with Nerissa's.

The plot is quite probable throughout, and although rather complicated, as the author deals with many characters, still it can be easily followed if the reader is attentive. The movement is medium at some parts, rapid at others; and the interest is never permitted to flag, the author keeping it aroused by the way in which he arranges the characters. The story ends happily for everyone except Shylock, and he gets just what he deserves. The good receive their reward, the just their punishment. After all have been rewarded or punished, the fact which impresses itself upon the reader is, that without moderation all human law makes tyrants of its administrators, and drives those subject to it either to rebellion or despair.

IGNATIUS WALSH, Academy '13.

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## The Greek

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Long years ago there dwelt a shepherd race  
 Upon the blue Egean's sea-girt isles,  
 Who basked the long warm day in Phoebus' smiles  
 Tending their flocks at some huge mountain's base.  
 Pipers to Pan were they, and loved to trace  
     The doom that swept o'er Ilion's lofty piles,  
     Or Hector's valor, or Ulysses' wiles,  
 The infamy of Paris, fair of face.

Untaught were they; but through their simple eyes,  
     Transmuting nature into gods divine,  
 The wiser world yet learns in glad surprise;  
     And from their lips in rippling flow did spill  
     A mellow liquid language sweet, which still  
 Re-echoes praise unto the gifted Nine.

JOSEPH W. BYRNES, '15.



## Editorial

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Any person who is not wholly lacking in all sentiments and feelings of honor and pride receives a certain amount of WORK satisfaction from the knowledge that he is doing good work. The student in the school-room feels joyful, because he knows that he is applying himself earnestly and conscientiously to his studies. It is the same in other occupations; when an employer approves of the endeavors of a young man, the youth appreciates his commendations all the more if he knows that he really deserves the approbation of those for whom he is laboring. Honor is empty unless it is merited, and satisfaction comes not from the spoils of victory but from victory itself. If we would experience true gladness of heart, let us labor diligently to be truly worthy of the reward offered us. for the greatest satisfaction in life is the testimony of a good conscience.

IGNATIUS WALSH, Academy '13.

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We should never allow a friend to go out of our lives if we can by any possibility prevent it. If slights are given, FRIENDS let them be overlooked. If misunderstandings arise, let them be quickly set right. Friendship is too rare and sacred a treasure to be thrown away lightly. And yet many persons are not careful to retain their friends. Some are lost through inattention, or the failure to maintain those little amenities, courtesies and kindnesses which cost so little, and yet are hooks of steel to bind fast our friends. Some drop old friends for new ones. Some take offense easily at fancied slights. Some become impatient of little faults, and discard even the truest of friends. Those who are thus incapable of

any deep and permanent affection, are like birds that hop from bough to bough, but make no nest for their hearts.

PATRICK J. MOONEY, Academy '13.

In my opinion, there is no one more worthy of hatred and contempt than that destroyer of all friendly ties, HYPOCRISY the hypocrite. We find him everywhere; and often, if we examine closely, we find him even among those who call themselves our friends.

The hypocrite cultivates and flatters you while you are fortunate, but when adversity comes he deserts and forgets you. He can be trusted neither with your secrets nor with your reputation. Men have always despised him; even Christ did during his sojourn on earth. The most despicable thing about him is the fact that he conceals his real sentiments, and that thus shielded by false appearances he is often unknowingly tolerated.

But better than the effort to unmask others is the attempt to purify the motives that actuate us in our dealings with others, that we may have nothing in common with that most despicable of cowards and that craftiest of deceivers, the hypocrite.

JOHN ELWARD, Academy '13.

It sometimes happens (not here, of course, but in the lowest classes of society) that if a person makes it a point ETIQUETTE to cultivate courtesy and politeness, he is overwhelmed by the ridicule of his companions. Now etiquette is something that we all ought to know, and if we do not, we should begin at once to learn it. Society requires goodness, patience, gentleness and forbearance; therefore courtesy should be taught from the nursery days up, and ought not to be omitted in school. All rudeness marks a man as ignorant, selfish or revengeful. Even the manner or position in which one sits brings either credit or discredit; loud talking or laughing in the presence of others is ill-bred even when it is not positively annoying. It may require some effort to master the rules of etiquette, but it is undoubtedly worth one's while to do so; lack of courtesy is not only an obstacle to success, but it reflects directly on our parents and other superiors.

RIGNEY J. SACKLEY, Academy '13.



"Damon and Pythias," presented during Christmas week at Powers' Theatre, will undoubtedly go down in history as one of the College's greatest achievements in this line of endeavor. The play was a complete success from every standpoint; the cast was equal to any which ever represented St. Ignatius on the boards, and the efforts of the actors called forth bursts of spontaneous applause from the audience at every climax. William O'Brien, Frederick Reeve, Leq Ryan and Thomas O'Brien made on this occasion their last appearance before a College audience. Each one read his part with all the energy and feeling possible. James Fitzgerald as Pythias carried the audience with him from the start; George J. Zahringer as Philistius, and Edward V. Walsh as the burly demagogue Procles, rose superior to the exacting requirements of their respective parts.

Those mentioned above have long been familiar figures on the platform and the stage, and it is unnecessary to refer again to the special merits of each. Among the young actors brought out on this occasion were Leo Dunne, William Horgan and Malcolm Boyle. The two former, as Hermion, the wife of Damon, and Calanthe, the bride of Pythias, deserve the highest praise for the delicacy, grace and dignity with which they interpreted their difficult roles. Malcolm Boyle made a very favorable impression as Damon's son.

A third performance was given on the afternoon of January sixth, on which occasion we had the honor of entertaining over a thousand Eighth Grade boys from the various Parochial Schools of the city. Although the hall was sufficiently well heated, the actors in their thin costumes suffered acutely behind

the scenes. Despite this drawback, and the enforced absence of Mr. McGillan, there was no diminution in the spirit of the actors, and the play was thoroughly enjoyed by the young audience.

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When the students met on February 3 for the reading of marks, Fr. Alexander J. Burrowes, who had just completed his fourth year as President of the University, announced that he had been summoned to St. Louis to assume the heavy burden of President of St. Louis University. While the student body feels honored in the promotion of Fr. Burrowes to so responsible a position, there is a feeling of regret that he could not remain to complete the work so ably begun. Under his administration St. Ignatius College expanded into University dimensions. Courses of medicine, law, pharmacy and engineering were added, and extensive improvements were made in the physical and chemical laboratories at the College. Fr. Burrowes encouraged every form of College activity; musical, literary, athletic and even social events received his hearty support. Although by temperament affable and conciliatory, he was prepared, when occasion arose, to defend vigorously the rights of the University. His successor has not as yet been appointed.

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The Band, although reorganized only a few months ago, is progressing rapidly, and will probably be in a position to provide music at the games when the baseball season reaches us. Three or four instruments are lying idle, but we hope not for long, as it would reflect little credit on the ambition and spirit of the students if out of five hundred four volunteers could not be found.

The Orchestra is also rounding into shape. All students who can play an instrument, or who desire to learn one, are encouraged to attend the rehearsals, which are held regularly on Tuesday during the noon intermission. Both the Band and the Orchestra are under the direction of Prof. Charles Wolf, one of the foremost musicians of the city.



A new magazine, entitled "The Maroon and Gold" made its initial appearance last Friday. The printing establishment is located in the old Sanctum, which was rarely used after the opening of the College Club. A number of students from Fourth and Third High are interested in the enterprise. A press and the necessary supplies have been purchased, and some very excellent work has already been turned out by "The Loyola Press Association."

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The College Club has continued the practice of giving an occasional lecture during the last period on Saturday afternoon. Harry P. Beam gave a reading from "The Ancient Mariner," William Dooley entertained with a sketch of Napoleon, and William O'Brien read an account of a trip through the Rockies.

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The Junior Prom, held at the Kenrose Club on Monday, February 19, was a pronounced success. The hall was tastefully decorated with numerous pennants from the different departments. No detail was overlooked by the committee in charge. In addition to a large number of University and College students, many friends of the institution attended; and all united in declaring that the event rivalled the Senior Prom of last year, and had set a standard which the Seniors of this year would find it difficult to surpass.

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Announcement has been made by the managers that The Collegian intends to reward generously those who take an active interest in its advertising plan. The work already accomplished has been very satisfactory; but The Collegian is not content to exist; it desires to *grow*. The credit of the University requires that its official organ be at least equal to the best. Our magazine is read in almost every State in the Union, and copies are sent to England, Germany, Switzerland and even to Rome itself. To all these readers The Collegian is indicative not only of the standing of the University, but also of the talent, energy and spirit possessed by the young generation of Chicagoans. Loyalty and civic pride should prompt every student to do

something to further the work. If these motives fail, self-respect should come to the rescue; for just as a man would hesitate to appear on the streets without a collar, so he ought to be ashamed to pose for life as the product of a school which contained only useless and unsightly "clinkers." The football and baseball teams could be supported for two years on the money required to issue *The Collegian* for one. If every loyal student will resolve to put himself to some slight inconvenience once during the year, we shall have a magazine of which we can justly be proud.

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#### LOYOLA ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION.

After the Christmas recess, the work of the society was taken up with the vigor that always makes for success. Writing after a period of two months it is a pleasure to record the consistent efforts of the participants in the weekly sessions.

January 10—Our legislation should be shaped towards the abandonment of the protective tariff. Affirmative, Messrs. Garland and W. O'Brien. Negative,\* Messrs. Burke and Berghoff.\*\*

January 17—The Federal Government should grant subsidies to American ship-owners engaged in our foreign trade. Affirmative, Messrs. Regan and T. O'Brien. Negative,\* Messrs. Dooley and Fitzgerald.\*\*

January 24—The right of suffrage should be extended to women. Affirmative, Messrs. Hayes and W. Bowe. Negative, Messrs. Fitzgerald and Reeve. (Preliminary to debate with Loyola Law School.)

January 31—There should be a readjustment of power between Federal and State Governments in the direction of further centralization. Affirmative, Messrs. Zahringer and Ryan.\*\* Negative,\* Messrs. Holley and Colnon.

February 2—The semi-public debate between the L. O. A. and the Loyola Law School was held at the Academy Auditorium on the evening of the second. Mr. Jos. Bigane assisted by Miss Loretto Reeve favored the audience with vocal selections. A string sextette added considerably to the pleasure of the evening by their rendition of some of the popular College pieces. The debate followed.

Messrs. Augustine Bowe, John O'Connor and Irwin Hasten of the Law School defended the proposition that "the right of suffrage should be extended to women." Messrs. James Fitzgerald, Windhorst, Berghoff and Frederick Reeve opposed the gentlemen of the affirmative. By request no decision was rendered, but the upholders of the negative and their friends were quite satisfied.

February 7—The commission form of civil government should be adopted by American cities. Affirmative,\*\* Messrs. Bellock and John Hayes.\*\* Negative, Messrs. Streysman and Walsh.

February 14—The Monroe Doctrine as a principle of foreign policy should be allowed to lapse. Affirmative,\*\* Messrs. L. Hayes and Donohue.\* Negative, Messrs. Regan and W. O'Brien.

The schedule for the rest of the term has been completed. No item has awakened more enthusiasm than the event of the afternoon of February 28th, the day on which the orator to represent the association at the State Oratorical Contest will be chosen by competition.

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\*Awarded the decision. \*\*First in point of merit.

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### Medical Notes

It is with sorrow that we note the death of Dr. Hugh Blake Williams, who had been Professor of Otology and Rhino-Laryngology for many years. In Dr. Williams, Bennett has lost a great man, a great teacher, and a great doctor. He was what we might almost call a genius. Only those who have come in contact with him, can realize the loss, the medical school has sustained. Representatives of the Faculty and of the student body attended the funeral services and in the name of all wished the deceased doctor a peaceful rest.

The Bennett faculty was well represented at the Civil Service examination for the attending staff at the Cook County Hospital. The doctors did not take the examination for any financial motives, but to show the standard of the Bennett faculty.

Dr. Beck, who has a wide reputation in eye, ear, nose and throat work, is to take the place of the late Dr. H. B. Williams.

One of the faculty will soon step into prominence as an author. Dr. Robertson is busy compiling a book on surgery. The work will be thoroughly up-to-date and will touch on many points that have never been considered before in such a text book.

The new hospital fund has been growing rapidly. So far about \$20,000 have been raised. It is the intention to build the hospital in connection with the medical school.

Dr. O'Connor, Professor of Pathology and Bacteriology, has organized a post graduate course in those branches which he teaches at Bennett. The American College of Pathology and Bacteriology is the name of the newly founded school. Although in its infancy the school is growing rapidly, and at present has a large attendance. The Bennett faculty is represented in this school by Dr. Rankin, Dr. Funkhouser, Dr. Stober, who is also the Cook County Pathologist, and Dr. Reinhardt.

The Juniors are working hard to make the first issue of the Bennett Year Book a success. This undertaking has been well supported by the faculty, and it seems as if the Juniors' wish will be fulfilled.

The Freshman Class is at present discussing a class dance, which will be given some time in May.

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### Engineering Notes

The engineers started the second semester of their freshman year with more energy and enthusiasm than they did their first. On January 31st the Engineering Society with the following officers: Hunter, president; Koebele, vice-president; Spiegel, secretary; Duhig, treasurer; Mancini, Collegian representative; Goppelsroeder, athletic manager; Nick Saigh, cheer leader.

The College of Engineering started out with a membership of eight, but by the end of the semester several others had been enrolled, among whom were Henry Eifler and Kramer. With the opening of the second half were added the names of Saigh, McCaughy, Schmitt, who came from St. Ignatius and of Murph, from St. Cyril. Rockett, Spiegel, Hunter and Mancini,

are the others in the class who originally came from St. Ignatius.

Nick Saigh had before this taken up Engineering at the Michigan School but getting homesick or rather "Loyola sick" came back, thereby fulfilling Father Lyons' prophecy that he would be back before the end of the year. Mancini had spent a year at Lane after finishing the academic course here and got an attack of the same malady.

De Paul, St. Cyril, Lake Tech., Austin, Chicago Heights, Township High, have furnished the rest of the members.

—JOS. J. MANCINI.

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### Loyola Academy Notes

Since the last chronicle of Loyola Academy notes many events have "transpired," as the poet says. Thus, the students attended in a body the first anniversary High Mass for Mr. Michael Cudahy, celebrated in St. Ignatius Church by the Reverend President of the University.

A Carrara marble statue of the Blessed Virgin, the gift of Mrs. Mary Turck, was erected in the main corridor. The figure which beautifully symbolizes Mary as the "Mother of Grace" was chiseled in the De Prato studio of Pietrasanto, Italy.

The students enjoyed an illustrated lecture on the Passion Play of Oberammergau, given by the Prefect of Studies, who witnessed the play last year and brought home with him many excellent slides.

At the Christmas distribution the Academy Orchestra under the direction of Professor George Hrusha, made its first appearance. The class leaders were Edward Amberg, Morrell Taylor, Francis De Haye, Joseph Wischemeyer, Walker Butler and Harry Baumer.

On January 9th the Academy building was illuminated for an important event—the athletic banquet. At 7 o'clock forty and two lusty athletes began an assault on the heavy-laden tables and soon the abundant food supplies disappeared. Just forty minutes were needed for the stunt, then the diners adjourned to the hall for the election of football and baseball captains. The results made James J. O'Connor and Edward J.

Amber, respectively, the forthcoming leaders of the pigskin and the horse hide. Speech making and the conferring of letters followed. Mr. Ryan then announced that owing to his new duties in the Chemical department he would no longer have charge of the Academy athletics and that Mr. Lorenz would succeed him in the office. It was a shock and a regret to the boys, but they were reconciled because they are assured that Mr. Lorenz will emulate Mr. Ryan's keen interest in their affairs.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated for the first time in the Cudahy Hall, on February the 2nd, the feast of the Purification and also the First Friday. Rev. John J. Donohoe was the celebrant. In the afternoon the Sacred Heart devotions were also held in the new Chapel, which will likewise be the meeting place of the Academy Sodality.

#### BASKETBALL.

With the return of all the members of last year's squad and the addition of several new stars, this season promises to be the most successful in our history. Manager Casey has secured games with St. Viateurs, Morgan Park Academy, Evanston High, University School, and games are pending with Evanston Academy, Hyde Park High, Lake Forest Academy and other recognized schools.

#### LOYOLA 58, UNIVERSITY SCHOOL 7.

In the opening game Loyol easily defeated the University School five. At the end of the first half, Coach Brennan sent in the second team but this did not make any great difference in the score.

#### LOYOLA 44, ST. IGNATIUS 9.

On Jan. 18th we overwhelmed St. Ignatius, in a loosely played game on our floor. Although greatly weakened by the loss of E. McDonough and Amberg, who were protested at the last minute, we won handily. Charles McDonough made twelve baskets.

#### LOYOLA 26, ST. VIATEURS 25.

On Jan. 20th, the Loyola team, accompanied by half a hundred loyal rooters, journeyed to Kankakee to play the first real game of the season. The game was "nip and tuck" from start to

finish. At the end of the first half Loyola led by 7 points, but the home team came back strong and threatened to win. The brilliant basket shooting of Eddie McDonough was the factor in deciding the contest.

LOYOLA (2nd year) 23, DePAUL (2nd year) 12.

In an interesting game played on the home floor Loyola, second year team, easily won from De Paul second year representatives. The scoring honors for Loyola went to Gorman, while Faherty starred for the visitors.

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### The Matin Song

Gray were the fields in the cool hush of dawn;  
 Idly I strolled till I happened to see  
 A plough boy trudge whistling loud up the lawn,  
 Barefoot and sturdy and joyously free,  
     Merrily carolling over the lea.

Onward he hastened and mounted the hill  
 Welcoming day with spontaneous glee;  
 O'er it he vanished and left me, but still  
 Clear floated backward his whistle to me,  
     Merrily carolling over the lea.

JOSEPH W. BYRNES, '15.

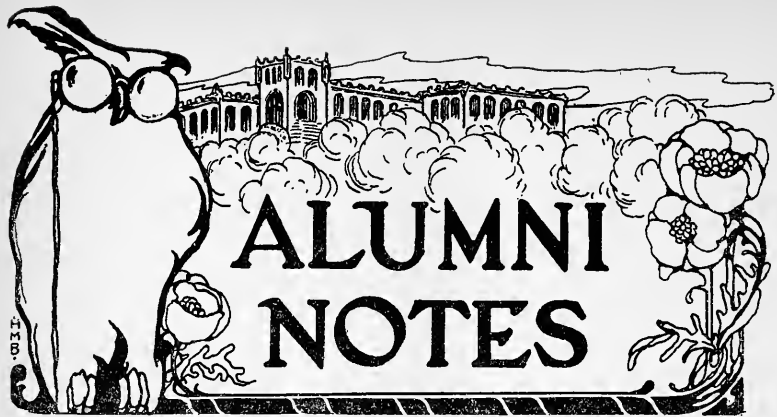
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### Violets

O violets sweet, demure,  
     Are ye true sons of spring,  
 That haste the world to assure  
     Of the coming of your king?

Or are ye castles gay,  
     Where dwell the fairies bright,  
 That sleep away the day,  
     And wait the call of night?

JAMES J. NOONAN, '15.



Wednesday evening, January 24th, the Loyola Alumni Association held its annual business meeting. The election of officers took place with no opposition to the nominated ticket. Dr. Edward F. Garraghan was elected President, and Mr. Michael Ahern, Recording Secretary. Mr. Joseph H. Finn, the retiring President, delivered a farewell speech, as did Mr. Theodore E. Cornell, the Recording Secretary. Mr. Edward Sinnott rendered a few selections on the piano, and Mr. Louis Sayre gave a humorous account of his reminiscences of the College "jug."

The subject of the proposed College Dormitory and Alumni Gymnasium was then introduced by Mr. Joseph Finn. Fr. Lyons then made a stirring appeal to all present to assist in these projected improvements. The Dormitory, he said, is indispensable, both as an incentive for students to come out for athletics, since it will place them within convenient distance of the campus; and also as an accommodation for the increasing number of out-of-town students, who can find no desirable boarding-places in the city. The Dormitory, with restaurant attached, would, under careful management, soon become self-supporting.

Fr. Lyons declared in emphatic words that Loyola had taken a great stride forward, and must continue to be progressive; but that co-operation was necessary, and that such co-operation must come from the Alumni Association. He cited St. Mary's College, Kansas, as an example of Alma Mater loyalty, where, in a single year, a memorial chapel costing \$30,000 was erected, the money being contributed by three hundred



alumni, who gave \$100 each. Fr. Burrowes and Fr. Spalding spoke on other aspects of the same question.

The meeting was next favored by the unexpected, but certainly well-received talks of Mr. Harmon, Loyola's athletic coach, and Prof. Newton, Dean of the Engineering School. Both spoke briefly but emphatically and to the point. Mr. Harmon asserted that owing to lack of funds the football team in its out-of-town games travelled with the equipment and comforts of a second-rate High School team, and exhorted the alumni to direct their efforts towards the bettering of such conditions. Mr. Newton also emphasized the handicap he was under because of his inability to hold out inducements to out-of-town students desiring to take up engineering, and declared that a College Dormitory would be an ideal remedy for the situation.

Although it was a splendidly enthusiastic meeting, it is to be regretted that a much larger gathering was not present to hear the speeches and realize Loyola's great opportunities for the future and the necessity of persistent, concerted help to make her what she is slowly rising to be, the greatest University in the West.

Near the close of the meeting Mr. Joseph Finn made a motion that the President appoint a committee of seven to investigate the matter discussed. The committee has been appointed, and has held three meetings with most gratifying results. A considerable sum has been raised, and a much larger sum pledged. All whom the committee have approached on the subject are enthusiastic, and promise their hearty co-operation and financial support.

'10. The Class of '10 held its first reunion on Thursday evening, December 28, 1911. There were present twenty-seven former members of the class. After partaking of the sumptuous banquet, speeches were in order. Mr. Francis A. Furlong acted as toastmaster. In a few well-chosen remarks he stated that certain members of the class had set on foot a movement for the promotion of athletics in the University, and that at this meeting some start was to be made. He called upon Mr. Thos. Q. Beesley to tell the gathering how athletics and other activities are supported by the alumni of Princeton University. Mr. Beesley told of the live interest taken by both undergraduates and alumni in all college activities; how they crowd to the

games; how they raise money by classes and decades of classes for various purposes; how they are on the lookout for promising material for the different athletic squads; in a word, how they are "live wires" in everything that tends to promote the work and prestige of the University. Mr. A. J. Bowe, was next called upon. He declared that something should be done; that now was the time to get busy and do, and do it effectively, and the Class of 1910 would begin the work. He proposed that those present raise as large a sum as possible, to be paid before the next meeting of the Alumni Association, and at this meeting lay the matter before the Association for its consideration and action. This was agreed upon. A substantial sum was pledged, and the meeting adjourned with the rare good feeling that the Class of '10 had initiated a work that would help to put Loyola in the forefront of educational institutions in the West.

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### A Fancy

The sunbeams float  
On the misty air,  
Each a fairy boat  
With a fairy pair.

They sail o'er lands  
That are always bright;  
And they sail in bands  
With their burdens light.

When the clouds come out,  
And the shadows fall,  
Then the fairies moor  
By my garden wall.

They leave their ships;  
And they fly away  
From my garden slips  
To woodland play.

NORBERT R. THORNTON, '15.

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The Academy basketball team opened its season with a victory on December 16th, 1911, when they defeated the Farragut High School team by the score of 38 to 28. This looked promising, but the new year seemed to bring them ill luck.

The first game of the year 1912 was played in our gym Wednesday, January 10, with the Chicago Teachers' College team. The husky school masters handed the Academy quintet a small size lemon in the score of 16 to 13. The game was hard fought, but the superior team work of the Collegians asserted itself.

Monday, January 15, our boys once more defeated Farragut High and in this game, the Academy players showed that they still had a lot of pep, when they won by the score of 17 to 8.

The day was cold, the ground was covered with several inches of snow, the frigid lake breeze rattled through the trees. Such was Thursday, January 18, when the St. Ignatius basketball team played Loyola Academy in the North Side gym. Zahringer scored the first basket of the game and Red Hartigan quickly followed with another. Everything looked good to the Academy fans, but the Loyola boys soon showed their real form, and the final whistle found the score 44 to 9 in their favor. Eddie McDonough, who got 12 baskets, was the man who won the game for the North Siders.

The next game was played on Thursday, January 25, in the Normal gym with the Parker High team. This was a great day at Parker High for the members of the basketball team received their school emblem and this may account for the 40-18 defeat, they handed our boys.

St. Cyril's College team visited our gym on Wednesday, January 31, and defeated the Academy quintet by the score of 20 to 13. The game was stubbornly fought, but the Collegians managed to return to the South Side victors.

We have to admit that the Academy team has lost a goodly number of games, but when we consider the inexperience of the players and the caliber of the teams they have met, we are satisfied that they have done their best.

---

Although the Academy has lost many of its games, the second team, commonly known as the Laurels, has won most of their contests. The first game was won from the fast St. Cyrils Tyros, who went down to defeat at the hands of our young players, the score of 16 to 11. The second game of the schedule with the Hamlin A. C. was the only one lost by the Laurels up to the present time. The third and fourth games were played with the Douglas A. C., who were defeated by the scores of 28 to 7 and 14 to 1. That fast aggregation known as the Clipper A. C. was the next to suffer defeat from our young lightweights when they went away with a score of 13 to 4. The Laurels next entertained the Beta A. C. and beat them to the tune of 22 to 13. The seventh act was with the Clippers whom, by the score of 16 to 9, the Laurels succeeded in scalping for the second time. The Tyros received their second lemon from the Laurels on February 12, when they were defeated by the score of 10 to 7.

---

The following notes from Loyola Academy were received too late for insertion in their proper place.—Editor.

#### LOYOLA (57) vs. WHEATON ACADEMY (20)

On February 10th, the squad played and won its fourth game by defeating Wheaton on the latter's floor. The fast and systematic passing of Loyola was the feature of the game, and completely bewildered the Wheaton players.

#### LOYOLA (78) vs. ST. VIATOR'S (25)

The first game with St. Viator's played at St. Viator's was won by only one point. On February 12th, however, St. Viator's met with a more disastrous defeat on the Loyola floor.

Many of Loyola's subs replaced the regulars during the second half.

### LOYOLA (44) vs. WHEATON ACADEMY (13).

On February 14th the Wheaton Academy squad, assisted by three Wheaton College players, put up a better fight in the Loyola play-hall than they had done four days previous on their own floor. But they were helpless against Loyola's swift passing and accurate shooting. Line-up:

Loyola		Wheaton	
Ed. McDonough	..... R. G.	.....	Trompeter
Ed. Amberg	..... L. G.	.....	Smith
B. Lichter	..... C.	.....	Enlow
R. Murphy	..... R. F.	.....	Cork, Welden
Chas. McDonough	..... L. F.	.....	Mills

Goals from field: Chas. McDonough (6), Ed. McDonough (5), Lichter (5), R. Murphy (3), Ed. Amberg, Mills (3), Trompeter, Smith, Welden.

Goals from free throw: Murphy (4). Enlow.

Referee: Lyman. Umpire: Harnett.

### LOYOLA (17) vs. EVANSTON HIGH (8).

The most thrilling game of the season was played on February 17th in the Evanston Y. M. C. A. It was a hard fought game from start to finish. Neither side succeeded in completing any of its plays. But the star playing of Capt. Murphy and the two McDonoughs, and the careful guarding of Ed. Amberg, together with Barny's jump won the game for Loyola. This victory makes Loyola champions of the Academies and High Schools of Chicago. Line-up:

Loyola		Evanston High	
R. Murphy	..... R. F.	.....	R. Woods
Chas. McDonough	..... L. F.	.....	Butterfield, Cook
B. Lichter	..... C.	.....	Schwall
Ed. McDonough	..... R. G.	.....	Bristow
Ed. Amberg	..... L. G.	.....	Ellingwood

Goals from field: Ed. McDonough (4), R. Murphy (2), Chas. McDonough; R. Woods (2). Free throws: Chas. McDonough (3), Woods (4). Referee: Hayn. Umpire: Murphy.

Loyola has entered the Third Annual Central States Basket Ball Championship Tournament to be held in the Evanston Y. M. C. A. on March 7, 8 and 9. We hope the team will not disappoint its admirers.

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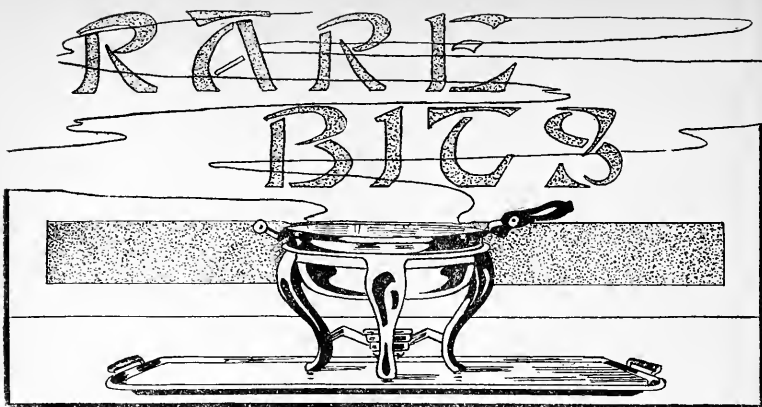
### The Cry of the Wind

There is something sad in the wind's low cry,  
A mournful murmur, which seems to sigh  
For things long past, for things long dead,  
For work undone, for words unsaid—  
    Alas! for the mournful cry of the wind.

Still more it speaks of distant lands,  
Of sun-lit climes, of wave-kissed sands;  
Of woodlands decked in nature's garb,  
Of plains unknown to the cruel blast's barb—  
    Yearning, indeed, is the cry of the wind.

Weirdly prophetic broods the wind's low moan;  
There is something of fate in its measured tone;  
Bright dreams vanish, false doubts reign;  
Ambition is palsied, fair Hope's on the wane,  
    When low moans the cry of the howling wind.

EARL KING, '15.



Earl Healy (at present sojourning in Kansas), writes that the farmers out there seem never to be without "kindling" and that they have local proverb to the effect that: "'Tis an ill wind that blows no wood."

\* \* \*

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT BEGGAR-MAN.

IN ONE PART.

Part I.

It is an ancient Beggar-man  
 And he stoppeth one of three  
 "By thy scraggy beard and watery eye  
 Now wherefore stopps't thou me?"

The cafe doors are open'd wide  
 And I would hasten in  
 The boys are met. the glasses set  
 Mays't hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
 "Give me a dime," whined he.  
 "Hold off! unhand me, thou old wreck!"  
 Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his watery eye—  
 'Till he gives up the dime  
 And listens like a three years' child  
 He will—some other time?  
 (With profuse apologies wherever necessary.)

\* \* \*

The following is alleged to have occurred in one of the High School rooms—courtesy prevents us from specifying which.

Inquisitive youngster, during catechism class: "Father, suppose a man who wants to commit suicide takes enough poison to kill him, but suppose he should linger for an hour and should make a good act of contrition—is there any hope for him?"

Deep voice (from the back of the room): "There's no hope—he'll die sure!"



It's getting to be quite a fad to compile a list of the "Twenty Greatest" somethings or other. Not to be outdone we "crowd sail" to register ours:

## THE TWENTY GREATEST SOURCES OF ARGUMENT.

- 1-15. Constitution of the United States.
16. "Damon and Pythias."
17. Walker's "Political Economy."
18. Henry Ward Beecher.
19. Declaration of Independence.
20. "B. L. T."

\* \* \*

"Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows," said the man sick in bed with tonsillitis.

\* \* \*

## APHORISMS OF SAMMY SOLOMAN, JR.

A fool and his wife are soon parted.  
 As a man "stalls," so shall he lie.  
 Levity is the soul of wit.  
 Necessity is the mother of convention.  
 Examinations are odious.  
 Inexperience is the best preacher.  
 If wishes were nickels, beggars would ride.  
 Don't put all your fresh eggs in one safe.  
 He jests at cigars who never had a smoke.  
 "Fingers were made before forks"—  
 but not your fingers.

GEORGE J. ZAHNINGER, '13.

## Sunset Land

Oft have I seen the azure western skies  
 Transfigured at the coming of their lord;  
 But ne'er till now has the wondrous, unexplored,  
 Enchanted land of sunset thrilled my eyes.  
 Bathed in a gulf of piercing blue it lies,  
 'Mid glorious floating islands, silver-shored;  
 The crimson radiance each profound fiord  
 And snowy peak with awful splendor dyes.

My being swims in raptured, pure delight;  
 And thronging joys my fancy overwhelm.  
 Oh! how I wish, e'er swift-approaching night  
 Forever sweeps away the fairy scene,  
 A rainbow's arch might span the space between,  
 That o'er it I might gain that phantom realm.

JOSEPH W. BYRNES, '15.

# Daubs in Doggerel

## THE AUTHOR'S WISH.

In Daubs in Doggerel I'd excel,  
I would assume the cap and bell;  
Fain would I banish irksome prose,  
Transform my cabbage to a rose,  
My sonnet to a villanelle.

Away with tragic masks! Expel  
All save the Muses who impel  
The laughing charm that never flows  
In Daubs in Doggerel.

In vain! The students know too well  
Old port from sparkling muscatel;  
My triolets, ballades, rondeaus,  
Will not adopt the jocund pose,  
And are, too true, I grieve to tell,  
But Daubs in Doggerel.

\* \* \*

In the recent excavations which have been conducted by German archeologists in the immediate neighborhood of Thibet, a bronze chest was lately unearthed which on being opened was found to contain a great lot of manuscript written in Chinese script. Because of my reputation for being the foremost Chinese scholar now living, Herr Brümmelein, who was in charge of the work, kindly remitted these documents to me. The greater part of them crumbled at my touch, but in the center of the roll, I discovered a fairly legible story and a few poems. After careful study, I found to my delight that they were the works of the great Chinese philosopher, poet, and metaphysicist, Kste Ki-Kiang. The first poem I translated was as follows:—

## THE QUESTION.

By the black toes of Buddha!  
Here's Humor's (?) coffer  
All gorged with gain,  
To open who dares offer?  
It's key is Pain.

\* \* \*

This next poem I translated I made up-to-date by substituting a conductor for a carrier of a sedan chair.

## THE WISE CONDUCTOR.

There was a conductor who ran on Broadway;  
The pay he received was a two-spot a day.  
But he kept all he got, and got all he could,  
Plugged right along and just simply sawed wood.  
He was frugal and thrifty and 'tended to biz—  
A mighty good business, this buisness of his—  
To prove that it was, about two weeks ago,  
He bought a building down in Park Row.

Say never a word! I can guess what you think.  
 Sure; he gave the road the hinkey, dink-dink.  
 If twenty got on he would register eight;  
 When the company "got on" he was out of the state.

\* \* \*

The following poem I also treated in the same manner, although I confess that the Chinese idiom made it rather difficult.

THE DIRGE OF THE "SENATORS" AND "SOLDIERS."

We yell our little yells, and we act our little act,  
 And then the play goes on again and we are left behind;  
 'Tis but a little minute that such as we are in it,  
 And then we flit like sleepy ghosts before the morning wind.

Yet all concede, I ween, we help make up the scene,  
 As soldiers or as senators of ancient Italy,  
 With our crude gesticulations, and pathetic imitations  
 Of the actions of our betters who are artists of degree.

And the public likely thinks, that we shout, perhaps, for drinks,  
 Or a paltry half a dollar that may keep us through the day;  
 They are thinking of the star and the bloody scimitar  
 Or if the leading ladies own the dresses in the play.

Eheu! the mighty sage said: "Life is but a stage!"  
 And stars are few, one rarely sees a perfect luminary;  
 Then as we can't be stars, we'll avoid whatever mars  
 And behave as common mortals like the supernumerary.

\* \* \*

The following poem, strange as it may seem, is translated literally. It was evidently written about the time of Confucius when business flourished.

DEAF AND BLIND.

There was a man in our town, as deaf as he was wise;  
 He jumped into a brier bush and scratched out both his eyes.  
 As he could neither see nor hear, he lost his job as lector,  
 But seven corporations, each elected him director.

\* \* \*

This is the end of the translations of Kste Ki-Kiang. He had his shortcomings. Buddah knows, but then in our charity let us forgive him. May he forever rest in peace and enjoy anon with the shades, an opium pipe or two.

\* \* \*

Good-bye, Friends! Ring three times for ice water!

J. AARON COLNON, '14.

## Youth

---

Sweet Rose, whose dainty petals blush,  
    With fair Aurora's richest hue;  
O queen of flowers, whose crimson flush  
    Is kissed by cool and sparkling dew;  
Why dost thou flaunt with proud disdain  
    Thy head of haughty grace,  
When soon thy beauty all shalt wane  
    From out thy smiling face?

And thou, fair youth, with cheeks aglow,  
    With carefree heart and cheerful song;  
Blest season of life, that knows not woe,  
    Within whose being no cares belong;  
Why boast the gifts that thou dost prize,  
    While schemes relentless time  
To steal the fire from out thine eyes,  
    And blanch thee in thy prime?

LAMBERT K. HAYES, '15.

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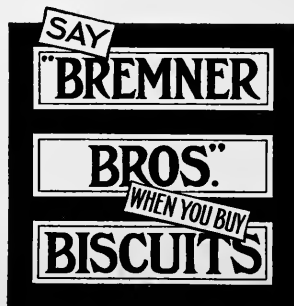
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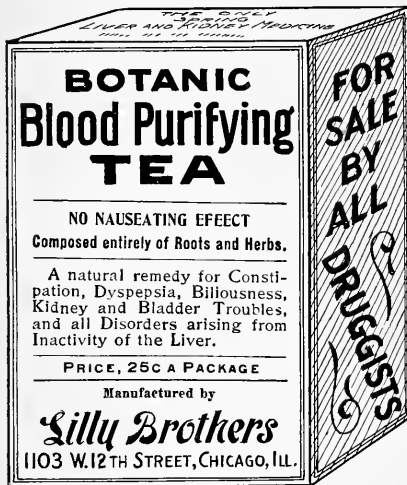
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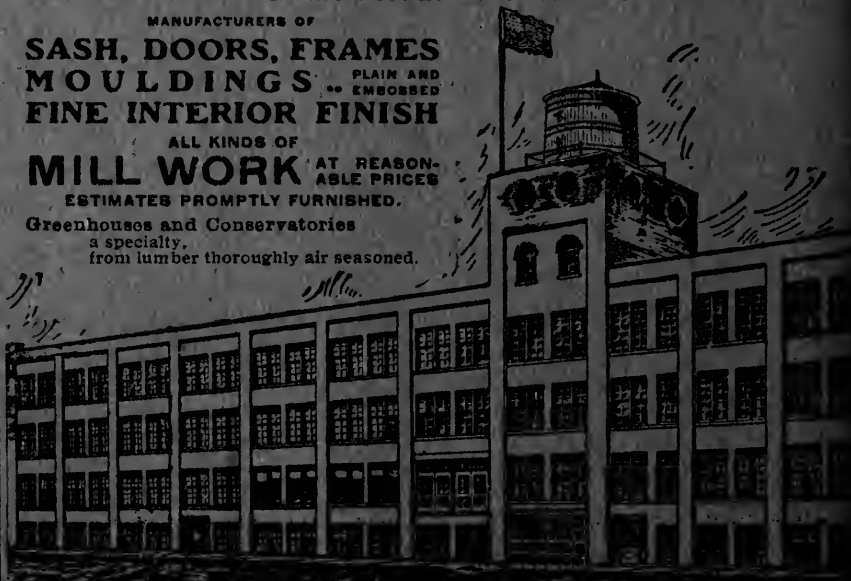
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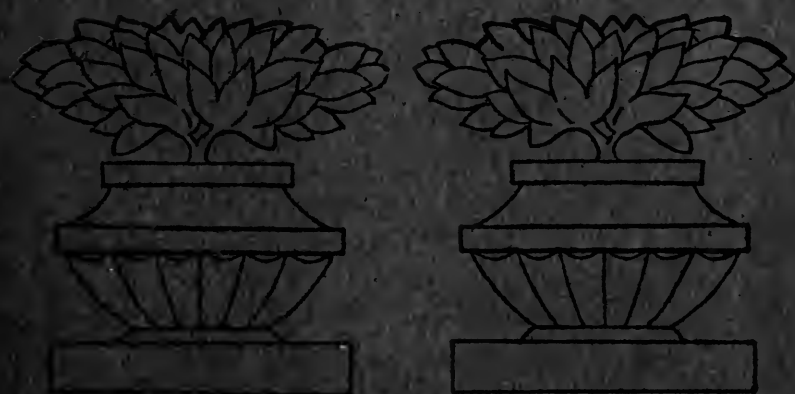


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No. 4.

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MADONNA

# The St. Ignatius Collegian

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Vol. XI.

Chicago, Ill., May 1912.

No. 4

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## The Gloaming

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'Tis so brief,  
Yet how sweet in its briefness,  
This hour void of worry and care;  
When the grief  
Of the day and its turmoil,  
Have fled on the still dusky air.

Now I snatch  
A few moments of respite,  
As I banish the cares of the day;  
And dispatch  
From my mind all the pleasures  
And follies that nightly hold sway.

But too soon  
Sable darkness creeps on us,  
And the reign of the gloaming is o'er;  
So this boon  
I relinquish reluctant,  
To partake of vain night's empty store.

Lambert K. Hayes, '15.

## The Fixed Discrepancy

---



WHEREVER we go throughout the land we hear men say that it costs more to live now than it did ten or twenty years ago. The inference is, that it not only costs more, but that it is also far more difficult to defray the cost. And the purpose of so much discussion concerning the High Cost of Living appears to be to discover some means by which living may be made more cheap—that is, by which it may be made possible for the common people to obtain with less effort the things needed for their subsistence.

When we devise means for adapting the cost of living to the income of the average man, or, conversely, of lowering the cost of living by increasing the income of the average man, we are evidently assuming either that the difficulty of earning one's bread is abnormal, or that it is a condition of affairs which our higher civilization hopes and intends to correct. But the first hypothesis is false historically; and the second is pure presumption. There always has been, and there always will be, a fixed discrepancy between what the average man needs, or rather desires, and what he can obtain. For man is obliged to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow; is required to labor, to struggle, to deny himself. Each year brings new and heavier burdens; and when at last his wants grow fewer, he finds himself on the verge of a condition akin to that of childhood, when his simplest need has to be supplied by another. Some may call this a law of nature; others may remind us that it is one of those curses, containing within themselves the secret germs of manifold good, which fell ages past upon a disobedient race; no one, however, has been so rash as to deny that it is a fact.

We deceive ourselves if we cherish the belief that there was ever an age when all men lived in ease and plenty. Labor and frugality were always the conditions, not of comfort merely, but even of existence. Froissart, writing in the fourteenth century, and describing the siege of Calais by the English, says: "When the governor of Calais saw the preparations of the King of England, he collected together all the poorer inhabitants WHO HAD NOT LAID IN ANY STORE OF PROVISIONS, and, one Wednesday morning, sent upward of seventeen hun-

dred men, women and children out of the town." In other words, out of two thousand families, there were approximately four hundred unable to provide for the morrow. These conditions may safely be taken as representative of the time. Benjamin Franklin, while working in Watt's printing establishment in London, observed: "The other workmen were great guzzlers of beer. My companion at press drank every day, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that muddling liquor. And thus THESE POOR DEVILS KEEP THEMSELVES ALWAYS UNDER." It is easy to judge how strict an economy was required of the skilled laborers of that day, if a difference of eighty cents or a dollar a week was sufficient to "keep them always under." But it now appears that someone is to blame because the artisan cannot ride on the crest of the wave while allowing himself the comforts and luxuries of men with incomes ten times as large as his own.

The struggle for a competency is arduous, and it is inevitable because he who shaped this universe foreknew that without such a struggle man could not attain happiness, nor the world move onward along the path of accomplishment. Actual want is the only universal stimulus to labor; and labor is the one royal road to happiness. No ingenuity of man can ever nullify the law which bids us labor if we would live. Our scholars may study to improve social and commercial conditions, and our unions may fight for higher wage; and yet each newer generation, standing at morn upon some elevation, and looking out over the world, shall ever realize, with a swift mingling of pleasure and pain, that the descent is not into a garden of delight, but into a battlefield. Nor dare we call such a condition an evil. It is a blessing; and it is unchangeable, because it is the law.

But the folly of believing that the fixed discrepancy between what we possess and what we would like to possess can be bridged does not consist merely in the fact that it is an attempt to alter the course of nature. For even though Providence had put it in our power to live comfortably with comparatively little labor, there are forces operative among the masses which make it futile for us to hope that the wealth of the world shall ever be so distributed as to give all men a sufficiency. First of all, we have incompetency. The unskilled laborer, the man without a trade and without an education, is doomed to a rough

passage through life; there is no remedy except that of destroying his happiness, his independence and his manhood by making him a beneficiary of the State.

Incompetency in many cases is the fault of the individual alone. How many boys are there today who toss aside the opportunity of acquiring an education! To escape the burden of intellectual labor, they are content with a position from which they can never expect to get a salary which will afford them a living for themselves, and later for their families. Such a man finds it impossible to lay aside a part of his earnings for a rainy day. His mind lacks alertness; and when an opportunity presents itself he is unable to recognize it and take advantage of it. He has forfeited in youth the right to an education either because he lacks the perseverance required of a student, or because he prefers the passing independence and pleasure of "having a job."

The second factor in keeping men down is extravagance. Extravagance, resulting in most cases from the desire to emulate others, is flourishing today as it has never flourished before. It is the curse and bane of every city and hamlet in the land. The rich perhaps are justified in their actions, for they are harming nobody, and are simply putting into circulation some of their superfluous wealth. But in the case of the vast majority, in the case of all those who must exercise the strictest economy in order to provide their families with what is necessary, such extravagance is a criminal injustice both to themselves and to all who are dependent on them. It is an undisputed fact among large employers of men that if a young man who is receiving a salary of \$100 a month has his salary increased to \$150, he will not have one cent more at pay day than he did formerly. Clothes, amusements and delicacies for the table have consumed the additional fifty dollars; and if it had been an additional five hundred it would have been consumed with as little effort.

A third cause of want is slothfulness. There are, and always will be, countless thousands who lack the energy, concentration and perseverance necessary for success. Pleasure, fun and amusement appeal to them more than does the prospect of self-improvement. Although we hear a great deal about the scarcity of good jobs, prominent men assure us daily that the real difficulty lies in finding men who are qualified to undertake

the work. Gen. Otto H. Falk warns young men who are striving to get their start to remember that there are men watching them, and that punctuality and diligence will surely bring success. But in spite of much good advice to the same effect, it is certain that the majority of young men never do more than they are obliged to do. They are diligent only when under the eyes of an overseer; and such men can never hope to achieve success.

It is the opinion of thoughtful men that these are the great causes of the discrepancy between the resources needed, and those actually possessed by the average man of today. If such is the case, we are justified in calling the discrepancy a fixed one; for the task of eliminating pride, stupidity and sloth from the hearts of men is one which has to be begun over again with each successive generation. But although we cannot hope ever to see the elimination of poverty and all its attendant evils, we can at least distinguish between the remedies that have power to alleviate the condition, and those that have not. And first of all, the remedy is not to be found in any system which attempts to give to men what is not theirs by right. Contentment, as Horace says, must come from within. To enjoy what we possess it must come to us as the result of our industry. If a man can eat with satisfaction bread he has not EARNED, he is not worthy to be called a man; and it is certain that the more we do for him, the more insistent will be his demands upon us.

Socialism hopes to increase the earning power of the individual; or rather, it asserts that the working man today is not paid in proportion to his deserts. But as a matter of fact human labor, like the commodities of life, has a fixed value, determined by the law of supply and demand. Any system which promises to give men more than they have power to earn undermines the foundations on which ambition, diligence and emulation are built. Its effects would be similar to those which resulted from the celebrated Act of 43 Elizabeth, passed in 1601, and operative until 1835. This law provided, among other things, for the levy of moneys to be distributed among the indigent. Those who wish to observe a mild and rather harmless form of Socialism in action are referred to the Report upon the Administration of the Poor Laws, published in February, 1834. "The poor-rate," observes Martineau, "had become public spoil. The ignorant believed it to be an inexhaustible fund, which belonged to them. To obtain their share, the brutal bullied the adminis-

trators; the idle folded their arms and waited till they got it; ignorant boys and girls married upon it; country justices lavished it for popularity. This was the way the fund went." If Socialism in its extremest form were introduced today, and if every individual knew that he was to receive a certain share in the accumulated wealth of the nation, we can readily surmise how wide would be the spread of sloth and dishonesty.

The remedy for the evils which afflict the masses consists not in bestowing wealth upon them, but in teaching them to accept what they have with resignation, and use it with frugality. We must understand that we are here only on probation, and, as it were, on a pilgrimage; that the battle and strife will soon be over, and that with the close of life will end our opportunity to prove ourselves men. The rich, on the other hand, by being less ostentatious and more charitable, would lighten the burdens of the poor, and arrive at a contentment more true and lasting than that which comes from indulgence and vulgar display. The fixed discrepancy would still exist; but we would not spend our energies in the hopeless effort to do away with it. Rather we would see in it the necessary spur to activity and the foundation of all industry. Without it indeed contentment would be difficult of achievement, for without it we would be deprived of the two great sources of happiness, accomplishment and reunciation.

WILLIAM HIGGINS, '12.



## Dew Drops

---

O dew-drops fair!  
Thy coveted secret now I know,  
The whispering air,  
As it blew gently to and fro,  
Told whence ye came, and whither ye shall go.

Thou art the gems  
From bright Aurora's jeweled hands;  
And diadems  
Of all her gay and courtly bands,  
Profusely scattered o'er the sleeping lands.

And there ye lie,  
Till bold Apollo from his car  
Shall ye espy,  
And, lest fell earth thy beauty mar,  
Shall raise each up, to sparkle as a star.

Lambert K. Hayes, '15.

## An American Romance

---

(The author of "An American Romance" submitted in the Prize Contest of last December a story entitled "A Traitor to Britain." He made no secret of the fact that he had freely used material found in a novel by Robert Chambers. "A Traitor to Britain" was awarded first prize. The author, however, understanding that his motives had been questioned, has of his own accord insisted on returning the prize, which will be handed over to the winner of second place.—Editor.)



HERE is a certain class of Americans who have read eagerly much of the history, the traditions, the romances of mediaeval and modern Europe, yet who know comparatively little of the history of their own country. When you ask them why, the answer is invariably that America is too young, too crude, to have any interesting history. "American history is only of wars and politics," they say; "there is no romance in it."

Is this true? Has America no romance in its brief history? Assuredly, America has! The plains and mountains to the East, the rolling prairies and cloud-topped Rockies to the West, the bayous, the tropical lands to the South, the vast limitless forests meeting the ice-fields in the North, all abound with romance; not the romance of ruined castles, and petty kings, the intrigue and heartlessness of royal courts, the sufferings of oppressed subjects, but a living, freer, cleaner romance. Romance that helped to make a stronger, better race and nation. Surely, there was plenty of romance, but the struggling peoples were too much occupied in their primal struggles for a livelihood, to stop and record their romances, as Europeans have done. Nevertheless, the romance was there; you have but to seek to find it.

Yet there are rare cases, when certain individuals have had the leisure, or more often the purpose, to write down brief snatches of their history, and so doing, have unconsciously brought in some of that romance in which they lived.

A case of this kind was recently found. A certain Canadian engineer, while exploring the ruins of the old French fort of Louisbourg, came upon such a record. It was a roll of parchment, done up in a cloth cylinder, heavily waxed, both water and air proof. It was an account dealing with the fall of Louis-

bourg, and written by a French officer. Although nearly one hundred and fifty years old, the writing was still quite plain and legible. It was written in French, but an English translation was later made by the engineer who found it. And this brief record, written so long ago, is not without its romance. It is also thought that this account explains to some degree, the fall of Louisbourg in 1758, when besieged by the English. The fortress was the largest in this country, and so impregnable that the French boasted that women could hold it. Yet the English without great difficulty, captured this fort. The account is given below.

Louisbourg, New France,

January 1, 1760.

I, Francis Sevier, by the grace of God and our patron St. Louis, do swear that what I have recorded here is true, and known only to myself and a priest of the church, under seal of confession. I promised that I while living would never disclose the secret, but I have written this document in hopes that after my death, my children shall find it, and without any dishonor to me, make known the true reason why Louisbourg fell into the hands of the English, and remove the stigma of unmerited defeat from the French soldiers who defended the fort.

I was stationed at Louisbourg from January, 1756, till July, 1758, when Louisbourg surrendered. During that time, I fell in love with Jeanne Dardans, whose brother was also an officer at the fort. We were betrothed early in 1758, before the fort was attacked. Outside of this, nothing affecting me occurred until the month of April, 1758, when I was ordered to command the guard at night once a week, in turn with six other officers. Now, my turn came every Wednesday night; but during the last week in April, I received orders to command the guard on Monday night. I was not a little surprised at this, for Monday night was Louis Dardans' (Jeanne's brother) turn. Nevertheless, I took up position at six o'clock, and commenced to make the first round.

Now, as you must know, in a fort so large as Louisbourg, it was necessary to have a very elaborate system of guarding. The fort itself was on a small peninsula, jutting out into the bay. At the entrance to the bay, two miles distant from the fort, there were two batteries, each containing sixteen guns. One was situated on the south shore, the other on the north,

so that the rounds from the fort to these batteries was a large triangle, whose vertex was the fort itself and the other two points, the opposite batteries. The officer on guard had to ride around the top of the wall at the fort (whose circumference was about two and one-half English miles), then dismount and be rowed to Battery A, on the south shore, then across the entrance to Battery B, on the north shore, and back again to the fort. Three hours' time was allowed to make the rounds, and every officer made three rounds.

Accordingly, I began my rounds at six o'clock and after riding around the wall and seeing that all the sentries were in their proper places, I was rowed by an orderly to Battery A. After inspecting it, I started to cross the entrance or neck of the bay, when I saw another boat following my course from the fort. This was decidedly queer. It was understood among the inhabitants and countrymen that the bay was under martial law after dark, and all sailing or rowing forbidden. However, I thought, the sentries at the battery will stop him.

But, when I had inspected Battery B, I saw the boat start to come across the entrance, just as I had gone. And looking over at the fort, I saw another boat starting in the same course. Here was a puzzle! Were there three officers on guard? As I reached the fort again I saw a line of sentries outside the fort wall on a narrow margin of land which extended all the way around. It had been left there when the great ditch was cut but was considered more of a hindrance if we should be besieged, because the besiegers would find room to set up ladders alongside the wall. Thinking to investigate, I started to walk around the outside. I had not gone far when the sentry stepped out and stopped me, demanding the pass-word. I was astounded—sentries asking a pass-word from the officer on guard! However, I gave my pass-word to him. But he stubbornly refused to let me pass, claiming that I had not given the pass-word. At this I climbed to the top of the fort wall, and found out from one of the sentries that Dardans had come with part of one company and stationed them outside, and another officer, Monsieur Demarais, had stationed sentries along the inside of the wall. What did this triple line of guards mean? Surely the Commander must have feared some unusual happening.

Accordingly, when I made the next round, I saw both officers also following me. In this way, the three rounds were

made, and at daybreak, the outside and inside lines withdrawn, and I and my men relieved.

The next evening, however, there was only a single line of guard. Why had there been a triple one on the evening before? I was not a little puzzled at this state of affairs. But when the following Monday came, I was summoned to the Commander's office, and given orders to go on guard again. The old Commander was worried and anxious.

"Monsieur Sevier," he said, "every week for the last five weeks one of our plans of the fortifications has been disappearing; every Monday night, when Dardans is on guard. He, however, knows nothing about it. Now, my office, as you see, is always guarded, and no one has access to the cabinet where the plans are kept but the officers. Today another of the plans has disappeared, yet the thief left no trace. So be very vigilant tonight again. There will be a triple line of guard."

But that night, we found nothing. Nobody but the officers and sentries was outside the wall. The next week the same thing occurred. The Commander was in despair. Another plan was gone. All the plans which had so far been taken were of Battery A, showing that the thief took his plans for a purpose.

For six weeks this situation kept up. Every Monday night I went on guard. Oh, the irony of fate! Three officers doggedly pursuing that triangular course, a triple guard about forts and batteries, an increased guard about the office, and still the plans disappeared!

Finally, I concluded that one of the officers must take the plans, and one of the two on guard with me, and pass them off while on guard. So deep did this suspicion take root in me, that on the seventh week, when I reached Battery B on the course, I dismissed the orderly who rowed the boat and waited to see if I could find anything favorable to my suspicions. Demarais passed first. He inspected his men and re-embarked. I kept out of his sight, however, so he did not see me. Then Dardans did the same thing. But as Dardans left Battery B, I saw a canoe creep along the shore of the bay and follow him. Dardans threw something into the water. The canoe following, picked it up, and turned to the shore. Imagine how I felt! A brother officer was betraying the fort.

On the next week, I resolved to bring this farce to its conclusion. I procured a canoe and kept it at Battery B, and when Dardans passed on his second round, I followed him in the canoe. After he had gone about one-third of the distance to the fort, another cylinder was thrown over. Paddling forward, I picked it up. It was a roll of linen or some fine cloth, and had been dipped in wax to make it waterproof. I opened it, drew out a single sheet of paper. In the moonlight I was able to distinguish the first characters:

Les Fortifications de Louisbourg.

Nombre 10.

But as I read this startling sentence, a voice behind me said sharply, "Sir, that paper was intended for me!" Looking behind, I saw another canoe, and in it a girl! It was Jeanne!

I questioned her sternly but she lost her fear when she saw that it was I, and told me that her brother had sent her upon this errand every Monday night, but for what purpose she knew not. She said that the first four plans she had given to a stranger who met her in the town. Louis had told her to do this. But the last seven or eight plans she had brought home because the stranger had not met her.

Now a great weight was lifted from my mind. "Have you the papers at home, Jeanne?" I asked.

"Certainly, Francis, they are all untouched."

To make a long story short, I found the plans. Dardans, when I confronted him, confessed, and for the sake of his honor and his sister, I kept silent. The plans were returned, all except the first five of Battery A. These were in possession of the English.

And when they laid siege to the fortress in July, they attacked the Battery first and overwhelmed it. With this vantage point they conquered Louisbourg. But Dardans redeemed his honor and expiated his sin with his life. He died defending Battery A.

And this is the reason why Louisbourg, our strongest fortress, fell; not because of coward defenders, but because of those five plans.

(Signed)

Francis Sevier.

Leo McGivena, Academy '12.

## Easter

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Ring free, glad bell! Let music tell  
Of Him arisen from the tomb;  
Let fill the air thy paeans rare,  
To end this earthy gloom;  
With soft accord your risen Lord,  
Receive on earth again.

Bloom fair, sweet flower, a fragrant bower  
Prepare for Him thy risen King;  
With incense sweet thy beauty greet,  
With breath of infant Spring;  
With sweet accord your risen Lord  
Receive on earth again.

John Fitzgerald, '15.

## Au Revoir

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Bury me in a grassy lane,  
Bury me near the sea,—  
I cannot know, nor am I fain  
My burial-place to see.

Bury me far from him, my friend—  
I care not where I be;  
The day shall come when God will send  
My brother forth in search of me.

John Clarke, '15.

## The Rule of Gentleness



IN "The Garden of Allah" we find a description of a banquet held in an oasis of the Sahara, which contains an admirable instance of gentlemanly conduct on the part of one man, and of rank boorishness on the part of another.

"They sat down. Miss Elfiden was on the count's right hand, with Monsieur Androvsky opposite to her, and Father Boubier on her left. As they took their places, she and the Father said a silent grace, and made the sign of the cross; and when she glanced up after doing so, she saw Androvsky's hand lifted up to his forehead. For an instant, she imagined that he had joined in the tiny prayer; but, as she looked at him, his hand fell heavily to the table. The glasses by his plate jingled.

"I only remembered just now that this is Friday," said Count Anteoni, as they unfolded their napkins; "I am afraid that Father Boubier will not do justice to our chef. But I hope Miss Elfiden and——"

"I keep Friday," she interrupted, quietly.

"He looked in grave despair, but she knew he was secretly pleased that she kept the fast day.

"'Anyhow,' he continued, turning to Androvsky, 'I hope that you will join me in testing my chef's power to the utmost, or do you also——?'"

"He did not continue, for Androvsky at once said in a full and firm voice, 'I keep no fast days.'

"His words sounded like a defiance. Thereafter, through the entire meal, Monsieur Androvsky ostentatiously picked dishes which contained meat."

Once in a public building in Prussia the Papal Delegate was talking earnestly with a high public official, when Baron Bismark approached, and, rudely jostling the Papal Delegate, exclaimed:

"Stand aside! I am the great Baron Bismark!"

The Papal Delegate coolly surveyed him for a moment, and then answered:

"Sir, if your introduction is not an apology for the insult, it is, at least, a perfect explanation."



I have advanced two incidents, one taken from fiction, the other from history; and I know you feel instinctively that there was a great difference between the men who appear in them. Some are gentlemen; others are certainly not. But what is it that differentiates them, that elevates the former above the latter? On account of what trait or characteristic do we divide them into two opposite groups, the gentlemanly and the ungentlemanly?

A gentleman is one who has gentleness. And what is that? It is a soul quality, which is compounded of two separate, though similar elements. These elements are self-respect and respect for others. But as yet there is a reservation. A great many people respect themselves, and yet could scarcely be called gentle. An equally large number respect others for some motive or other, and are still far from being what we understand by gentlemen. What then is lacking in their respect? It is the fact that it is not founded on the right motives. Who would say that a servile devil, cringing before his master, is a gentleman because of his respect for his master's boot? Who would call the vain boaster a gentleman, because he has unlimited respect for his own worth?

The revelation of the true motive for gentleness was reserved until the advent of the Saviour. To Him we are indebted for the declaration of the motive for self-love as well as for love of others. The Master declares that our neighbors are creatures like ourselves, who are sent into this world to fulfill a mission like to our own; and by respecting and loving them, who are the beloved of God, we do honor to Him in heaven. Likewise we respect ourselves because we have been created and sanctified by God. Self-love founded on this motive is neither pride, conceit, nor vain glory. To lack it is to sin.

Those who conform to this form are gentlemen. What of those who fall below the standard? We must remember that there are venial as well as mortal sins against gentility. Holy Writ tells us that the just man falls many times a day. "In many things we all offend," says St. Paul. There is much consolation and solace in the knowledge that we can fall away from gentleness occasionally in trivial things, and still remain a gentleman. Happy the thought, that the effort to rise from the slough of ungentlemanly conduct must surely plant on one's

brow, at least in the opinion of God, the crown of the true gentleman.

So far I have made no allusion to such words as etiquette, formalities and conventionalities. Are not these, you will ask, the mark of a gentleman? To a certain extent, yes; but not always. They are the ornament, not the firm basis of gentility. Rules of etiquette are merely arbitrary methods of conduct, which depend principally on memory and tact, and the study of books of prevailing courtesy. Wise men would not call a man a gentleman because he can acquit himself creditably at a formal ball. A full-dress suit can hide a craven heart. On the other hand, one can be a gentleman and still remain ignorant of the laws of etiquette.

Persons of an aristocratic bent of mind, who are still imbued with the class spirit of Europe, find this fact difficult of realization. Oftentimes a man is condemned outright for the chance violation of some formality. To such critics we can only answer that gentlemanliness has two distinct phases, one solid and essential, the other transient and accidental. That which is solid, and which has always characterized the Christian gentleman, is found as often in the proletariat as in the so-called aristocrat. That which is shifting and forever changing—that is, the prevailing custom of the higher classes of society, is found more exclusively among the wealthy. But this merely proves that high society has leisure to devote to such details.

Cardinal Newmann once defined a gentleman as "one who never caused pain to others." This, of course, is negative; and, when stated so baldly, is apt to prove misleading. When Christ called the Pharisees "whitened sepulchres" I have no doubt He caused them pain. But did that make Him less a gentleman? Cardinal Newmann doubtless referred to NEED-LESS pain; for there are occasions when to refrain from inflicting pain upon others would be a neglect of duty. And again, it is not the actual infliction of pain, but the intention that counts; there are persons so obtuse that no remark, however sharp, can wound their sensibilities.

No matter what standards we adopt, Christ was the truest gentleman that ever lived. Respect and love for others was the dominant note of His sinless life. He was abused and buffeted; but the chalice of His love for others was not exhausted. And although the most perfect of gentlemen, He lived in poverty;

in His youth He hewed wood in the shop of a carpenter; in manhood He labored among the poor. What a rebuke upon those who would make wealth and social position the sole requisite for the title of gentleman!

J. FREDERICK REEVE, '12.

## In The Ravine

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While strolling through the forest cool,  
I come upon a tiny pool  
Embedded in enduring stone,—  
A jewel gleaming all alone,  
Amid the thicket's leafy screen,  
Its flashing splendor quite unseen.

Upon its placid bosom lies  
The azure light of vaulted skies;  
Its limpid depths, so crystal clear,  
The haunt of elfin sprites appear,  
Who, safe in this secluded spot,  
Disport and frolic round the grot.

The purling waters gently slip  
Over the fountain's rocky lip;  
With rippling grace they laughing glide  
Adown its smooth worn mossy side,  
Then, softly, swiftly, steal away  
To join the brawling brooks at play.

JOSEPH W. BYRNES, '15.

## Robbie

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IN THE outskirts of a small, straggling settlement, not far from the great City of Chicago, nestled a neat little cottage home. A sturdy pine fence, partly enveloped in morning glories, enclosed the sides and back of the spacious grounds; and a prettily painted picket fence of iron graced the front. A gravel walk stretched from the gate to wide veranda of the cottage; and then, veering to the right, continued on its way to the rear of the grounds. Verbenas of various hues, and fragrant lilac bushes bedecked the rich clover lawn; in the rear, the kitchen windows were shaded by two apple trees, beyond which could be seen a substantial wood-shed, a wire-girdled hen-coop, and a small garden patch.

Here dwelt a woman not far beyond middle age, vigorous and active. Her sinewy arms and work-worn visage had been bronzed by the blaze of many suns. There was in her manner that rugged, cordial sincerity commonly characteristic of strong natures, and frequently to be seen in self-reliant housewives. An unlettered woman she was, yet a noble one; knowing little of the vanities of our city life, and ever ready to sacrifice her own pleasure for the solace and comfort of others. Her husband slept in the cemetery beyond the hill. A modest income had been left, however, for the widow, and for the child of six summers, who had just entered school.

Even now his mother was waiting at the gate for her Robbie. He hastened along the road, eager to get home to his mother and a big slice of home-made bread. As she stood with the light of love in her keen gray eyes, the breeze played about her slightly silvered locks, lifting them from a forehead deeply furrowed by vigil and care; for she and her Robbie were all that remained of a family of four. When the boy came nigh, she folded him in her strong brown arms; and drew him on, by kiss and caress, to relate in childish prattle his school-day experiences. He was fed and fondled, had his romp in the garden, and after supper was put to bed with much tenderness and tucking in.

The years passed by. Robbie, grown tall and handsome, finally went to seek his fortune in Chicago. The parting was

a sad one; but the mother refrained from lamentations, and bore her sorrow bravely, as she had always borne everything. None knew how she battled to subdue the tuggings at her heart-strings, and to restrain the latent tears that in solitude often fell. "It does seem strange," she would softly say, "that Robbie is a-goin' for sure to leave me, and we was so comfutt-able together all these years." Here a little mutinous moisture was deftly wiped from her eyes, while at the same time she affected to use the apron corner on other portions of her face. "He will have no one to see to him at night," she went on, "for, of course, I will not be there. He must not give up his corn-bread mornins; it allus seemed to agree with him."

More years have sped, and Robbie has been admitted to the bar. He has written regularly to his mother, and has visited her every Christmas, with the exception of the last year or so. He has an office, and an imposing sign, reading "Robert Findlay, Attorney at Law." Fortune has favored the young lawyer, and he is becoming prosperous.

One day he was greatly astonished at receiving a visit from his now aged mother. No longer could she bear the separation, much less the silence—her heart hungered for her boy. The meeting between mother and son was extremely touching. A shade of dejection, however, marked the young man's countenance at times, though he was endeavoring to speak in the old pleasant tones.

"Well, mother," said he, "how did you ever get here?"

"By the train, of course, dearie," replied the old woman. "It was a bit strange at first, but after a while I found them trains is handy sorts o' things when a body gets used to 'em."

"But, mother, why did you not write to say you were coming?"

"Well, there now! I thought as I'd surprise you, and I knew you'd be worritin' over the journey, and thinkin' as I'd not be able to manage. I'm not such a helpless old body after all, Robbie." Then she went on relating her adventures on the trip, while the son busied himself about the hearth, endeavoring meanwhile to extricate himself from the perplexing dilemma created by his mother's presence. The silent sneer of his fellow clubmen and attorneys menaced him. He saw his lady friends, who sat at the head of elaborate tables, raise their penciled eyebrows. What would his college-bred sweetheart think? No!

It could not be! She must not live with him. When, too, he pictured the pantomime gossip his illiterate mother would cause among the servants, his heart recoiled. Clearly he was ashamed of his own mother, though the devil strove to convince him that his sole motive was to shield her from ridicule. Already he thought that the butler had given him a peculiar look, when that personage inquired whether or not the lady would remain all night. But be it said of the same butler, that he had already fathomed his master's fears, and despised him heartily for them.

And then the son proceeded to unfold a plan to his aged mother. With a lawyer's subtlety he painted in glowing colors her future abode. She could live in a pretty cottage, away from the turmoil and smoke of the city. She should have a maid, and also his gardener to assist her in caring for the garden. On the other hand, he portrayed in dark lines the discomfort she must experience within the confines of the metropolis.

"You would like it, mother, wouldn't you, now?" queried her son, nervously, for a strange weary smile had flitted over that withered countenance.

And then this self-sustaining, stalwart, old soul replied slowly and faintly:

"I'm a'weary, Robbie; too tired like for new plans, and, maybe, too old."

"You must go to bed," he exclaimed, with a burst of compunction. "I have kept you up too late; I should have saved my plans till tomorrow. Come, mother, think no more of this tonight."

And then he escorted his mother up the winding stairway. Such a climb for those poor old country legs! But when she reached the luxurious apartment assigned to her, her curiosity partially overcame her fatigue, and she peered about, examining the room with its costly furnishings.

"'Tis mighty grand," she said, "but a queer place to my mind—like a churchyard, summat, with its stone and marble."

"Now, make haste to bed. there's a good old mother," broke in the son; "my room is next to this one, and I will soon come up to bed!"

And then he left her with a kiss. She stood for a long time quite still, looking at the face reflected in the mirror before her, gazing at it curiously and attentively.

"And so Robbie is ashamed of his old mother," she whispered softly, with a little sigh; "and it ain't no wonder neither!"

After musing for hours on the events of the day, and having persuaded himself that he had acted wisely, Robert Findlay at length retired. He was just sinking into his first slumber, when his door opened gently, and his mother entered. Such a queer, pitiful old figure in shawl and huge unshapely night cap—one of the old-fashioned sort of night cap with broad, flapping frills.

"Why, mother!" he exclaimed, rising from his pillow, "what's the matter? Not in bed? Are you ill?"

"There now, there now, dearie, nothing is wrong, but I've been a'listening for you this long time. 'Tis fifteen year and more since I tucked you in, and you used to say as you never slept so sweet when I didn't do it." She smoothed his forehead and tucked the clothes around him, kissing him as she said: "And I thought as I'd like to do it for you just once more. Good night, Robbie—Good night." And then she tottered away into the darkness of the adjoining room.

She failed to hear the remorseful cry of "Mother! Mother!" Would that she had heard! For the impulse to tell her that she must never, never leave him more was stilled until the morrow. Ah! that fateful tomorrow! How many lost opportunities owe their existence to the word "tomorrow"!

Towards the dawn of day Robbie was startled from a restless sleep. He thought that he heard a sound like the closing of a distant door; but, deeming it a mere fancy, relapsed again into sleep. But it was not a fancy; for at that instant his old mother stood shivering on the great stone stairway. "I'll never be a shame to my boy—my Robbie, God bless him!" she murmured, as she left his threshold that bleak December morning, never to cross it again.

She had but one idea now—to return to the old home and die. Instinctively she began to retrace the route she had followed twelve hours before. She remembered the name of the car, the name of the street; and why should she not remember—for weeks she had studied and made inquiries in preparation for this great journey.

It was not strange that one so old, so feeble, and so pre-occupied should suffer the fate that has overtaken thousands of pedestrians in Chicago. Her son was awakened for the second

time by the clang of an ambulance gong. An hour later, as he was preparing for breakfast, still seeking for some expedient that would save both his mother's feelings and his own dignity, he was summoned in haste to the hospital. His mother was dying.

She had just been brought up from the receiving room, where, with deft fingers, young internes learn daily the story of hundreds of accidents. The old family valise, battered and stained with mud, had told Robbie all he needed to know of his mother's flight. The motives he could easily surmise. So his mother was wheeled into the room; and when she saw him, she uttered a faint cry. He threw himself upon his knees, and began to beg for her forgiveness and her blessing. But she could not forgive—because she had forgotten. The incidents of her trip from home, the conversation of the night before, her flight—all had been blotted from her memory. She blessed him, she smiled, her hand lying clasped in his; and with a tremulous sigh her loyal spirit freed itself, and was at rest.

JOSEPH WALLACE, Academy '14

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### Vergil

Roman, thou who singest Ilion's fall  
 And risen Rome with wondrous art and grace,  
 Thy living hands the soulful lyre embrace,  
 And wake its echoes at the muse's call.

Thy sacred songs the Forum still enthrall;  
 Thy martial strains that never can efface  
 The hard, cold hand of time that glides apace  
 And hovers o'er men's deeds, a sable pall.

I see thee now in great Imperial Rome,  
 The surging Forum rocking at thy feet;  
 A nation swaying at thy every word,  
 Or in thy labors at the Mantuan home  
 Mid simple herds about thy country seat  
 Where peace inspired thy pleasant lyre is heard.

JOHN FITZGERALD, '15.





## Editorial

### THE TITANIC.

Since the sinking of the largest and newest of our ocean-going leviathans, the press has used up tons of paper and barrels of ink in decrying the mismanagement responsible for such an appalling loss of life. Two points seem to stand out particularly, namely, that the vessel was traveling at an unsafe speed through perilous territory, and that the equipment of life boats was inadequate. Now that these blunders have been brought home to the people in such a frightful manner, proper steps will no doubt be taken to prevent a recurrence of such accidents.

But another phase of the situation suggests itself forcibly to our minds. Was not the glaring lack of life boats apparent, long before the Titanic left Southhampton, not only to the experienced officials of the steamship company, but even to a great number of the two thousand odd passengers, who undoubtedly knew that their safety in time of danger would depend on these life boats? Mr. Ismay, the Managing Director of the company, who was saved, stated that the Titanic had satisfied the letter of the law in regard to provisions for safety. Evidently, then, our other much-touted "unsinkable" ocean greyhounds are operating under the same perilous conditions that the Titanic was. Truly, "with desolation is the world made desolate, because no man thinketh in his heart." We risk our own precious lives, and those of others, with contrivances which we know are deadly, and then wait for a horrible accident to awaken us to do what our common sense told us long before we ought to have done.

Rather than heap additional calumny on the unfortunates responsible for this unprecedented slaughter, let us look around at some of the menaces to life which are staring us in the face, and have them corrected before another such object lesson is forced upon us. We have but to consider the overcrowded summer excursion boats, the death-dealing eighteen-hour trains, the inadequate protection of our towns from overflowing rivers, the unnecessary, destructive forest fires, and a score of other conditions, to realize that we, like the Titanic owners and passengers, do not stir ourselves to remove the sword until it has descended. Let the yellow press print the shortcomings of the White Star company in glaring head-lines, but let us take steps now to do all within our power to forestall the next great calamity, rather than take a chance on it not happening and then spend our years lamenting it.

J. F. HENRY, Academy, '12

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### THE SONGS OF TODAY

"Give me to make a nation's songs and I care not who makes the laws." And I have often wondered whether the man who said this was a person easily satisfied or not. In just how far the songs of a day reflect that day's trend is quite beyond my presumption to declare. But this at least, we all do earnestly trust, that the songs of our day are or will be looked on as no true reflectors of our bent. And indeed not so many years ago our fathers and mothers—as in some more communicative moment they confess—were singing or humming or whistling, "There'll be a hot time," and "Ta ra ra ra boom de ay," and songs far sillier, and yet we certainly do not therefrom judge them fortunate survivors of a depraved and silly youth. And so if we sing "rag-time" today neither does it point to depravity or even fickleness. But I don't know what impression an habitant of Mars, say, would receive should he drop in some night at any one of our American homes, and find there the young folks grouped about the piano shouting out the insane words of "O you great big beautiful doll" to the accompaniment of many hitchings of the shoulders and rollings of eyes! You see, he wouldn't understand that it was but a passing and wholly harmless craze, that possessed quite every one—a craze for catchy, swinging melody. And he surely could not deny

the "catchiness" and the exhilaration of the rousing tune; and he would in time grow used to it—probably much before the youths would grow used to some of his staidest customs—and he would come to know that the "rag-time" craze was no indication of depravity or light headedness in the present generation.

But, nevertheless, if he could be persuaded to stay any space of time on this earth and became quite accustomed to and finally allured by the "rag-time" craze, he couldn't help making a wish some time after a night at the theatre, and was haunted by the memory of the blonde dandy howling "Plant a Watermelon on My Grave and Let the Juice Soak Through" or some equally popular ditty. And that wish would be that as long as he had no desire nor opportunity to make the songs of the nation, he would like to make the laws, oh, for just such a little while!

No; even the most earthy of earthly dwellers will not be over proud of the songs of today; at any rate it is fairly certain that he won't remember them and teach them to his children. That is one good quality they do possess—they are so very easily forgotten.

There are, however, some songs, granting songs do reflect the spirit of the times, that we may well consider with complacency; and these will live. And if the present is to be judged by its songs, let us hope it will be judged by such sweetly touching songs as "The Garden of My Heart," and "Mother Machree."

JAS. FITZGERALD, '13.



By far the three most important days in the scholastic year are those comprised by the annual retreat. On the first day of April the student body entered upon a triduum of prayer under the direction of Father John F. O'Connor of St. Louis University whom we all found a most earnest and interesting retreat-master. From the outset Father O'Connor commanded the confidence and attention of every student from the most sedate Senior to the most restless minim. If the amount of good done by the pious exercises of the retreat can in any way be gauged by the earnest attitude of the student body, then the three days of prayer and reflection have not been lost.

On Friday evening, April 12th, six representatives of Loyola debated at Association Hall on the much-discussed question of the initiative and referendum. The affirmative side of the proposition was upheld by Messrs. Colnon, Ryan and O'Brien, while Messrs. Regan, Berghoff and Fitzgerald defended the negative. After the set speeches had been delivered and while the debaters were preparing for rebuttal, a quartet composed of Messrs. Walsh, Madden, Devitt and Long of past fame entertained the small but appreciative audience with a few vocal selections. Rebuttals followed and the judges withdrew to compare notes, returning with the announcement that Mr. James Fitzgerald had been awarded first place.

Another red letter day in College activities this year was March 21st, the date on which the gymnasium exhibition was held. To say much about it would be to no purpose—it speaks for itself. When our "home talent" is backed up by such men as "Dutch" Hoberg, "Reggy" Kuhn, Mr. John Moore and George Devitt, we expect something out of the ordinary. And

we got it, too. As a gymnasium exhibition it was perfection and as a vaudeville performance it was something more. The show was given also for the benefit of eighth grade pupils of the parochial schools on the afternoon of Saturday, March 16th.

On Friday, March 22nd, the members of the four College classes were conspicuous all over the building for their absence. From the sacred precincts of Junior and Senior classrooms came the scratching of pens and other sounds supposed necessary to industry. Trained to the minute and in the pink of condition, as one of our predecessors expresses it, the college men had thrown their hats into the Intercollegiate ring and were striving with might and main to bring honor to Loyola and as a side issue to this laudable purpose, to win the prize of fifty dollars offered for the best essay. The six hours of scholastic labor were evidently too much for the Seniors and Juniors and up to April 10th, the date set for the Intercollegiate Latin contest, they had not recovered sufficiently to enter and so it devolved upon the Sophomores and Freshmen to attempt to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Zamiaara of medal-winning fame and to uphold the honor of Loyola. Well, let's hope for the best.

The Annual Oratorical Contest for the Hon. Carter H. Harrison Medal was held on Wednesday, April 25, at Association Hall. The attendance was extremely unsatisfactory, in spite of the mass-meeting held on the afternoon of the event for the purpose of drawing a crowd. This fact, however, did not prevent the speakers from doing their best. J. Frederick Reeve was awarded first place, with James Fitzgerald a close second. Both carried themselves well, and delivered their speeches with a great deal of force and feeling. Thomas J. O'Brien, Leo Ryan, Leo L. Donahue and J. Aaron Colnon also acquitted themselves well. All in all, the College may well be proud of the standard of oratorical excellence attained by our representatives of this year.

The dedication of the Cudahy Science Hall, an event long looked forward to by friends of the University, took place on Sunday, April 28th before one of the most distinguished gatherings that any University affair has as yet called forth. The ceremonies opened with the formal presentation of the building by Mr. Joseph Cudahy, son of the late Michael Cudahy, and administrator of the estate. On the stage, which had been

beautifully decorated for the occasion, were his Grace, Archbishop Quigley, Rev. Michael J. FitzSimmons, Vicar General of the diocese, Rev. Edward F. Hoban, Chancellor of the diocese, Rev. Rudolph J. Meyer, S. J., Provincial of the Province of Missouri, Rev. Alexander J. Burrowes, S. J., former President of Loyola University, and now President of St. Louis University, Rev. Joseph Grimmelman, S. J., President of Marquette University, Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., President of St. Viateur's College, Rev. Anastasius J. Kreidt, O. C. C., President of St. Cyril's College, and Rev. David M. Johnson, S. J., President of Loyola Academy.

Mr. Joseph Cudahy, in a speech full of dignity and feeling, formally handed over the building to the custody of Loyola University. He spoke of the gratification he felt in thus carrying out the wishes of his father, to whose memory the hall would be a lasting and worthy tribute.

Father Burrowes, in an eloquent speech, emphasized the importance of education, and particularly of science. Education, he declared, was not only the great need of the times, but also the great desire of the masses, as is seen in the fact that there are at our institutions of learning so many self-supporting scholars. But education without religion is of little worth. Mr. Cudahy, in having inscribed upon the corner-stone of his great gift to education the words "Scientiae et Religioni," had shown that he fully understood the needs of the Church and the Nation, and that he was inspired by a deep regard for the most important interests of mankind. The Cudahy Science Hall, he said, would be for generations a lasting monument to the memory of the donor.

His Grace the Archbishop dwelt upon the fact that no aim is more worthy than that of becoming a champion of the Church of God. The Church is spread throughout all lands; all her members are inspired by common sentiments and by a common desire for the promotion of God's glory. When a fellow-member becomes conspicuous for his benefactions to the Church, his name grows to be a household word throughout the whole extent of the country; his memory is held in veneration; unnumbered prayers are offered for him, and for those dear to him. His Grace testified to the fact that the name of Michael Cudahy, because of his gifts to educational establishments, was held in veneration in every State of the Union.

His Grace, attended by the clergy, then proceeded to the new building, which was formally blessed and consecrated to the purposes so dear to the heart of the donor—that is, the training of the young in science under the guidance of the eternal truths of religion.

Dinner was then served in the banquet hall of the Academy. Mr. Patrick O'Donnell acted as toastmaster. Among the speakers were Father Meyer, Father Burrowes, and the Deans of the departments of the University—Dr. Waugh, of the Medical, Mr. William Dillon, of the Law, Prof. Newton, of the Engineering, and Dr. Secord of the Pharmacy School. Rev. Daniel Riordan, Pastor of St. Elizabeth's and a warm personal friend of Mr. Cudahy, was also called upon for an address.

Space does not permit our mentioning all the distinguished guests who were present at the dedication. The fact that so many attended, in spite of the inclement weather, was a striking testimony not only to the Jesuit educators of Chicago, but in particular to the esteem entertained for the late Mr. Cudahy and for the members of his family. The event was in fact a striking proof of the truth of his Grace's remark, that Mr. Cudahy had chosen the one means of making his name live in the memory of men.

Father David M. Johnson, S. J., Superior of Loyola Academy, and Father Patrick A. Mullens, S. J., who acted as Masters of Ceremonies, overlooked nothing that could contribute to the impressiveness and interest of the occasion.

### SENIOR PROMENADE.

Admittedly the most important and thoroughly enjoyed event of the year was the Senior Promenade given by the "Class of 1912," Tuesday evening, April 30th, in the Gold Room at the Hotel La Salle.

The ball-room was beautifully decorated with banners, pennants and pillows representative of Loyola. A mammoth shield of Maroon and Gold cloth, with a large "L. U." inscribed in the center hung in majestic splendor over the orchestra stage, while from window and entrance all about the hall fluttered flags and pennants representing in their variety the many departments of the University.

Old students of St. Ignatius ever eager to assist in making

the undertakings of their Alma Mater a success journeyed from distant parts of the city to attend, joining with present members from the Medical, Law and Science Departments in the enjoyment of the evening.

The Promenade itself was rather late in starting, but the smoothness and finish which afterwards characterized it more than atoned for the delay. Attired in cap and gown, with a long line of happy and handsome couples behind them, the Senior Class presented a striking appearance at the head of the procession.

Mr. William O'Brien and Miss Katherine O'Keefe lead the Promenade while Mr. Thomas O'Brien and Miss Ida Foley formed the second couple.

After the Promenade, the grand feature of the evening, the time between the first engagement and the inexorable finale seemed altogether too brief, since the merriment and jollity manifested earlier in the evening persevered, unchecked by any signs of weariness, throughout the whole period.

The one disappointment of the night was the inability of the Hon. Carter H. and Mrs. Harrison to be present to lead the Promenade. In explanation, his honor, the Mayor, sent word that he regretted the impossibility of his attendance which grew out of severe indisposition, as a result of his recent operation and illness.

However the whole affair was gratifyingly successful and praise of the undertaking was forthcoming from many quarters. That the Senior Promenade will continue to be an occasion yearly looked forward to, is the earnest hope of students and alumni, keenly alive to its significance in the progressive affairs of the University.

### Medical Notes:

On April 18, Doctor J. D. Robertson left for Europe. He will return in time for the Graduation exercises. Dr. Robertson worked hard and without a rest for the last three years. This relaxation will give him relief and renewed energy to proceed with his excellent work. We wish our President a happy return.

While Doctor Robertson is away, his chair will be temporarily filled by Doctor A. B. Rankin, the Junior Dean.



The Sophomore Class had a supper on Monday, April 22. Of the faculty the following were present: Doctor A. B. Rankin, Doctor W. Rittenhouse, Professor G. L. Secord and Mr. O. F. Owen.

The Juniors can feel proud of the dance which they gave in honor of the Senior Class. The affair was held at the West End Woman's Club on Wednesday, April 24.

At present preparations are being made for the Banquet in honor of the Senior Class. The date has been set for May 10. But the place has not been selected.

Not to be outstripped by the other classes, the Freshman Class is going to give a Banquet at the Congress in the early part of May.

Then Senior Class visited the Abbott Alkaloidal Company's plant on Friday, April 12. Each member received samples while passing through the different departments. After the inspection the members of the class sat down to a sumptuous meal.

The Medical Department will have no baseball team this year as Doctor Rankin thought it advisable to have one good team.

The final examinations will begin about May 13 and will end about May 28.

### **Engineering Notes**

Last month the engineers made their first appearance in Athletics. They played the Academy basket-ball team, and though they were beaten, they fought hard to the very end. Considering that the five had had no practice at all as a team, depending wholly on individual playing, and that the academics had played and practiced throughout the entire season, it was not surprising that they did lose. It was surprising, however, that they kept them down to such a close score till the last few minutes of the game. At the end of the first half it stood seven to six in favor of the opponents and with the Engineer's honor of having thrown the first basket. Sullivan and Murphy starred for the Engineers.

Athletic endeavors did not end here. As soon as baseball began to be talked about, the probabilities of a team were discussed and at least individual practice begun.

But our gala day was St. Patrick's Day. Strange as it may appear and seemingly with no reason St. Patrick has long been invoked as the patron saint of Engineers. At Cornell, and especially at Missouri University, his day is observed with great celebration. Following their example Mr. Newton has set aside the seventeenth of March as "Engineers' Day."

Because of the few students and want of long preparation it was out of the question to have a large public event. Mr. and Mrs. Newton kindly offered us the freedom of their home and affairs were arranged for a quiet entertainment. Professor Cahill, director of the Hebrew Institute, was guest of honor. Mr. Newton and Mr. Schulte were the only members of the faculty there. Fr. Effinger and Mr. Agnew were unavoidably prevented from attending.

Mr. Newton gave the word of welcome to the class. Professor Cahill spoke on the importance of engineering in our country and the prominence of this science in the development of the nation. But to Mr. Schulte was accredited the wittiest speech of the evening. In fact, it was so pleasing that he was called upon again and again. President Hunter took as his subject "Our Club" and surprised many by the ease and clearness with which he spoke. Among the musical pieces of the program were: "A Selection from Rigoletto," by R. Goppelsroeder; "Sextette from Lucia De Lammermoor," Duhig and Spiegel, violin; Goppelsroeder, piano; "Sweet Kentucky Babe" and "A Story of a Tack," by the class quartette, Duhig Spiegel, Saigh and Eifler. The college song, "St. Patrick was an Engineer" and Loyola U. by the chorus. The sextette was considered the best of the musical numbers given. Mr. Newton's last speech, however, was unanimously pronounced the best piece when, at the end, he took for his subject "Next Monday a Holiday for the Loyola Engineers."

### Loyola Academy

On Monday afternoon, March 18th, the faculty and the students of the Academy were honored by a visit from two prominent characters, Mr. Shane Leslie, the well known Irish poet and Mr. Bert Cochran, an orator of national reputation. Owing to a severe cold Mr. Leslie was unable to speak. Mr. Cochran, quite willingly, delivered a brief but instructive talk on the subject of "Duty."

The Students' Retreat took place on the 1st, 2nd and 3rd days of April and came to an end on Thursday morning with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and Holy Communion. The Rev. J. R. Rosswinkle, S. J., conducted the retreat and made a lasting impression by his sincerity and earnestness in his endeavor to direct the boys to the right path.

#### "THE PLAY."

The Dramatic Society of Loyola Academy presented a comedy in three acts entitled "The Missing Bonds," on Monday evening, April 29th and Wednesday evening, May 1st in the Academy Hall. The direction of the play was in the hands of Mr. McGillen, while the management of the financial affairs were cared for by Father Siedenberg, the Prefect of Studies. Over a hundred patronesses were secured. The hall was crowded at both performances, and all present pronounced the play a success.

#### "THE CAST."

Hon. Geoffrey Myrtleton, Member of Congress.....	J. Perry Quinlan
Mr. Silas Jervis } Constituents of Myrtleton....	Frank H. Spearman
Mr. Elijah Basset }	.....B. Emmett Hartnett
Bert Vance, Myrtleton's Nephew.....	Fer Pincoffs
Jack Meridith, of War Department.....	Edward J. Amberg
Pinkerton Case, another Sherlock Holmes.....	Edward N. Maher
Vere Lee, Amateur Playwright.....	Daniel McCarthy
Paul Wilton, Bert's Chum.....	Joseph A. Roeder
Jasper, Myrtleton's Servant.....	J. Raymond Casey
O'Rourke, a Policeman.....	James J. O'Connor

PLACE—Room in Myrtleton's House.

TIME—Evening of the Performance and Morning after.

#### SYNOPSIS.

ACT I—The Bonds and the Bet.  
 ACT II—The Bonds?—Or the Bet.  
 ACT III—The Bonds—Not the Bet.

The squad, under the direction of Coach Brennen, has been practicing on the field for about a week and to all appearances this year's team will not fail to uphold the reputation of Loyola Academy among the High Schools and Academies in the Middle West. Only three members of last year's team have left school, while several new stars are with us trying to fill up the few vacancies open. Manager Maher has been busily engaged

during the winter and early spring and as a result Loyola has obtained the best schedule thus far in her history.

The remaining games are as follows:

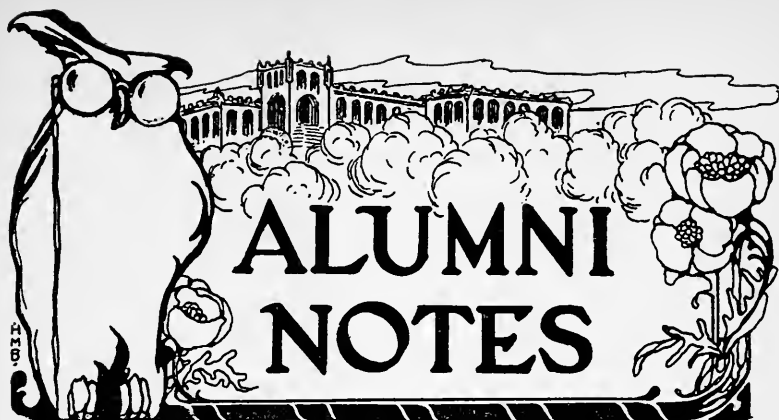
May 16.....	Marquette Academy at Loyola
May 20.....	St. Rita's at Loyola
May 23.....	St. Cyril's at Loyola
May 25.....	St. Ignatius at Ignatius
May 27.....	Evanston Academy at Loyola
May 29.....	Morgan Park Academy at Morgan Park
May 30.....	New Trier at Kenilworth
June 5.....	Evanston High at Loyola
June 6.....	Marquette Academy at Milwaukee
June 12.....	Lane High at Lane

Loyola, 2; Lane, 8.

The opening game played on the home grounds was a try-out for the team. Hanson pitched good ball for five innings but errors, combined with an occasional hit, spelled defeat for Loyola. Lamoureux starred at bat with three hits. The fielding of Ashenden was worthy of mention.

Loyola, 10; New Trier, 5.

Though it was but a day after the Lane game, the nine came back strong and defeated New Trier High by the score of 10 to 5. Casey secured the longest hit of the day which was a three-bagger. Forde pitched a good game but is not yet in perfect condition. Errors were less frequent than on the previous day.



Probably the most enthusiastic, most enjoyed and eminently successful Banquet of the Alumni Association in years, was held Thursday evening, April 24th, in the Louis XIV room of the Hotel Sherman House.

Dr. Garraghan first introduced William V. Kannally, the toastmaster of the evening. This genial gentleman began his sovereignty by a veritable tirade against all waiters and their henchmen and he had scarcely launched into his short but spicy peroration, when those solemnly garbed individuals silently left the Banquet hall.

Looking over the Program one observed that the general topic of the evening was to be "University Expansion" and the natural way in which the speakers and auditors took to the theme, showed the deep desire that animated all to see Loyola prominent in all departments of education.

With much earnestness and eulogy Dr. John B. Murphy, the first speaker, was introduced. Dr. Murphy had as his theme, "The Medical Aspect of University Expansion." In a thorough, precise and convincing way he dwelt on the needs and requirements of a Medical College and the careful attention and constant aid which must be given to make it a creditable part of a University.

The Medical department, he declared, was not an asset to a University but a constant drain on its resources, since the increased salaries of professors having witnessed the diminution in fees for attendance. Besides he showed that the highly standardized and expensive equipments necessary to conduct a School of Medicine together with expenses from other sources

made it necessary for a University like Loyola with its Medical department in infancy to receive the generous support of all Alumni and others anxious for its success. The State and endowed universities with unlimited funds at their disposal, he asserted, will far outstrip their less fortunate rivals unless measures are taken to counteract the donations they receive.

Mr. Quinn O'Brien was next introduced and he began with some hesitation and apology, declaring that the choicest and most touching parts of his speech had been appropriated by Judge Marcus Kavanaugh who, as succeeding speaker and judge of the court in which Mr. O'Brein was then conducting a case, had demanded censorship of the address, and as a result had quite dissected it.

However, whether it was through generosity or oversight the good judge had left much that was beautiful, true and instructive.

Mr. O'Brien's theme was "Catholic Higher Education" and with fine oratorical swing and gradual outburst of feeling he went on to show that education in the secular colleges and universities of the country is often unsound, irreligious and debasing.

Quoting from a young university professor who had visited and studied at all of the principal schools in the country, he demonstrated the pernicious and sinful teaching of the present day centers of education.

Mr. O'Brien was finished and passionately eloquent, and in strong, powerful words of denunciation ended by stigmatizing the present day education as Socialistic, Atheistic, and even at times on the border-line of anarchy.

The third speaker of the evening was Rev. Timothy J. O'Shea, an old alumnus of St. Ignatius. Father O'Shea had for his topic "The Clergy and Higher Education." He asserted that the command of Christ "Go ye teach all nations," extended farther than the mere preaching of the gospel. The church he declared considered herself not alone bound to teach the gospel of Jesus Christ, but to enter into secular education as well. She saw, said Father O'Shea, that the literature and sciences of the world, when separated from religious teachings, would corrupt the mind, degrade the heart, soul and morals of tender youth. Hence he showed why the church always has and will continue to supplement with the preaching of her

doctrine, the inculcating of the secular branches of education.

At the conclusion of Father O'Shea's address, the oratory was for a few brief and delightful minutes dispensed with while the musical tones of Mr. Joseph Bigane, accompanied by Mr. Elmer Spiegel, relieved the audience from its previous strain and rapt attention to the speakers.

The toastmaster then announced that with the passing of the old, had come the welcome entrance of the new Loyola alumnus, in the person of Mr. William O'Brien who represented the voice and claims of the "class of 1912."

Mr. O'Brien to appearances undismayed by the illustrious gathering, nevertheless declared that his presence among such older and tried speakers had quite abashed him. However, duty to his class and assurance that the Alumni Association was always ready and eager to hear from its newcomers, he declared spurred him on to commit himself.

In a calm, clear tone, Mr. O'Brien then proceeded to relate the happenings and progress at the Department of Arts and Sciences as well as the efforts the Senior Class and students were making to gain for the University more and more public attention. He stated that much difficulty had been experienced in obtaining newspaper notices of college affairs and felt that prominence and influence of many Alumni members could easily correct this unfortunate circumstance. At Mr. O'Brien's conclusion he received a hearty burst of applause for his manly, straightforward address.

The next speaker, Judge Marcus Kavanaugh, had selected a theme highly capable of eloquent and sympathetic treatment. He spoke on the "Jesuits as Teachers." He gave a glowing account of the sacrifices of the Jesuit missionaries in the battle against ignorance, and the terrible persecutions they had throughout the centuries been subjected to, as a result of their persevering labors.

America, declared the Judge, owed immense gratitude to the Jesuit missionaries sent here, because of their labors in exploration, their zeal in civilizing barbarous tribes and for contributing to the general uplift and success of the nation. He characterized the Jesuit society as the militant order of the Church. Ever the first to be attacked in a state where irreligion and intolerance had gained control, he declared that it has still persevered in exposing dangerous doctrines, defend-

ing the rights of the Church and Apostolic See—thus drawing down the hatred and attacks of all conspirators against the Faith.

The closing speech was made by William N. Brown, for nineteen years an ardent and energetic member of the Alumni Association.

He likened the alumnus to the disciples sent out by Christ, to inculcate the doctrines and truths which had been taught them.

The alumnus, Mr. Brown declared, should exemplify before the world the moral, religious and mental training so faithfully given him in his college days. In every possible way he should cooperate with his Alma Mater in bringing about those desirable reforms and improvements which must have the assistance of laymen.

The Jesuits, he declared, were great pioneers, missionaries and teachers, but very poor advertisers.

The members of the Alumni Association because of their opportunities and capabilities in this line should make strenuous efforts to bring the University to such prominence and perfection that whenever the "Middle West University" was spoken of, there should unconsciously arise the name "Loyola."

With this fitting word Mr. Brown ended his speech, and so too, passed into memory the 18th Annual Banquet with its delightful surroundings and charming addresses.

William J. Corboy, George P. Shanley, Ignatius A. Hamill and John J. Nash, former students at St. Ignatius, and Mark A. Cain and Patrick J. Phillips, former professors, will be ordained priests of the Society of Jesus at St. Louis during the month of June.

Thomas Q. Beesley, '10, now in his Sophomore year at Princeton, scored a triumph in Christopher Marlowe's "Jew of Malta." His interpretation of the title role was highly praised, even the New York Dramatic Mirror paying a tribute to the ability of the young actor.

THOMAS J. O'BRIEN, '12



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With the spring training greatly enhanced by the early departure from the hard grind of the "Gym," to the more inviting and profitable practice on the campus, the baseball squad has rapidly loosened up stiffened joints, and rounded into good form.

Owing to the unusually numerous and enthusiastic array of aspirants, selections for the various positions have been extremely difficult.

Large representations from the Medical, Law and Engineering Departments, as well as home talent from the Collegiate course, added zest to the contest for places, and with over twenty-two candidates to choose from, Coach Harmon's powers of discrimination have been taxed to their utmost.

The pitching staff with the redoubtable Ryan gone, will be well taken care of by Quan and Maher of last year's team, and "Doc" Sommers, the new entry. Connelly, also a member of last year's squad, will probably hold down first base.

The "Johnny" Evers of Loyola at second seems to hinge upon Altenmark Witte and Hayes who are trying for that position.

Third base will be ably managed by Kiley, our gritty and speedy football hero, whose versatility readily enables him to transfer from the gridiron to the diamond.

Bohumil Pechous, whose non-appearance in a Loyola uniform, would give the squad an unnatural look, will cavort around short and captain the team. The spacious territory in the outer gardens will be well-guarded in the two corner fields by Bellock and Balke and either Elliott or Monahan in center.

Thus far two games have been played. On April 13th the Carroll Club with Ryan pitching and several former S. I. C. stars assisting, beat Loyola's undecided team 8 to 2. However, Saturday, April 20th, with Quan and Maher pitching mid-season ball, the strong San Salvador Council, K. of C., met defeat in the College-yard by a score of 8 to 1.

The schedule for the season is a very good one and it is to be hoped that mammoth mass-meetings and special bulletins will not be needed to bring out the students to the games.

### ACADEMY TEAM

The season has opened most auspiciously for the Academy Team, and there is no doubt that if the candidates continue to display the same willingness and determination the team will be ranked among the best High School teams in the vicinity. The squad is composed of twenty-three members, all of whom are struggling hard to nail down regular positions. The squad at present is composed of Moreau, Hartigan, Cunningham, Mat Kiley, Sasonowski, Jacobsen, Gallagher, Tierney, Holton, Reidy, English, Kerwin, Heffernan, Quigley, Murray, Maloney, Duffy, Walsh, Joe Carberry, Hickey, Dowdle, Devitt, Dunne and Pechous. Walter Wade has been appointed manager, and Charles Pechous was elected captain.

The infield promises to be remarkably strong. Its work in the four games already played was gilt edge. The pitching staff is also superior both in numbers and in quality. Kerwin, Gallagher and English can be depended on to deliver the goods at all times. Holton, Devitt and Sasonowski are three good receivers.

In the four games already played the Academy was returned the victor in each encounter. Lake High School was the first to feel the sting of defeat. Gallagher appeared for the first time in the box, and was master of the situation at every stage of the game. Four days later St. Cyril's visited our campus and went down to defeat by the score of 14 to 1. Gallagher with faultless support and heavy batting behind him, held the visitors helpless. When St. Rita's visited our grounds a few days later it was Kerwin's turn to lead the team to victory. When the smoke had cleared away the score read 4 to 2. But the victory that proved most pleasing to the fans was that registered over Oak Park High on Tuesday, April 30. English

occupied the box, fanning ten men and allowing the enemy but seven hits. His control was perfect, and not a man walked during the entire game. Tierney and Pechous starred with the stick.

The remaining games on the home grounds are with De La Salle, St. Stanislaus, McKinley High, Holy Trinity, Loyola Academy, Marquette Academy. In addition the team meets Lake High at Sherman Park, St. Cyril's at Ogden Park, and St. Rita's at Ogden Park.

The extent of the enthusiasm being manifested may be judged from the fact that there is a full second team. Handsome new suits were purchased for the first team, and the second team for the first time on record is also uniformed. The players who compose the second team have displayed so much interest as to arouse the admiration of all. The only way to build up successful teams is to have large squads out year by year, and this always means that someone must take second place. However, it is only for a short time; for those who thus remain on the squad are acquiring experience and rapidly fitting themselves for regular positions. All in all, we can well be proud of the Academy Team and of what it has already accomplished; and if the remainder of the season proves as successful as the first month has been we shall have a team which measures up with the famous ones of the past.

## Pursuit

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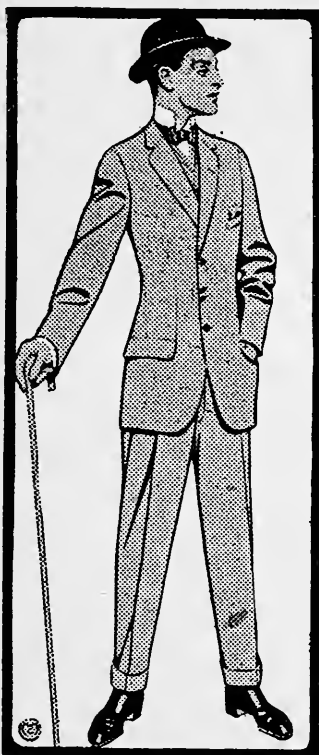
As in some deep and limpid pool are seen,  
 Elusive, shy,  
 In gleaming armor, fish whose golden sheen  
 But mocks the eye;

So in my tranquil mind at evening,  
 Inklings of thought,  
 Remote, sublime, flash forth, then, vanishing  
 Escape uncaught.

Joseph W. Byrnes '15.

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*Attorney at  
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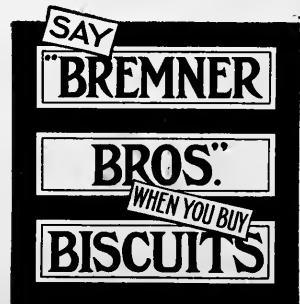
### MELLO

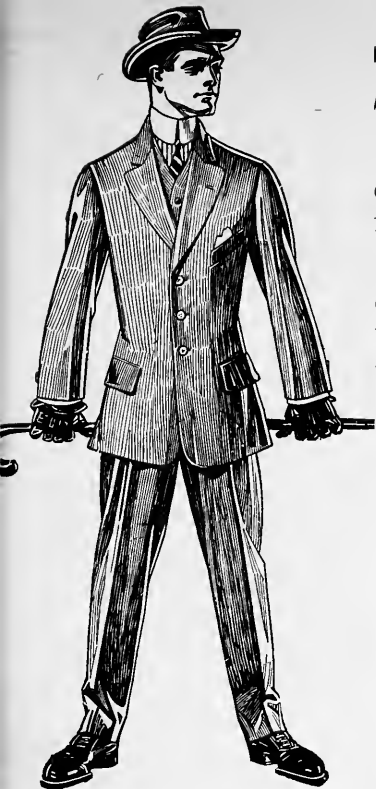
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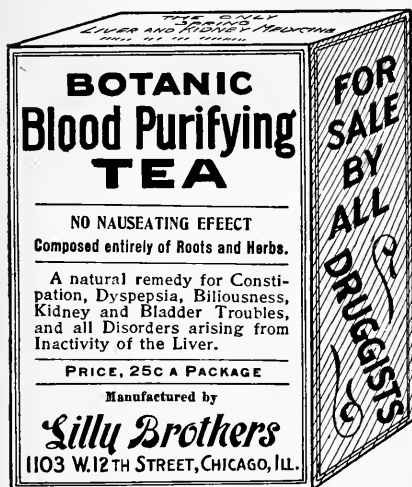
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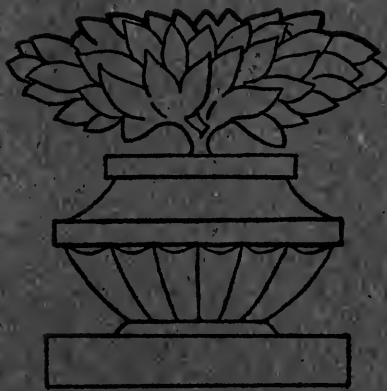
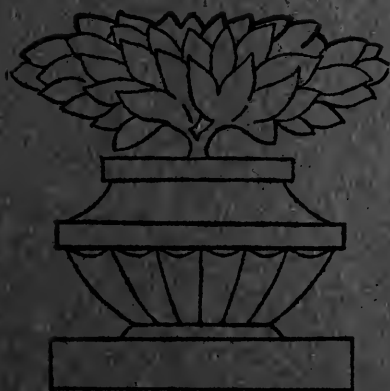


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THE STAFF, 1911-1912

# The St. Ignatius Collegian

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Vol. XI.

Chicago, Ill., July 1912.

No. 5

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## Farewell

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The summer day is darkening, soon 'twill close;  
And with Night's curtain, fast behind my tread  
Will fall a gate impassable.

The onward road is steep and upward goes,  
And ne'er may I return, the way's ahead  
Since Time is not renascible.

I did not know what cords fast bound my heart  
To these gray piles, that echoing often hurled  
O'er campus broad our care-free yells.  
And oh, how undervalued was the part  
That comrades filled within my little world  
Which echoes now with fare-thee-wells.

But oft, perhaps, when weary day is o'er,  
I, pausing, may look back and see below  
The verdant vale that nested me.  
And eyes that strained towards gleaming heights, once more  
In scenes resplendent made by Memory's glow  
Will take delight and rested be.

Ralph J. Byrnes, '15.

# Christian Education

---

Speech Delivered on the Occasion of the Dedication of the Cudahy Science Hall, April 28, 1912.

Rev. Alexander J. Burrowes, S. J.



HAVE been selected by the faculty of Loyola University, to formally accept this building which is today in a formal manner presented to the University, by a representative of Mr. Cudahy's family; and in doing so, to express the very profound feelings of gratitude of the faculty of the University and of the members of the Society of Jesus in the Missouri Province, to the immediate family of Mr. Michael Cudahy,—for this magnificent gift to the cause of Catholic education,—a gift so generous that it has rarely been equalled in Catholic circles.

It is a gift made to the Catholics of Chicago, in as much as it provides the University with the means of opening up to them the same facilities in the study of science under the safeguards of religion which are afforded elsewhere without such safeguards.

I take it that it is also a gift to the City of Chicago, because it increases the facility of education within her borders and helps to make Chicago a centre of University education as well as a centre of industry. It helps to make Chicago as remarkable in the intellectual world as she is in the business world. Those not familiar with this great metropolis are apt to be so dazzled with her stupendous material growth as to imagine that all her energies are expended in that line, whereas a more careful study of her varied activities will show that the growth of her universities, her technical schools and her art schools is ample evidence that her citizens recognize that mind is above matter, and that the development of the intellect is the best guarantee of industrial progress.

We Catholics of Chicago recognizing all this rejoice for another, and to us a stronger reason, because in the addition of another department to this University we see another safeguard to the moral growth of Chicago, which, according to Christ's words, is more important than its material success.

Formerly, that is a century ago, a university was confined to one or other particular spots of a country; it might be a small



town or a large city. To that spot, the young men of the nation, no matter how distant, were expected to travel, if they desired a university training. It was a luxury in those days, and in some countries only the sons of the wealthy could enjoy it. The influx of students into some of these small towns ran up into the thousands—even as high as ten thousand. It became impossible for the University authorities and later on, even for the civil authorities, to handle this great body of young men. Today, at some of our large universities, this same problem exists. The enthusiasm of the American people in the cause of education shows conclusively that the old European idea that a university training was to be confined to a privileged few has not met with favor in this country. Dissemination of knowledge, whether of secondary or college or university degree, should be so universal that the people of the whole country should be able to avail themselves of its benefits. This is the American idea. Our government has generously encouraged education in all departments by its co-operation and by the often-repeated declarations of its foremost citizens. There is no country where the people have contributed so lavishly to the cause of education as our own. Private citizens have taken a pride in building up institutions that would confer the boon of a good education upon their countrymen, and they have considered that the money put into a monument of this sort, was more enduring and more noble than the gold and silver invested in a mausoleum or a statue of marble or bronze set out to adorn our public parks. The American idea is that the university should be brought to the people as far as possible, and that students should not be compelled to travel far from home, and at great expense, to enjoy its benefits.

This desire has been opposed by the often-repeated objection that the multiplication of universities was suicidal financially, and that they satisfied no longing on the part of the people in general. A few well-equipped seats of learning could easily satisfy the limited demand for higher education. This objection, however, has had no deterrent effect upon the enthusiasm of the body politic, and universities have gone on multiplying. And what has been the effect? Has Harvard or Yale fewer students now than thirty years ago? Despite the existence of western universities with their thousands of pupils, has Cornell or Princeton suffered by this western competition? Have not the eastern universities as great a student body as they can well handle?

Even in Europe, although there is not the same facility allowed in establishing higher centres of learning, yet there has been a greater liberality permitted in later years, especially since the close alliance between certain studies and the industrial arts has become generally admitted. Universities are no longer the exclusive resorts of young men who desired to enter the profession of Law, Medicine or Divinity, though even today in Germany the larger part of the student-body is taking the abstract sciences. Avocations, which up to a later period, were to require no special preparation along academic lines, are now subjects of deep study. In fact, the whole business world has been revolutionized within the past half century. Schools of commerce and finance are becoming regular courses in all our universities, and these require mental caliber of high grade to follow them. The whole business world on account of the close communion brought about by steam and electricity, that is, by the steam engine, the telephone, and telegraph and wireless, is a common battle-ground where all the people of all nations are contending for supremacy. In fact, nearly all the wars of the last thirty or forty years, though nominally declared for some other cause, have been waged to extend commerce, and the weak peoples of the earth have been portioned out among the nations in the interests of commerce.

The study of law is brought into prominence by its alliance with the industrial world. It is commonly said there are too many lawyers in our halls of Congress and that it would be better for the country if their places were supplied by business men. It would be a happier solution of the difficulty to have business men there who knew law; and hence a new field has been opened up for the study of law. The situation has been taken advantage of by quite a number of young men, who frequent law schools not because they intend to become practicing lawyers, but because of the advantage its study gives them over others in business and in the politics of the country.

The study of medicine is no longer merely the vehicle of sufficient information to enable the physician to deal with the individual patient, but its uses are being extended to the welfare of the general public by sanitary appliances and regulation. Medicine is to a large extent studied to prevent disease, to preserve the health of the people rather than to cure disease after it has been contracted. Here again is opened a large field for the trained

mind in which to aid the city, state and federal government. The new laws guarding the food-stuffs of the country call for more chemists; conservation of our forests, makes the study of forestry a need, and there is already a demand for men skilled in that knowledge. Agriculture has lately assumed a greater importance than ever before; and the study of soils and seeds and climate is being pursued with great intensity all over the land. The farm will soon demand experts for its successful cultivation. The call for educated men is growing louder day by day, and the field of each science is broadening out into ever increasing vistas of usefulness. It is being recognized, after being felt by business men, that Germany owes her industrial success to better trained tradesmen and mechanics.

With these facts before us, there is no denying the necessity of higher centres of learning. With all due respect to the late Mr. Crane and some who think with him, it is the men of higher education who have opened up by their knowledge of nature's laws the avenues to a larger industrial world. The employment of workmen, be they skilled or unskilled, has not been restricted by inventions, but rather multiplied a hundred-fold.

In the social world, the demand for the presence of universities of the right kind is still more urgent. The theories regarding man's social relations, the function of civil government, the origin and obligation of religion, are all discussed freely in universities. It is evident both as a foregone conclusion and from experience, that the good and pernicious theories have sifted down from the university, through all the strata of human society. Those theories brought on the French Revolution; other theories of government have built the American Republic, and it requires no prophetic vision to foretell that in some universities, theories are being propagated to-day whose logical conclusion will be the destruction of our present form of government, and the setting up of the will of the majority as the source of all law and right.

The socialists have not failed to see the tremendous influence wielded by universities and have with energy worthy of a better cause established propagandas in these homes of theories and flooded them with tons of socialistic literature. That they have been meeting with success, we gather from the New York Times of Apr. 7, 1912.

"One year ago the number of important colleges and universities in this country in which socialists claimed their propaganda had a foothold, numbered only eleven. Within the past year the increase has been 400 per cent; socialist local societies with social libraries and social lectures in frequent attendance now number 46; hardly any sizable university being without its group." In numbers the college socialists have increased from 150 in 1910 to 860 in 1912.

What is being done to counteract it all? I see inquiry and free discussion are excuses alleged in Harvard and Yale, and Princeton and Columbia and in the great state universities. And yet socialist doctrines are destructive of the rights of the individual, of the family, of religion, and of the state, as we know them today, despite what socialists may say to the contrary. In fact most of them openly contend that they will reorganize society on a different and better basis. (See "America," Apr. 20, 1912, p. 45.) This accounts for the persistent attacks on the Constitution of the United States, which openly declares in the preamble that man has certain rights which antecede any civil constitution and which can not be suppressed by any civil document. In other words, the Constitution of the United States guarantees certain rights and privileges to every citizen which are not under the control of majorities. The ever-recurring attacks on the Constitution, now made with more boldness than ever, warns us that the political battle will soon be waged around the fundamental principles of our government.

In the days of the Roman poet, the great Horace, there were monuments and triumphal arches adorning the city of the Caesars' commemorating deeds of heroism performed in distant lands and the subjugation of conquered nations. And yet it was clear to his mind that there were other monuments more glorious and more durable. It was in this prophetic sense that he foretold of his own poetry, that its influence would extend beyond the bonds of time and space.

More durable than brass, in height  
Surpassing far the regal site  
Of pyramids, I've raised a tower  
That shall defy the cankering shower,  
Nor northern blast, nor lapse of time  
Shall mar the beauties of its prime.

I shall not wholly die, for still shall live  
 My better part for aye, to give  
 Freshness and vigor to the praise  
 That I shall reap in after days.

I have no hesitation in applying these words to Mr. Michael Cudahy. In the erection of this building, he has built himself a monument here on the shore of Lake Michigan that will keep his name sacred long after other monuments shall crumble to dust. He has built a monument as a corner stone tells: to "Religion and Science"—"Scientiæ et Religioni". It was his express desire that religion—Christian influence—should preside in this university over the teaching of science—a much abused word—often the vehicle of materialism and infidelity.

The gift will ever stand as a monument of the deep faith that he carried as a boy from Ireland; a faith that abided with him in adversity and prosperity and closed his dying eyes as they looked with calm and peaceful vision to a brighter world beyond.

"Cold in the dust his perished heart may lie  
 But that which warmed it once can never die."

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### A Wish

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Would that I were where mild winds blow,  
 Where shadows soothe, and still brooks flow,  
 And faint tints glow.

Land of pleasant nooks, 'mid sunny dells,  
 Where the lone songster care dispels,  
 And joyance dwells.

Reign there creatures of a fairy world,  
 Loom there castles, sunlit, bepearled,  
 With banners unfurled.

Spacious realms there for bright day-dreams;  
 There fancy's bark slips down crystal streams,  
 Where glory gleams.

Earl King, '15.

## An Eve of June

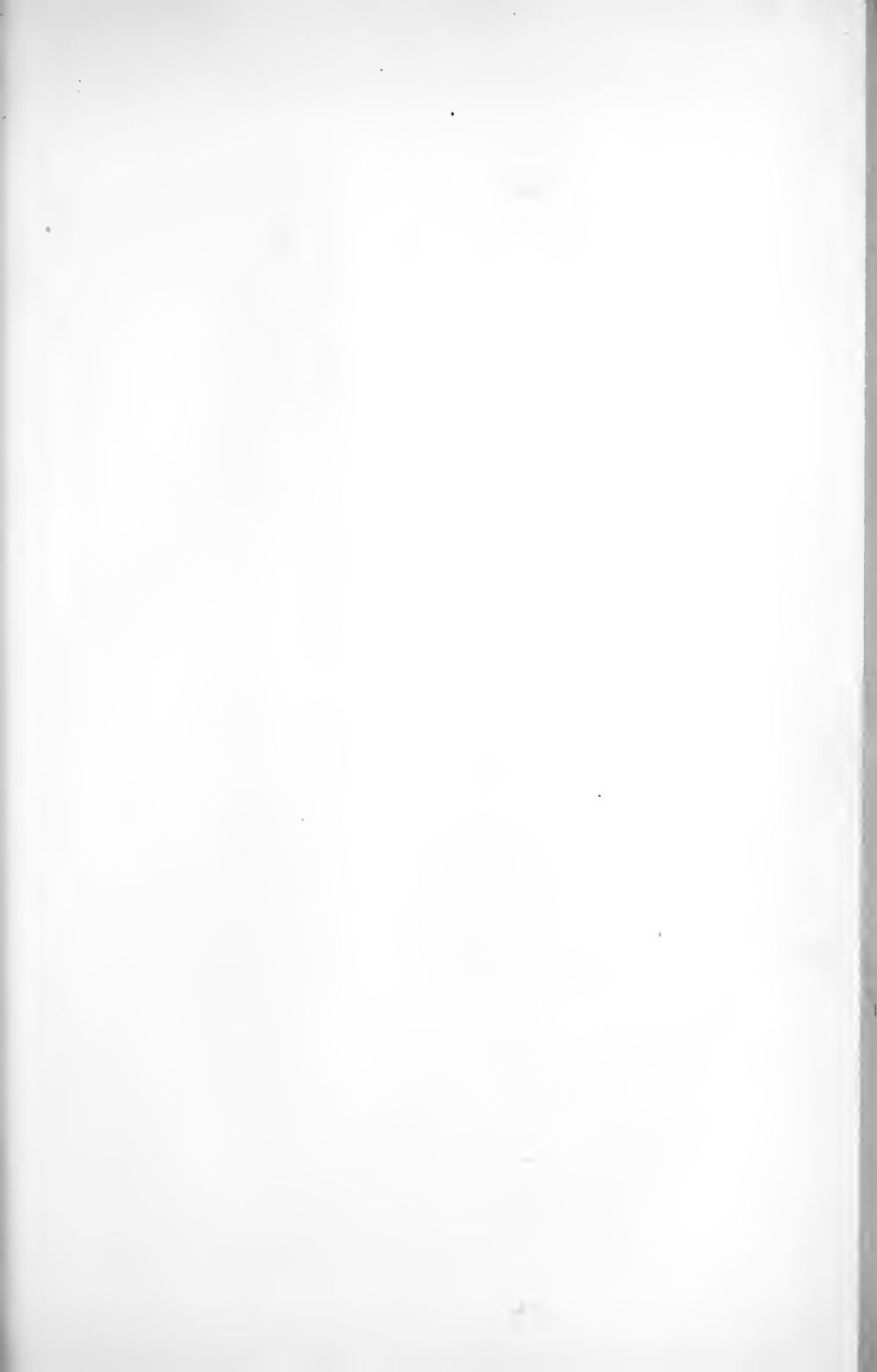
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'Twas yestere'en. The weary sun  
Was resting on a rocky throne,  
But still a golden finger played  
Within a tiny woodland glade  
And tinged anon the twig and blade  
With ruddy light.

There, like a brazen shield all spun,  
With greenish moss around it grown,  
Lay the deep-sprung forest pool;  
And o'er its side the water cool  
Trickled and sparkled like a jewel,  
Then fled in fright.

There ere his rest the sun had won,  
I sat, and joyed to be alone.  
And o'er my weary soul at last  
The scene its spell of beauty cast.  
I there relived a pictured past  
Till came the night.

Ralph J. Byrnes, '15.





J. WARD FITZPATRICK

WALTER A. WADE

St. Ignatius Academy Debating Team



# The Crane-St. Ignatius Academy Debate

James Fitzgerald, '13.



ON Wednesday evening, May 22, the academy topped off, with a victory in debate over Crane High, a year of exceptional achievement. Mr. Walter A. Wade, who possesses as active a lower jaw as any man in the whole school, and what is more, and that cannot be so generally said, possesses a license by reason of results produced, to use his jaw—engineered the delicate feat of arranging in the first place a debate at all with a public high school. He accomplished what never before in academy history any student accomplished—he brought a public high debating team into our own hall, contributed half to their defeat, and yet sent them away so well pleased with their reception that future contests are well assured. It was distinctly an Academy affair, from the “before-the-battle” mass meeting to the last cheer of victory. And a house packed to the customary doors told the powers of the speakers in the mass meeting and the lively spirit of the academy students.

The “Academy’s Own” string trio—Edward Dunne, J. Harlan Richards, Stewart McDonnell—opened the program, and their stirring strains put the crowd on edge for the contest. As a last resort to allow the popular musicians to escape after several encores, the debaters were announced. Dispensing with all preliminaries, the speakers went to work to settle the question: “Resolved, That Municipal Ownership and Operation of Street Railways is Better than Private.”

Mr. John R. Marchant, of Crane, opened the debate as first speaker for the affirmative. Mr. Marchant laid out his arguments with passionate deliberateness, and, though handicapped by an almost insatiable thirst, delivered a very strong speech. Mr. J. Ward Fitzpatrick, of St. Ignatius, followed, and would have been acceptable if from no other viewpoint than that of variety. He was the exact opposite of Mr. Marchant, and very boldly and frankly exposed the socialistic ideas behind Municipal Ownership, and presented the pleasing and excellent possibilities for graft as a reason why the plan should not be adopted.

Nothing daunted by the outburst that greeted the close of this first public speech of a Loyola Literary Society debater in years, Mr. H. Stacey Macomber, of Crane, a young gentleman of pleasing presence, came forward and in a telling speech, with no little display of fire, tightened up the contest in a style that was anything but encouraging to Ignatius' hopes. The applause that was returned Mr. Macomber was unstinted, and it is a significant fact that the S. I. A. section continued their appreciative cheers even after the Crane supporters had tired. Then in the crisis came Mr. Wade. Mr. Wade was there to win and he put everything he had into his speech; in fact, he put so much into it that, as afterwards developed, he had little left for rebuttal, nor by the same token needed it. He denied very bluntly that the city was capable to operate such a business as the managing of her street railway system, and he cited her failure with the water system, as proof. Mr. Wade went after the water system with such force and drive, that ever since about the college no student takes a drink of city water without a feeling of guilt, for did a prefect observe him in this disloyal act, he should be eternally shamed. Nor did Mr. Wade stop with the water system; but let some condemning light upon the Glasgow municipal system, and the failure of the proposed plan in San Francisco, and he demanded of the opposition, in conclusion, if they would hold the citizens of the burg of Birmingham, Alabama, the only municipality in the nation operating its street railway system, were more progressive than the people of Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, and a dozen other metropolises. The speakers had retired for consultation preparatory to rebuttal before the applause subsided.

During the temporary armistice, the unfailing favorite, Mr. Joseph Bigane, sang "Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold." Joe was in particularly excellent voice, and sang with all his wonted appeal and finish. The appreciative audience permitted him to retire only after several encores, and then only on the reappearance of the debaters. The first speaker, Mr. Marchant, put the fear of defeat into the hearts of the S. I. A. supporters, by strikingly reversing form and delivering himself of a brilliant rebuttal that drew special commendation from the judges. Mr. Macomber, too, was strong in rebuttal and here Crane easily carried off the honors. But the Academy team was not pressed and despite its slackening speed in rebuttal was returned the

winner by a comfortable margin. But not such a comfortable margin, however, that it did not require some time for the judges to reach their final decision; and for this be many thanks. For while the judges, Hon. Kickham Scanlan, Edgar J. Cook, A. M., LL. B., and Edward H. Luebeck, LL. B., were framing their decision, "Honey Boy" Ed. Walsh entertained. As usual, with his first all-embracing smile, Mr. Walsh won the audience for his own, and when he "la-ta-ti-ta-ti-ti-ta-ta'd" through his favorite "Haunting Melody," nobody really cared so very, very much if the judges sat in deadlock all night, if "Big Ed." just would not run out of songs, breath, or amiability. He sang the "Haunting Melody" over again. The audience desired more. So he sang, "I Want to be in Dixie," and it went "right over," and tickled every one in the crowd. As he finished the judges appeared, and nobody could say exactly where the applause for Mr. Walsh ended and that for the judges began. Anyway, when he could make himself heard, the Hon. Kickham Scanlan accomplished the accepted mission of every debate judge. He kept the crowd in suspense till the precise moment after which they would have swooped upon him and have torn the decision from him; then he announced that the decision favored the St. Ignatius team. And so this typical S. I. A. affair ended in the typical S. I. A. manner,—in a hearty cheer of victory, and a cheer no less hearty for the defeated who put up a sterling fight.

The respective speakers of the evening were quite distinctly announced by the chairman.

During the past week Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Wade "POSED" for their picture and a copy is reproduced in this issue.

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### Echo

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Aroused by wand'ring hunter's horn,  
 She wakes; and flying fleet,  
 The cliffs and woods doth greet;  
 Till coming to a dell forlorn  
 She rests in slumber sweet.

James J. Noonan, '15.

## The Storm

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In grim array the sable hosts advance,  
Announced by clarion blast and blazing lance;  
And in the van, like chargers ill at ease,  
Rush fitful gales that naught but death appease.  
Emblazoned on each storm cloud's frowning crest,  
The darting tongues illumine the fitful West.  
No sound of earth is heard; all nature hushed,  
Save for a moaning breeze, a voice of spirits crushed.  
Then darker still becomes the leaden cloud,  
And deeper still the thunder voices loud;  
Then peal on peal by stormy echoes caught,  
Roll rumbling blasts with direful omen fraught.  
The stormy vault of heaven fiery gleams,  
From sable ranks the eager lightning streams.  
The mighty gales now charge the covering earth,  
And taunt the vanquished foe in demon mirth.

John Fitzgerald, '15.

## Back to Nature

John F. Henry, Academy '12.

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CITY life had long lost its attractiveness for Jack and me. Seventeen dollars per week, subsisting on lunch-counter diet, and spending our evenings "at home" in a second-flight-up, side entrance room on 17th Avenue South was all right for such mortals as never knew any better, but for us who had sojourned with Amarylis through the Bucolics, and could go into ecstasies over the Georgics (English version), surely Nature had intended a broader and less artificial field. And now the time of our metamorphosis had come, with a big M. Bountiful Uncle Sam had seen fit to throw open for settlement three great reservations of almost unlimited acreage, officially known as the Spoogama, Cura D'Lena, and the Mazooma tracts. To make it easier to win a home and future happiness, our aforementioned Uncle allowed each one to register on all three reservations. This makes it better for our story, too, because it would be really difficult to have both of us win out if we only had one chance.

Some of the boys had gone up and registered, and the glittering reports they gave of the country, and the certainty they had of winning, removed all doubt that our day of cheap-clerkship was at an end, and our elevation into the higher pragmatism of the simpler life was imminent. No more would we be seen scurrying out of the Olympia No. 4 coffee and waffle dispensary each morning to catch the 7:35, nor ruthlessly jarring the stoic composure of all the cigar store Indian chiefs along the street each evening in our mad rush to board the 5:37 "Business Men's and Stenographer's Special." On our neat little private domain in the N. by E. by S. division of the Golden Buck reservation, we would be aroused from our sonorous slumbers by the gentle shafts of Madame Borealis entering our seventeen-by-twenty-three abode of rest through the aperture left by the piece of siding which the Chinook gale had borrowed during the night. Instead of coursing up and down the long ledger columns from eight a. m. to twelve m., our daily activities would begin with a constitutional canter through the long convergent rows of our blossoming and effervescently fragrant apricot and apple groves.

Upon return to our aforementioned Wistaria covered hut, about the time the shimmering dew drops are beginning to lose themselves, we would partake of our rurally prepared, but strictly hygienic, breakfast. Further description of our repast is unnecessary, except to say that all patented pre-digested foods and shot-through-a-cannon biscuits were to be barred. The rest of the day and the evening would be spent in the placid but business-like performance of the tasks incident to the bringing to culmination such a harvest as would be expected of two genuine spirited, four-ply, and guaranteed-not-to-run sons of Mother Earth, who had been called back to their own after so many years of involuntary exile in a dewless, blossomless metropolis.

There were two days left in which to register. The Big City was some six hundred miles from the farthest point of registration, Goosebill, Montana, and the round trip was \$33.25. The rate was high, but it seems in the rush of other business the railroad forgot to lower it. Taking an inventory of our cash on hand and on deposit, I found that I had \$5.70 unincumbered and Jack had seven dollars. But, considering that each of us was soon to be the sole proprietor of a hundred and sixty acres of perfectly good farming or timber land, the fact of our temporary embarrassment was a small item indeed. We had lots of good friends in town, but no very wealthy ones who had any money that was not tied up. Some of those whom we had classed as friends even went so far as to venture that we might not win out in the drawing at all. However, others were more optimistic, particularly Pat McCusker, who had befriended me in a financial way before, for which I was still obliged to him to a certain extent.

"Now look here," said Mac, "you are going to take three or four days to go up there, probably lose your job over it, spend about \$50.00, and what guaranty have you that you are going to get anything out of it?"

"I feel in my bones that I am going to win a farm, Pat," I said, "and I am willing to stake everything on it."

Pat knew about how much my "everything" was.

"How much will you take for your chance of winning?"

"O, I don't know off-hand, I would have to figure a while," I responded, beginning to feel like the salmon merchant who is

about to hold out his hand for a check covering the fish he is going to catch six months hence.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," Pat continued. "You want me to lend you \$50.00 to go up there with. I'll lend you twenty-five if you will sell me half your chance for the other twenty-five. Is it a go?"

At first I was going to tell him what I thought of him, but then my business acumen overcame my pride, and as I could think of no other source of revenue that I could assail between that time and the time my train was to leave the next evening, I cautiously but thankfully accepted the ten fives and went home.

Jack also succeeded in negotiating a loan with a personal friend for a small amount, and a green ticket where his gold watch and chain ought to be, bore witness to where he obtained the rest of the necessary. Jack said he didn't think it safe to carry a solid gold watch on this kind of a trip, anyway.

We were a little late in getting down to the train, and there were already some people aboard. We could hardly believe that there could be so many people who had received the back-to-the-soil call, but then there was lots of land for all who really wanted it, and we had no fear of being cheated out of our predestined allotment.

We were sure that very few of these people had ever heard of James Whitcomb Riley or Luther Burbank, and certainly many of them must have had a harder time than we did getting together the necessary number of shekels to carry them that six hundred miles and back. Men, women and children were packed in that car in a manner that would make it a close second to any Wentworth Avenue car leaving the White Sox park just after a World's Championship game. Jack and I enjoyed the air out on the platform until we got up into the mountains a little after dark, and then we went inside. Spoogama, the first stop for registration, was about four hundred miles from the Big City, but on account of various obstructions of Nature, it is a run of about fifteen hours, at least it was on the train we took. We did not sit down in the car, as we observed several women standing, and did not think it proper to be seated while they stood. This was the longest fifteen hours I can ever remember, with the exception of the following night, and we began to feel in our bones that the back-to-the-loam life was not all apricot blossoms and unadulterated felicities.

It was so long past our regular breakfast time when we arrived in Spooagama, that we decided not to eat any breakfast, and went into the depot lunch-room and had dinner. We inquired of the waiter the closest registration office, and as soon as we had finished our meal wended our way thither. This being the next to the last day for registration, it was not difficult to find the place. However, we had not long to wait in line and were soon indulging in the exquisite and long-looked-for pleasure of filling out a certain little blank headed "REGISTRATION BLANK FOR SPOOGAMA RESERVATION." Just before signing my name, I noticed a clause which read something like this: "I hereby certify that no other party is now or will be, so far as I know, in any way interested in any land which I may be successful in drawing."

Instinctively my fingers clasped that twenty-five of Mac's in my port-side pocket, and I looked at Jack.

"Did you see it, Jack?" I whispered.

"No, what?"

"This last, but not least thing. The half-interest deal with Pat must cease to be before I can swear to this piece of stationery before that notary there. I suppose Pat will be a little vexed when I tell him I had to call it off, but I don't think he'd want me to perjure myself and maybe him at these three places for that paltry twenty-five that he ought really to have lent me, do you?"

"I don't know," said Jack, "you made the deal."

"Well, Jack, I made it and I have you as my witness that I cancel it right now before I affix my John Hancock to this application."

After we had sworn and paid our two-bit fee for the privilege of doing that thing in a public and respectable manner, we walked out as became any two ranch-owners, and started in the direction of the train which was to bear us to our next place of registration. I really couldn't decide whether that clause had knocked me out of twenty-five or saved me eighty acres of apricot blossoms. Time, the great healer of all our troubles, would tell, but I knew that I had a return ticket in my pocket that would take me to Goosebill and back to the Big City, so even if it came to the worst, and I must eventually pay back that fifty, and didn't win a farm, it would be only a question of about six months' saving. At least, I felt as though I



had acted like a man, and a business man. (But my story must advance more rapidly.)

The trip to Cura D'Lena by daylight was uneventful, except for one or two scuffles arising from disputes about division of land that was to be drawn for some five months hence. Jack said it was over the clause, but I couldn't verify that. Remembering the advice of Cortez to his soldiers, we had traveled very light, and I would pass this same admonition to all who would venture their life in a land-seeking crush.

That night on the way to Goosebill, we were two of the few who had succeeded in securing sleeping accommodations; we had lower 16, just over the rear wheels of a tourist car, but after our fifteen-hour siege on our feet the night before, it was as precious as a whole Colonial Suite, Michigan Avenue side, at the Blackstone during the Aviation Meet. Even this night, however, our joy was not to be unalloyed. Somewhere about two in the morning, "Red" McGinnis, a dear, but sleeperless friend of ours, to whom we had exhibited our sleeper ticket the evening before, stealthily stole up to our compartment of repose, and in less time than it takes to typewrite it, was enjoying a long-needed slumber in lower 16, shoes, coat, hat, and other fixtures unremoved. Swayed by compassion, and too tired to resist, we shoved over a bit, four inches of the window sill accommodating Jack to that extent.

One would have thought Goosebill was a military encampment. There were some real buildings on the main street, which led up to the town from the depot. Beyond these buildings, long rows of tents were ranged, their white flappers fluttering in the gale. These were the hotels. I began to admire Jack's foresight in leaving his Elgin in strong hands in the Big City. From other of the tents, the savor of ham and hamburger steak came forth. But before we go further, let's not forget the big rough pine, open-side office where we were furnished the all-important registration blanks, and the little notary who took our oath.

During our three-hour wait at the depot for the train going back we had lots of time to make plans for the future. Jack was somewhat of an electrician, and insisted that he was going to pick a strip with a real dashing, splashing, power-producing stream running through it, so that he could produce sufficient electrical power to pump all our water for irrigation pur-

poses, and run an electric toaster beside. I heartily endorsed this and other plans, one of which was to chose our sections adjoining one another, so that we could build one house straddling the boundary line, his compartment being on his section and my compartment on mine. These and many other plans we agreed upon.

So far our trip had not been exactly a howling success, considered from the standpoint of pleasure or personal convenience, but we felt that now the strain of registering was over, we would enjoy the ride home. Our train pulled up, and we boarded her, being greeted on the platform by some of the newcomers to this hemisphere, whose last sleep had been partaken of five nights previous in a steerage bunk. We thought we had gotten on the wrong car, but after walking the length of the train, came back again and sat down in one of those durable, oak-slat seats which have the faculty of flattening out into a bed when so desired. Above these seats is another affair made of the durable oak, suspended from the ceiling by two chains, and looking very much like a hay rack in the stock cars. At first we were content with flattening out the seat and reclining on it, but Jack felt that the loftier station would become him better, and so climbed up into the suspended rack, and in about five minutes was oblivious to the world, but not invisible. After a while "Red" McGinnis, fresh from the night before, passed through the train and spied Jack. Immediately a brilliant plot entered his thinking apparatus. Lying flat on his back on the seat, "Red" placed the sole of his boot against the lower part of the hanging rack, and with one mighty boost, Jack, rack and all went up to the ceiling. As the rack jerked back to its position, John landed on his hands and knees, half awake and very much surprised. Before he had time to figure out whether he was in a wreck or only a derailment, "Red" shot him up again to the ceiling. By this time the rest of the car had forgotten the passing farm houses and were giving their unstinted attention and applause to the performance. Considering the fact that we have Grand Opera Victrola concerts on our trains De Luxe, they were not surprised to the point of ossification that vaudeville should be introduced on the Flat-head Express. Finally Jack managed to crawl over to one side and come down feet first on top of his tormenter. (I am afraid my story has suffered another serious set-back, but we will go right ahead now.)

Four days and four nights from the time we left the Big City, we returned to our rooms and to our jobs. Pat McCusker was not so much dejected as I thought he would be about losing his chance on half my interest. Joyfully Jack and I plugged along at our old tasks until the day of drawing was at hand. Greatly disappointed that our names were not among the first few to be drawn, we scanned the lists day by day, wondering by what oversight or typographical error, ours did not appear. Three hundred thousand land-hungry people had registered for five thousand farms. Five thousand yellow envelopes were drawn by a dainty little damsel from a pile of three hundred thousand. Somewhere in that remaining two hundred and ninety-five thousand, ours are, or were. Somebody slips a crisp dollar bill into Pat McCusker's palm every Saturday night, and whispers "apricot blossoms," and whenever Jack wants to know the time, he pulls out a little green ticket and looks at me in that sort of pitiful, foolish smile, so common to us hopelessly dyed-in-the-smoke, nailed-to-the-Masonic-Temple city fellows.

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## This is the Forest Primeval

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Into the forest's gloomy heart plunge I,  
And straightway find me in another world;  
Left far behind are joyous open sky  
And parklike woods, where festive trees unfurled  
Their every banner to salute the sun,  
And filtering rays a golden carpet spun.  
No more the madly dancing sunlight weaves  
Fantastic arabesques upon the leaves:  
No bold and curious sunbeams e'er invade  
These dim mysterious haunts of icy shade.

I stand abashed in twilight forest aisles,  
In Nature's inmost temple; endless files  
Of stately pillars towering on high  
Uphold a swaying vault against the sky.  
A deathly calm broods o'er the lofty nave,  
The gloomy aisles are silent as the grave,

A spell is on the leaden atmosphere,  
And Time himself holds no dominion here:  
One changeful patch of sky between the trees  
Is all that tells of earthly vanities.

My stealthy step awakes to whispering speech  
A thousand flitting phantoms of the night,  
Who softly gibe from twisted oak and beech  
And ever vanish from my straining sight.  
Far down the leafy vista now appear  
A browsing herd of timid woodland deer,  
Who, sensing hidden danger, startled raise  
Their graceful heads, and at the stranger gaze,  
Then, seized with sudden panic they are flown,  
And I am left to worship here alone.

I feel as one abandoned in a pit,  
Who gazes high up to the infinite  
With sickening dread lest he should ne'er again  
Behold the blessed countenance of men.  
Within this living vault I am entombed,  
Secure, remote, unheard by shouting life;  
In ocean's awful deep I were not doomed  
To severance more complete from earthly strife.  
Far, far above, the great world works and weeps  
In these cool depths the wood eternal sleeps.

Joseph M. Byrnes, '15.

# The Feasibility of the Proposed Court of International Arbitral Justice

J. Frederick Reeve, '12.

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This paper was submitted in the Lake Mohonk Prize Contest, and was awarded sixth place. A sister institution, Georgetown University, secured seventh place.

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DISCUSSION of the senate's recent action on the arbitration treaties with Great Britain, France and the United States affords an excellent introduction to the subject of this essay. The plain inferences to be drawn therefrom are invaluable, inasmuch as they render strong reasons for the early establishment of such a court, besides making known to the whole world the attitude of this country towards the broad question of world amity. It is vital in the establishment of the proposed arbitration court at The Hague, that our exact attitude towards the peace problem be clearly understood. For a court, not in harmony with the expressed opinion of the people is certain to be rejected. Hence, a consideration of the senate's action will make known what measures are practicable at the present time.

The treaties, as submitted to the senate, provided for the arbitration of all "justiciable" differences arising between the contracting parties; it created a Joint High Commission of Inquiry to investigate "the facts out of which the difference between the two nations arises" in case the difference was not justiciable, that is, not capable of decision by the application of the rules of law or equity. After proper investigation the commission was to issue a report in which it exercised not a judicial function, as does The Hague court in the case of a justiciable question, but only the advisory function of a mediator. Further provision was made that when a difference arose as to whether or not a dispute was justiciable, the commission should pass upon it, and if all but one member agreed that it came within the scope of Article I of the treaty, in other words, was a justiciable dispute, it was to be referred to arbitration in accordance with the terms of the treaty. These are the essential features of the pact giving a wider scope to arbitration than any previ-

ous treaty to which any of the three contracting nations was a party.

As amended by the senate, the treaties expressly exclude from their scope those questions which involve the admission of aliens into this country, and their attendance in state schools; the alleged war indebtedness of Southern States; the territorial integrity of the United States, and particularly the Monroe Doctrine. Another amendment struck out the second clause of Article III, the most important provision in the entire pact. Briefly, the treaties in their amended form signify very little, marking no advance over those negotiated by the Roosevelt administration in 1908.

How can this devitalizing of the beneficent treaty by the senate be interpreted? The senate is the deliberative chamber of congress, whose action is supposed to represent the sober, second thought of the people. Hence, its vote must be considered as the sober, second thought of the American people in reference to international arbitration.

From the action of the senate on the treaties, these conclusions immediately follow:

1. There are certain questions which the American people do not consent to arbitrate; hence, at the present time, arbitration cannot be unlimited.

2. The United States, though recognizing the doctrine of arbitration, is not as yet prepared to enter an agreement providing for compulsory arbitration.

This is regrettable and signifies not a fault in the principle of unlimited or compulsory arbitration, but rather wide-spread ignorance of its aim, necessity and indisputable benefits to mankind.

Nations are mere aggregates of individuals, and have moral rights and duties just as have the individuals. In a personal altercation, there exists no right or duty to self-redress, since courts of justice, set up by common consent within nations, have supplanted the need of it. If a man is injured in his property, person or character, he commits a greater injustice should he propose to adjust his personal grievance by a recourse to physical violence. Nations have recognized the principle, that the amicable settlement of all personal disputes by national courts is indispensable to national progress; as a result, arbitration between the individuals of our nation is unlimited,

as well as compulsory. No civilized man, in his right senses, can deny the benefit of national courts, set up by common agreement. The function of this kind of court consists in taking all acute disputes out of the hands of the individual disputants, deciding them by applying the principles of law and equity, without disturbance to the rest of the community. Thus, national courts of justice, after a gradual but steady process of evolution, have almost entirely precluded the use of force, of self-redress in the settlement of personal differences. It is not considered a diminution of liberty to be compelled to submit all differences to the decision of a national court, since unlimited submission to their jurisdiction is a result of a previous voluntary contract.

This same principle should be applied to all the disputes arising between "The Contracting Parties to the Judicial Arbitration Court" set up by the convention of 1907. So that, instead of immediately calling out the militia and the navy, after the diplomatic channels have found it impossible to adjust the differences, the executive branches of the concerned nations can submit the case to the court and in all cases abide by its decision. In other words, the plea is this: Common sense first indicated, next, long experience proved, that it was better for state and individual, that all personal disputes without exception should be terminated by a court of the nation using justice and law, not force. What inherent difficulty can prevent an international court (employing similar methods) from performing the identical function, if the nations will agree to make arbitration unlimited and compulsory?

For the identity of function between the existing national and the proposed international court of arbitration is perfect. That of the former is to amicably dispose of all personal altercations; that of the latter will be to decide all international disputes, thus obviating the necessity of international warfare. This argument, drawn from the identity of function of the two kinds of courts, is the insurmountable barrier in the path of the enemies of compulsory arbitration. At least, the principle is unassailable. True, the specific form, which a compulsory international court will assume is proper subject for debate; but, there should exist such a court developed to the highest possible efficiency whose unlimited jurisdiction should be agreed to by all civilized nations; permanent, in the exact sense of

the term; a real judicial body—that is out of the realm of debatable subjects—it is an institution, which must and will be established in the future, despite the opposition of many unthinking men.

A court of this nature was adopted in principle by the forty-four signatory powers to The Hague conference of 1907. However, the convention, establishing the court, was not ratified, because of the inability of the delegates to agree upon a method of selecting the judges, which would allow the court to preserve its nature as a judicial body, and at the same time conciliate the lesser nations for the deficiency of continual and equal representation in the court. Peace advocates have been at work ever since to solve this mathematical problem, "to devise some method by which forty-four individual, sovereign nations can have equal representation in a court of not exceeding seventeen members." From an authoritative source, it is learned that the court will be established at The Hague very soon. President Nicholas Murray Butler, in his opening address at the Lake Mohonk Conference, May 24th, 1911, said: "At this conference one year ago, the Secretary of State authorized the announcement that he had reason to believe that the international court of arbitral justice would be instituted before the time, set for the meeting of the third Hague Conference in 1915. It is now possible to say, again with the knowledge and approval of the Secretary of State, that the progress made during the past year has been so marked that in all likelihood such a court, created by general agreement, will be erected at The Hague, even earlier than seemed probable a year ago." This statement is the foundation for the belief that the court will soon be put in operation. At present, it would be most opportune to set it in action, to offset the defeat of Mr. Taft's splendid plan for unlimited arbitration.

From all indications, it will displace the present so-called "permanent" court at The Hague, which, though successful in deciding amicably our Mexican dispute in 1903; the Orinoco Steamship controversy with Venezuela; the Newfoundland Fisheries case in 1910, as well as the Savarkar dispute between France and England in the same year—still has many defects which can be remedied by the new court.

To mark a real advance over the present one, this proposed international tribunal must be a real court, composed of a defi-



nite set of judges, chosen for a definite period of time, instead of a mere panel of judges, from which the disputants choose a certain number as each case arises. It must discharge a strictly judicial function, and not be a compromising body. It must pass only upon those disputes which involve a legal issue. If the dispute be political, then there is proper matter for diplomatic efforts, or for international commissions, consisting of citizens of both countries involved in the dispute. Finally, it should be permanent in the real sense of the term; each session should have a necessary connection with the next, so that, a system of legal precedents can be evolved.

By what rules or principles of international law can the court be guided after it has been put in operation? Two powerful factors tend to build up an adequate system of international legislation. The first agency is pointed out by Rear Admiral Charles H. Stockton, U. S. N., Retired, "International Legislative Bodies such as congresses, conferences, conventions, and commissions are the powerful means by which treaties are formulated. . . . It may be said that such bodies to a large extent, if not entirely, codify and establish rules and laws by which arbitral tribunals are governed, and in the future they will in all probability be the source, from which the great international courts of an arbitral or appellate nature will find in substance the principles and rules to follow, and govern them in cases that have arisen either in times of peace or war." The second agency is judicial interpretation, serving as precedent for future international cases. The use of these convenient means will evolve a complete system of international laws, capable of guiding the action of the court.

In the present state of public opinion, the court should be empowered to settle every dispute, which the concerned nations may agree to arbitrate; but the senate's recent action speaks loudly that arbitration can neither be made unlimited or compulsory just yet. In the ultimate analysis, the success of this international court depends entirely on the willingness of nations to arbitrate. If they are unwilling that arbitration be compulsory, what then? Write compulsory arbitration into the constitution of the court? This would invite defeat. No, a stream cannot rise above its source; so also, the judicial arbitral court cannot be more useful, or its use more general than its creators intend. While it is a consummation, devoutly to be

desired, that nations observe the same code of ethics as do law-abiding citizens, or in other words, agree that the international court be unlimited in the scope of its jurisdiction, and that recourse to it be compulsory—nevertheless, it is futile to attempt to establish compulsory arbitration at the present time. The future holds out great hopes, however, which means that, when the nations finally recognize the principle of compulsory arbitration, war or national self-redress will be reduced to a minimum.

The proposed international court adjusts itself to the desire, at the present time, for limited arbitration. Let it be put in operation at once; and let recourse to it be voluntary. By educating the people into recognizing the superiority of compulsory arbitration over national self-redress, the object will be attained; for, as they realize law's superiority, the prestige of the court will greatly increase; as nations become more civilized, placing greater confidence in the instrumentality of law, as opposed to force, with equal celerity will the scope of the court's jurisdiction expand. Until civilization reaches its zenith, there always will be war. But to wait until the millennium to establish the court, is folly. Let it be set in operation immediately, with only the scope of jurisdiction that will be agreed to by all nations, and its very existence will attract international cases. After amicably settling a few such cases, the nations will gradually recognize its efficiency, and recourse to it will become general. Its pretensions are modest at the outset, owing to the world's present incredulity, but the growth will be constant, since the court rests on an enduring foundation.

The analogy between national and international courts, fails on what is apparently the most important point. Whereas, the award of a national court is backed up in the last resort by the military strength of that nation, there can be no international military force to ensure the carrying out of an international decree. Does this lack of an international sheriff render the whole idea of an international court visionary? Not in the least, for the carrying out of a court's decree is not a judicial but an executive function. There is an international sheriff in the shape of public opinion of the world. Some deny the capability of the public opinion of the world to enforce an international award, inasmuch as it cannot be sufficiently concentrated to effect such a marvelous result. If public opinion is insufficient, what then?

There is a stronger moral coercion. Nations will be bound in honor to abide by the decision of the international tribunal, after submitting their dispute to its award. Is a nation's oath sufficient binding force? The history of arbitration in the past century renders an unconditional affirmative; in the two hundred and more cases in which nations have agreed to abide by an international award during the past century, history does not record a single instance in which the pledge was broken, no matter how powerful the nation concerned, or how serious the issue at stake! This splendid record reassures men. Yes, it must be trusted, that nations will keep their sworn promises, for faith in nations, no less than faith in individuals, is a necessary requisite for all human progress!

Will the establishment of this court with only limited jurisdiction abolish war at once? Will it cause an immediate reduction of the armaments of the world?

First, limited arbitration cannot abolish war at once, for it does not uproot the causes. War is something more than a means of terminating international disputes. If it were only a means, surely it would have been discarded centuries ago, when better means were suggested; no, it is an institution which bespeaks many evils, that only can be uprooted by education and the inculcation of morality in the masses. The most we can hope from the international court, with limited arbitration, is the reduction of war to a minimum. Stated in another way, the benefit of the court is this: It is an instrumentality that does away with the absolute necessity of war, without, however, directly abolishing it. The abolition of war depends not on any artificial means, but on the civilization of nations.

The proposed court will not directly effect the status of military forces of the various nations, because nations at present do not desire compulsory arbitration. And as long as there remains the remotest possibility of a difficulty arising between nations which is to be finally settled by force, just so long will nations maintain an efficient fighting force—just so long will they be justified in its maintenance. Compulsory arbitration, agreed to by all the nations of the world would uproot the evil of growing armaments, for there would be no further use of them; but nations do not want compulsory arbitration; hence, they must bear the burden of militarism. Still, since the court, with voluntary arbitration, signifies a certain degree of world

federation, it will tend to remove blind suspicion among the different countries. This removal of mutual distrust will make it easier for diplomatic channels to convoke an international conference of the great powers. A conference of this kind can begin "the scientific investigation of the military needs of the great powers, in view of their public responsibilities, the concentration and distribution of their territory, the extent and character of their trade and the proper distribution of power among them." Accurate data like this can serve as a basis upon which to arrange for a mutual limitation of armaments, or at least, to obviate the need of blindly increasing them.

It is to be regretted that the practice of nations is so far below the theory. The theory of nations demands the settlement of all international disputes amicably; by the diplomatic channels, if possible; by special international commissions of inquiry, when they are best suited to dispose of the difficulty; by the court under discussion, when the question involved contains a legal issue. This is the mark at which the constructive peace movement aims. Though the immediate attainment of this object would be the greatest good to all, it is unlikely that victory will come for a long time yet. Even the most advanced pacifists appreciate this fact, else why should they advocate the immediate establishment of an international Prize Court, whose sole function is to dispose of cases arising during and after war? Moreover, the very convention containing the constitution of the international court of arbitral justice, provides by Article XVI that "the judges and deputy judges, members of the judicial arbitration court, can also exercise the functions of judges and deputy judges in the international Prize Court."

We may have to wait, and longer than we expect; for the abolition of war between nations is at least as difficult a task as the building of Rome. The Peace movement has prospered wonderfully in the last two decades and from its past growth can be estimated what may be expected in the future.

"Take the last twenty years, no other human movement has so much to show to its credit as ours. . . more than a hundred settlements of controversies by arbitration; more than four score treaties of obligatory arbitration; two great official world peace conferences; an enormous development of pacific public opinion, as expressed through the peace associations, through the Inter-parliamentary Union and many other organizations, that have

taken up the deliberate propagation of our cause; the Hague court of arbitration, established and now extended to all the nations of the world; the arbitration clause put into most recent treaties of commerce; an international court of arbitral justice, set up and already in operation in central America; the principle of obligatory arbitration accepted unanimously by the representatives of all the nations at the second Hague conference; that of a permanent high court of nations likewise unanimously approved; all this in twenty years, most of it in ten! It is an unparalleled record!"

Judging from the wonderful past, it is safe to predict that before another century has elapsed, all the nations of the world will have agreed to give the international court of arbitral justice, erected at The Hague, compulsory jurisdiction over every international dispute. Thus, the dream of the constructive peace movement will be realized.

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### Stella Matutina

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About the hastening ranks of coming day,  
 That put to flight the sable hosts of night,  
 The star of morning casts its mellow light,  
 And gleams refulgent through the matin gray.

Like shades of sin dispelled by virtue's ray  
 Like cheerless phantoms reeling at the sight  
 Of joyful spirits, flying in affright,  
 The misty dark to purest light gives way.

O Mary! Morning Star that shows the path  
 From night of sin to day of virtue fair,  
 Be thou our guide, and shield us from the wrath  
 Of demon hate; submit us to the care  
 Of thy sweet Son, whose loving mercy hath  
 Succor for all that thy devotion share.

John Fitzgerald, '15.

## Indecision

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Midway upon the beaten road I stand,  
Bewildered, at the parting of the ways;  
Before me westward rolls a shining maze  
Of vistas luring to the promised land.

What lies beyond? Each slender golden strand  
Entwined among the hills, tells not my gaze  
If through a pleasant countryside it strays  
Or parches 'mid a wilderness of sand.

Mayhap it will be mine to scale the sheer  
Sky-summits where the gateway-passes are,  
Or tread the solitudes, and faintly hear  
The far-off plaudits of the multitude  
For other men. What matters it? Bright hued  
The morning gleams, and I may journey far.

Joseph M. Byrnes, '15.

## The Girl I Left Behind Me

James Fitzgerald, '13.



HE razor made pause in the swath it was cutting through Caleb Drill's three-day-old beard. Caleb opened his eyes with a dreamy, "Wha's up, Otis?"

But Otis, having relieved the twist from his neck and the strain from his eyes—calculated somehow to expedite the process of hearing—was already bending again to his arduous task. "Ole 'Step-and-a-Half' out on his annual Dec'ration Day parade," he vouchsafed. And as the faint trill of a single fife came to them through the open door, Caleb grinned, eased down in the chair and gave himself up to the full enjoyment of his semi-annual "barber-shave." Ote scraped on, figuring the while just how long it would take to hone his one razor back into shape again; and wondering, too, where was the lucrative "holiday rush," that had been so glowingly pictured by the agent who sold him the shop. Here it was Decoration Day, nine o'clock, and only one patron. Finally, the last of the brave, black little soldiers entrenched behind the protecting fold of Caleb's fat chin, was brought out and laid low, and Ote wiped his razor, and laid it carefully away. Then with comb and brush poised, "Wet 'er day?" he queried. "Wet," responded Caleb. So wet it was; and there was a sort of "thank-goodness-that's-done" note in Otis' voice, when, having plastered the thin sandy hair down over Caleb's sloping forehead, and having curved it away over his outstanding right ear, he announced, "Done!"

Caleb—his face sleek and shiny—stepped heavily down from the chair, and after a few inspective pats on either fat jowl, betook himself to the window where, while adjusting his immaculate collar, he surveyed, with a lofty smile, the passing parade.

The "parade" was old "Step-and-a-Half" Scott, pegging along and blowing "Georgia" out of an old army fife. The road was rough, and his stiffened and bent left leg dragged, and his wind was short, and he missed quite half the notes, and the notes he did achieve came only now and again above the shouts and laughs and sallies and mocking whistles of the troop of dusty young urchins that tagged at his heels. But old "Step-and-a-Half" heeded not. The fire of other days was in his eye; and

he stepped on, as every Decoration Day for twenty years he had trudged, from the lone old cottage down by the "tracks," up through the village and on out to the cemetery. And he played as he had played every Decoration Day, no better, no worse. And he looked just the same; perhaps a little more bent, perhaps a little more deeply wrinkled, perhaps a trifle shabbier, and his nose, maybe, a little redder. And the people of Carston watched him as they did every year, standing in their doorways and at the shop windows, and they laughed at him and at the antics of the "young ones" limping behind; and they called it, as it had been dubbed that first Decoration Day,—“Step-and-a-Half’s Parade.” And “Step-and-a-Half,” just as always, was keeping on his way, seemingly unmindful—fulfilling a purpose.

But he saw, and his sensitive nature felt, and he remembered. For instance, when he passed the barber shop, though his fingers showed no halting, and the shrill of his fife no abating, and though his eyes seemed not to waver, he saw Caleb smiling cynically there in the window, and he remembered that this same Caleb years ago had led just such a band of imps as now shouted about him. But he kept on. On out through the town to the cemetery gates, where the hooting troop halted behind him. In all the years none had dared follow him within the cemetery—except one, once; this self-same Caleb. And old “Step-and-a-Half” remembered this, as still fifeing he turned in and marched down toward the “old section.”

It was very quiet here in the morning, very peaceful and still. And there was no one here to laugh at him; and to smile and exchange glances at his battered old hat, and straggly old beard and wrinkled face; and his baggy, wrinkled, ancient army suit; and there was no one here to remind him that he took but a step and a half where he should take two; and there was no one to pluck at his coat, nor mock his playing; there was no one to sneer, here, at an old man’s purpose. And he could hear his own notes now; and so he played very well. And with his stiff fingers snapping up and back on the holes, the thin shrilling of his cracked fife kept up, till he halted at a single grave down near “the brook.” There stood a simple stone that told, God in His wisdom had called to eternal sleep on the 30th day of May, 1888, one Mary Scott, aged thirty-five.

And old “Step-and-a-Half” took the tiny flag from his hat and stuck it down in the grave—then he knelt and prayed a



while;—then he sat down on the grave and played, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." And he played it with the skill that had made him famous in the young days—played it softly and tenderly. And sitting there alone with her, he saw her again as he had seen her that other day so long gone, sweet and white waving to him from her window, as he marched gayly away at the head of "the Boys," fifeing "The Girl I Left Behind Me." And he saw her again that last night, when she reached out to him a thin hand from beneath the covers, and asked for Danny, young Danny who wasn't there; and then he saw her as she smiled up to him and said, "Play 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' Dan." And he saw her when he had done, lying white and still and smiling in death. And then he finished and limped out of the grounds and down through the town, the sanctity of his thoughts profaned by the jokes and gibes of village "cut-ups"; and he found refuge at length in his little cottage. He got down his old music book and her Bible, and all day long he played and read alternately the tunes and passages she had loved, until it grew too dark to see the notes or read the lines.

Now, as he put them away—the music and the Bible—he heard voices in passing and a whistled bar or two of "Georgia" and then a giggle, and looking out through the window, "Step-and-a-Half" saw that it was Caleb and his sweetheart on their way to the station, off to the city on a lark; and in the girl's hair was a little flag. "Step-and-a-Half" stood for a moment, with a queer lump in his throat. He started to say something, "If them —," then he turned and went out to the cemetery again—he hurried down to the grave by the brook. The little flag he had stuck there was gone.

He went home and got drunk after his usual fashion, and stayed more or less drunk after his usual fashion week in and week out through the year. But he remembered.

A year went by and Caleb Drill, in its course, went to the Legislature. Those were the two biggest happenings in Carston that year, but a bigger one was in the making. For as Decoration Day drew near the new Forward Club of Carston was pushing preparations for a "first, grand, patriotic celebration of the great national memorial day." There would be a parade of school children, a company of veterans from the Soldiers' Home at Denham, ten miles away, a full brass band, a detachment of Ohio National Guards, the Carston Forward Club, and crowning

feature—Carston's own congressman, Caleb K. Drill, would deliver the oration of the day.

The first "Step-and-a-Half" Scott heard of this was when the Rev. F. Ridney Bulwer, who was directing the affair, called upon him and found him sitting on his front doorstep. Now the Rev. F. Ridney Bulwer had never before visited old Scott, whose soul had been given up as lost by Ridney's father before him; but he felt it a duty to invite Carston's only veteran to participate; so having prayed that he might remain uncontaminated, he called.

"A very good evening, Mr. Scott?" was how he opened the interview.

"Evenin'," said "Step-and-a-Half."

"Eh—quite a delightful little place you have here!" fenced Ridney.

"Quite. Is there somethin' on your mind, parson? Let's have it if there is, 'cause I'm goin' indoors right directly."

"Why—er—well, you know, I presume you've heard of the celebration we are planning for ——"

"Nope—ain't heard a thing."

"Well, we, that is, preparations are well under way for the fitting celebration of Memorial Day—parade, music, speaking and all that—and I called upon you, a veteran of the grand old army, to enquire if you would not favor us by — a — marching with us, we ——"

"Nope, I guess not; so-long, parson, I'll be goin' in."

Prompted by his outraged pride and taking courage that old Scott's back was turned, the Rev. F. Ridney could not restrain a gibe — "Perhaps, you'll march yourself, according to custom, Mr. Scott?"

Old Scott turned on the step and there was a flash in his eye —

"You're damned right, I'll march, and I'll ——"

He went in, leaving the Rev. F. Ridney to pursue his thoughtful way homeward, fully convinced that his saintly father had been right.

"Step-and-a-Half" sat up all night thinking and scheming, and for the first time since he began to drink, he cursed drink—because it addled his head and left him unable to plan well. For a score of years he had sought some revenge for this outrage—not of his own selfish feelings, but of his sensitive, tender

memories of Her. The next day he didn't take a drink, nor the next, nor the next—and he kept on scheming. The second night before the "big day," he decided—on the plan that had been in his mind all the time —; but he wounded his stubborn pride to death in the decision. He sat down and he worked till midnight on a letter; and the address he wrote on the envelope, was:

"The Hono. Governor of Ohio, Mr. Daniel J. Scott, Jr., ——"

He didn't know the capital of the state so he left a space for that. Then he went down to the station to Joey Horner, who was his one friend and who was good at geography.

That is how it came about that Joey Horner, station agent, dozing over a novel long after midnight, heard a step on the platform outside. He shot wide awake, tore open the drawer at his right hand, and when "Step-and-a-Half" put his face to the grating of the ticket office, he found himself looking down the wobbly barrel of a big, fat revolver. He stuck his hand between the bars first and took the gun out of Joey's hand, and then he fished out the letter from his pocket and thrust it between the agent's fingers.

"Joey, you're gettin' as crazy as the rest o' this town. Now kind of pull your wits together and write the name of the capital of this here state there on that there env'lope, and send that there letter off right quick as you can. Joey, what I like most about you is ——" At sight of the address on the letter Joey's eyes had widened and his mouth had opened on a question, but old Scott forestalled him—"you don't never ask no fool questions. Now, you'll see that gets off right soon, won't you. Joey—here's postage. Hev a chaw?"

When Joey handed back the "plug"—what there was left of it —, "Step-and-a-Half" laid the gun on the shelf beside the window and went home.

The next evening Caleb Drill stopped at "Step-and-a-Half's" gate on his way to the station to welcome the train-load of old soldiers from Denham. Caleb—with a real congressional paunch, and a real congressional gold watch-chain draped across the front of a real congressional white vest and, Caleb—doing his utmost to look really congressional. It was the first time in six months that old Scott had seen him; and he found his dislike for the big, sleek, oily, self-satisfied "critter" had doubled once for every one of the six months.

"Well, old friend," cried Caleb, hanging like a fat pillow over the gate—"How's old 'Step-and-a-Half?'"

Because he didn't say what he thought old Scott, from his doorstep, answered, "Pretty good."

"Well, well, same old 'Step-and-a-Half,' eh?" chuckled Caleb, in imminent danger of puncturing himself on the picketed gate. "Suppose you're going to march tomorrow according to custom."

"Yep," said the old man—"going to march all right, but I ain't sure as how it will be accordin' to custom. You're goin' to make a speech, I hear, Cale."

"Oh, yes, quite a speech, I may say; you ought to get out to hear it. It is, I may say, quite a remarkable speech, I have worked quite a bit on it—yes, quite hard."

For the first time "Step-and-a-Half" showed some interest. "You've worked hard on it, you say, Cale?"

"Yes, very hard; I have put a good deal of time on it, and it will be — remarkable; I have spared no pains to make it so."

"Well, Caleb, I'm glad to hear that; I hope you worked—I sure do hope you worked as hard as all get-out on that there speech. I certainly do!" And there was such a sincere ring to his voice that Caleb thought he had about decided it was better not to remain on the outs with Congressman Caleb Drill; but before he could speak old Scott had turned and was limping down the walk to his cottage. Caleb watched him with a puzzled air for a second, and then, smiling to himself, hustled on to the station.

Decoration morning found the whole population of Carston gazing skyward; and especially anxious were the searching eyes of Caleb Drill and "Step-and-a-Half." Caleb, because the introduction to his speech told the assembled multitude how they were gathered today 'neath the fair, cloudless blue of the smiling heavens, beamed upon by the caressing rays of a kind sun, with cheeks gently fanned by softest of spring zephyrs, etc.; and Caleb, in his present state of mind, simply could not change it, no matter what the necessity, but would have had to speak it as it stood even in a thunderstorm. And "Step-and-a-Half" gazed with searching eyes skyward because—well, "Step-and-a-Half" never did have very much use for water.

It was eight o'clock when old Scott came out of his cottage. His "army blue" was all neatly brushed and pressed—albeit,

one trouser leg was creased rather out of plumb, but that was the "hurt" leg and it bagged so queerly that it were hard even for an expert tailor to handle —; his white hair and beard well brushed and combed; his hat fresh looking and with a little flag, stuck in the band; and his eyes—the look of expected battle was in them. He stayed a little at the gate to look at the bustling crowd down the street in front of the church; then he went quickly down to the station. The station was deserted save for Joey; and Joey, standing on the very last board at the "town" end of the platform, was as near to desertion as he dared.

At sight of "Step-and-a-Half" —"Morning, Mr. Scott," he said. "Why ain't —"

"Morning, Joey. As I've often remarked, Joey, what I like most about you is, you don't never ask no darn fool questions. Have a chew?"

Joey would. As "Step-and-a-Half" moved away toward the waiting-room, pocketing the remnant of his fresh plug, he asked, "Time is that train due, Joey?" and answered himself by another question, "Nine fifteen, ain't it?"

Certainly, Joey couldn't have answered him, for Joey was having great difficulty getting out of his mouth the prodigious chunk of "chewing" that he had with natural foresight bitten off. When he got it out he bit off a respectable sized chew and wrapped the remainder in his handkerchief and stowed it away, wondering for the thousandth time, where old Scott found the money to buy liquor and tobacco so lavishly without ever doing a tap of work. Putting aside the monthly pension as an explanation, Joey for the thousandth time concluded that it was that monthly, plain, white letter which contained the solution. And then Joey put the thought of the whole thing out of his head; for the band down on Main street was striking up.

Inside the station shelter, "Step-and-a-Half" found waiting to be slow work. Nine o'clock came and he looked out the window facing the town and saw the parade forming. Nine fifteen came, so did the train on schedule; but nobody got off. "Step-and-a-Half" looked after the train till it was out of sight and then for a long while. Then, with his lips quivering ever so little, he turned and crossed over to the town-side window and watched the parade winding away through the village up to the cemetery. He could now and then catch faint snatches of the music, and he could make out, in the center of the long

line, an automobile, and he knew Caleb Drill was in it. The parade passed out of sight, but "Step-and-a-Half" chewed and spat and hung around the station.

It got to be five minutes to ten. At ten o'clock sharp on Decoration Day each year it was his purpose to start marching; it was going to be harder this time than it had ever been to fulfill that purpose. But he unloaded his chew, pulled his hat down a bit over his eyes, slipped his fife down out of his sleeve and went out. Joey, sitting dejectedly with his feet swinging over the edge of the platform, looked up inquiringly, and old Scott answered the look.

"Well, Joey, I guess I'll be on my little annual march—according to custom;" his voice almost broke on this last. He was terribly disappointed over something, Joey could see. And good-natured Joey got to his feet, and going over slapped "Step-and-a-Half" on the shoulder and told him, "By golly, Mr. Scott, if I could leave the job here for an hour, I'd march with you!" The tears came to the old soldier's eyes—"Thank ye, Joey," he said, and then, "Well, I'm off!"

From down the track came a long whistle. Old Scott took the pipe from his lips and a queer expression came across his face.

"Holy Smoke!" gasped Joey, "I clean forgot that 'special' coming through at 9:58!" "Step-and-a-Half" caught his arm as he tore for the station, and jerked him up to a standstill—"A special coming and you didn't say a word! Well, you varmint, it's blamed lucky fer you, that I got other things to think about right now, er I'd jist about half skin ye." He let the excited Joey go, and turning looked away toward the cemetery—"Yes, sir, Caleb K. Drill, ole 'Step-and-a-Half,' he's goin' to march—but not jest accordin' to custom."

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At exactly twenty minutes past ten—the program of music, song and recitation having been completed without mishap, save that little Willie Blat in the recitation of the "Charge of the Light Brigade," had been so carried away by the action of the piece that he stepped off the edge of the platform and tore his new white blouse and blacked his eye. At exactly twenty minutes past ten the "Honorable Caleb K. Drill," having been "announced and introduced with pleasure," the Honorable Caleb came forward and looked smiling down upon the cheering

“folks” of Carston. It was a great crowd; swelled by the old soldiers and the national guardsmen, and with every man, woman and child—save two—of Carston there, it was the biggest gathering Caleb had ever addressed. And Caleb felt himself fit for a triumph; he was sure of his audience, he was sure of himself, and he was sure of his speech. He looked proudly down and about him, there was his sweetheart, there was a reporter; these about him were his constituents; he looked up at the blue sky prepared according to his introduction. He turned—he’d almost forgotten this impressive point—stalked to the chairman’s table, filled a glass of water very deliberately and very deliberately drank it. He came back, stepped out to the very edge of the platform and began —

“Mistar chairman, ladies and gentalmen, and honored guests: We are gathared here today beneath the fair, unclouded blue of the smiling heavens, beamed upon by the caressing beams of the sun, our cheeks gently fanned by the softest of spring’s sweet zephiroes, we are gathered here today ——.” He paused for dramatic effect; — and he got it.

As though that pause were a signal there came the roll of a drum, and then the shrill and rattle of a fife and drum corps playing “Georgia.” Every eye turned in the direction whence came the sound, and Caleb’s eye led all the rest. This is what he saw:

Coming through the gates, first old “Step-and-a-Half,” blowing with such zest on his cracked, brown fife that it screeched out clear and distinct from his customary tune, and behind him, with a tattered, “shot-to-pieces” banner at their head came the crack Ohio Seventh’s fife and drum corps, and behind them the crack seventh itself, a hundred strong, marching with a sturdy swing and steady, easy carriage that told the “regulars”; men of service, no “counter-jumpers” these. “Step-and-a-Half” never batted an eye, nor missed a note, but pounded right ahead.

Caleb’s eyes turned slowly—nobody was looking at him now; if they had been they would have remarked how sagged and melted looking he appeared. The soldiers went right past the stand; right past Caleb, and after the soldiers went the eyes and the interest of the crowd; and after their eyes and their interest went the crowd with never a backward look; then “The Committee” slipped down off the platform and went, too; so did the band; and so there on the platform in solitary grandeur

Caleb was left alone. But not for very long. He climbed down and followed the crowd!

And so it came that "Step-and-a-Half" marched down the long shaded lane, with the compact body of regulars swinging behind him; and all Carston crowded behind, all stepping in time to the stirring old quickstep. And they went on down to the grave near the brook. And they halted there, and the corps gave place and, at the officer's command, over the grave there cracked a volley, and then another and another. Then "Step-and-a-Half" stepped over and taking the little flag from his hat stuck it in the grave; and then he knelt down, dropping his hat on the grave, and prayed awhile; and the breeze stirred his long white hair; and there was an uneasy sort of movement in the crowd, and then all the town was kneeling there. After a little time "Step-and-a-Half" got up and, looking to the fifers and drummers, said clearly—"Play 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' boys." And they did.

And when they had finished they marched back to the station and the whole crowd followed, from the Rev. F. Ridney Bulwer down to little Willie Blat, and when the train had gone and "Step-and-a-Half" had gone home, the people all went home and they never thought of Caleb, it seemed.

But that night—after it was all over, as everything comes to be—"Step-and-a-Half" was sorry. He had brought all those people down to Her grave; he had made a show thing of Her grave; to satisfy his small desire for revenge, he had opened the door to the shrine of that he cherished most, and had allowed the rabble in—the rabble who could not understand. He thought on in this fantastic strain and he was very uneasy.

So it happened that late that night when a tall, thin, scholarly gentleman, wearied and fagged looking, stepped from the eleven o'clock train, and asked of Joey the way to Mr. Daniel Scott's home, and misunderstood Joey, and lost his way in the unlighted village and got out near the cemetery, he heard the low, soft tremor of a fife. And going down along the path, and coming to a grave by the brook, he found an old man, sitting bareheaded, alone in the moonlight, playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me." And with the tears falling very fast, he went and knelt beside the old man. And "Step-and-a-Half" played right on and he never missed a note—for he was fulfilling a purpose.



Now the Rev. F. Ridney Bulwer and a committee of the Forward Club went, after a few days, to the Honorable Caleb Drill and suggested that it would indeed be a shame that such a magnificent speech as Caleb's had promised to be and on which he had worked so assiduously, should go to waste; and further suggested that it might be quite the thing for Caleb to deliver it on next Tuesday evening in the church basement for the benefit of the Forward Club at twenty-five cents the person, admission.

And then Caleb, all in a swoop, lost his temper and his chance for re-election to Congress, by telling the Rev. F. Ridney and the committee and all they represented, in very plain words, just precisely where they could go, with specific directions how to get there.

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### The Nightingale

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O poet of the gloomy shades,  
Whose thrilling note of pain  
On soft ambrosial darkness fades,  
About thy woodlawn fane,  
Thy lyric rings with joy for me—  
A sobbing soft refrain.

For, in the shadows of the night,  
A sadder note steals through  
To mingle with thy lyric light,  
As rain upon the dew;  
The voice of stricken conscience calls—  
Its note has sorrow too.

JOHN FITZGERALD, '15.



## Editorial

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### RETROSPECT.

The Collegian, though not free from the trials that afflict almost all College journals, has finished what an impartial observer would probably term a successful season. Its financial condition has been very much improved; and thus one great impediment to its expansion into a monthly has been removed. The contributions in general have been excellent, and yet the standard was not set so high as to interfere with the purpose of all such publications, which, as remarked before, is the development rather than the display of talent.

The most notable achievement was undoubtedly in the department of verse. Of all the magazines that reach our table, none has approached us in the quantity of verse published, and few, if any, have reached a higher point in respect to quality. The Chicago "Inter Ocean" was so impressed by the excellence of our verse that it filled, in one of its Sunday editions, an entire half-page with extracts from the works of our young poets, prefaced by some very flattering words of appreciation. To those who are acquainted with the work done, and the difficulties in the way of its accomplishment, the verse in this year's Collegian must stand forth as a triumph for sound and inspirational methods of teaching.

If the reader will now glance back at the frontispiece, we will make him acquainted with the gentlemen who have done most to make the season of 1911-1912 a successful one.

**J. FREDERICK REEVE, '12**, succeeded Philip J. Carlin as Editor-in-Chief. Mr. Reeve's versatility was both a boon and a

misfortune for *The Collegian*; for although he contributed generously to our columns, the many calls made upon him prevented his doing as much as we would have liked. He had a leading part in the play, was one of the most active members of the Debating Society, and was frequently called upon by local organizations to speak on literary or political topics. Mr. Reeve's contributions were exclusively essays and editorials, of which "The Cross and the Flag" merited the highest praise. His essay on "The International Court of Arbitration," which appears in the present number, was awarded sixth place in the Lake Mohonk Contest.

**THOMAS J. O'BRIEN, '12**, had charge of the department of athletics, and also contributed a number of editorials marked by lucidity of style and sound good sense. His loss will undoubtedly be felt next year.

**JAMES FITZGERALD, '13**, is destined to go down in history as one of the truly great editors of *The Collegian*. Mr. Fitzgerald is both a poet, a "teller of tales," and an essayist; but it is in the department of fiction that he stands forth pre-eminent. His "Tale of the Lark" in the November number carried off the prize for the best verse, and two of his stories, "Tricked" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me," were awarded the emblem for the best prose.

**GEORGE J. ZHRINGER, '13**, originated the department of wit and humor known as "Rarebits." His work was not only highly appreciated by local readers, but was much enjoyed by our exchanges. Our scrap-book is filled with references to his "electric flashes of humor," and he enjoys the distinction of having had bits of his work republished in the columns of other magazines.

**J. AARON COLNON, '14**, devoted his energies to the production of "Daubs in Doggerel." As Mr. Colnon was unable to be present on the day the staff was photographed, we would like to supply a pen-picture at least; but the perfection of the subject and our own deficiencies bid us pause. We therefore refer the reader to either last or next year's frontispiece.

**JOSEPH W. BYRNES, '15**, and **RALPH J. BYRNES, '15**, contributed to *The Collegian* some of the most exquisite pieces of verse that have appeared in the eleven years of its existence. Their work, together with that of other members of the class of

'15, has set a standard which future years will despair of surpassing and be proud of equalling.

**JOHN FITZGERALD, '15**, accepted the onerous task of compiling the College Notes, a duty he discharged to the satisfaction of all concerned. In addition Mr. Fitzgerald contributed generously to the department of verse, his "Vergil" in the May issue being awarded the emblem for the best work.

**BOHUMIL E. PECHOUS**, Bennett Medical, '14, kept us informed of the progress of affairs at the Medical School. Mr. Pechous has for many years worked unselfishly in the interest of The Collegian, and may well be proposed as an example of editorial devotion.

**WALTER E. SOMERS, '13**, has proved one of the most energetic and successful business managers the magazine has ever boasted of. A glance at our advertising columns will give the reader an idea of what has been accomplished through the efforts of Mr. Somers and of his associate, Mr. Henry. As long as Walter E. Somers is in our midst, no one dare say that college spirit is dead in the upper classes. He works, has worked, and we hope, will continue to work untiringly and unselfishly for Loyola U.

**JOHN F. HENRY, Academy, '12**, served both as an associate editor and as business manager, proving equally efficient in both offices. His two stories, "The Platform Man" and "Back to Nature," give glimpses of his life in the West, where he resided before his return to college last year. As an ad-getter Mr. Henry surpassed even the redoubtable Mr. Somers.



The commencement exercises for this year are to be held at Orchestra Hall on Friday, June 21. On that evening the degree of Bachelor of Arts will be conferred on the members of the senior class, the graduates of Bennett Medical College will be given their "M. D." degrees, and those from Lincoln College of Law, there "LL. B." degrees.

On Wednesday, May 15th, the elocution contest of St. Ignatius College was held at Association Hall. Messrs. James Donigan, Lambert Hayes, William Higgins, Charles McDonough and George Zahringer represented the college on this occasion. All the speakers acquitted themselves very well, handling their selections with force and feeling. By the decision of the judges Lambert K. Hayes was awarded first place with William Higgins a close second. The medals in the first and second divisions of the academy were won by Frank Malone and J. Ward Fitzpatrick.

The competitive examinations for free scholarships are to be held at the college on Saturday, June 29th, at 9 a. m. Ten of these scholarships are to be awarded to the ten pupils obtaining the best averages; the one highest in merit receives a free education covering the entire high school and college courses, the other nine will be given a free education in the high school course. These examinations are open to all pupils of the eighth grade in parochial schools of the archdiocese. The winners are permitted to choose between St. Ignatius Academy and Loyola Academy.

The officers of the various societies in the college are very well pleased with the progress made by their organizations

this year. The director of the Frequent Communion Guild and the moderators of both senior and junior Sodalities express themselves as highly edified by the piety and earnestness shown by the students. The debating societies have finished a very successful year, as is shown by the large number of subjects which have been handled in such a masterly manner.

Last, but not least, is the organization of a body of students whose purpose is to edit and publish the high school paper, "The Maroon and Gold." There are great possibilities in this little paper. In the course of time it will develop, we hope, into a University Press, thus giving necessary and deserved publicity to the work of the various departments.

Much interest was shown among the student body in the weekly debates of the Loyola Literature Society. Scarcely a week passed without some noticeable improvement in the delivery and general work of the members. On January 26th, a number of new members, chiefly from the third year classes, were admitted into the society. They were:—Messrs. Barry, Duffy, Fitzpatrick, DiGiovanni, Hanrahan, Mooney, Patzelt, Quan, Quinn, Sujak, Tierney, C. Walsh, I. Walsh, Welsh and Wratkowsky. On February 9th, the semi-annual election of officers took place with the following results:—Mr. Leo McGivena, Vice-president; Mr. J. Ward Fitzpatrick, Recording Secretary; Mr. William Holton, Treasurer; Mr. Walter A. Wade, Corresponding Secretary; Messrs. Gerald Barry and Patrick Mooney, Censors; Messrs. William Holton, John Tierney, J. McNamara and Ignatius Walsh, Committee on Debates.

The following is a list of the subjects discussed for the last half of the year, 1911-1912:

Friday, January 19—The United States should retain permanent possession of the Philippines. Affirmative, Messrs. Henry and Harrington.\* Negative, Messrs. Nolan and McGivena.\*\*

Friday, January 26—The United States should annex Cuba. Affirmative, Messrs. Holton\*\* and Murphy, \*Negative, Messrs. Wade\*\* and Vaughan.

Friday, February 2—Capital punishment should be abolished in the United States. \*Affirmative, Messrs. Kiley\*\* and McNamara. Negative, Messrs. Kerwin and Bowe.

Friday, February 16—A system of old age pensions should

be established in the United States \*Affirmative, Messrs. Purcell\*\* and Fitzpatrick\*\*. Negative, Messrs. Welsh and Hanrahan.

Friday, February 23—The fifth amendment to the constitution should be repealed. \*Affirmative, Messrs. C. Walsh and I. Walsh\*\*. Negative, Messrs. Mooney and Barry.

Friday, March 1—As society is constituted at present, the liquor saloon performs desirable social functions. Affirmative, Messrs. Quan and Patzelt. \*Negative, Messrs. Wratkowsky\*\* and Tierney\*\*.

Friday, March 8—The power of the government should be paramount to that of the states in the conservation of natural resources, limited to forests, water-power and minerals. \*Affirmative, Messrs. DiGiovanni\*\* and Quinn. Negative, Messrs. Duffy and Wade\*\*.

Friday, March 15—The rapid awakening of the Mongolians is perilous to the Caucasian supremacy of the world. \*Affirmative, Messrs. Wade\*\* and Holton. Negative, Messrs. Murphy and Kiley\*\*.

Friday, March 22—The women of the United States should be granted equal suffrage with men. Affirmative, Messrs. Bowe\*\* and Sujak. \*Negative, Messrs. Vaughan and Henry\*\*.

Friday, March 29—In American cities the municipal ownership and control of water, light and transportation is preferable to private ownership. \*Affirmative, Messrs. Fitzpatrick and McGivena. Negative, Messrs. I. Walsh\*\* and Barry.

On Wednesday, April 10th, a special meeting was called for the purpose of choosing a debating team to represent the society in the Crane High School debate. Eleven members were entered in the preliminaries of the evening. Messrs. Wade and Fitzpatrick were chosen with Mr. McGivena as alternate.

Friday, April 26—A system of postal savings banks should be established in the United States. Affirmative, Messrs. McNamara\*\* and Harrington. \*Negative, Messrs. Nolan and Purcell.

Friday, May 10—It is for the best interests of the country to build and maintain a large navy. Affirmative, Messrs. Hanrahan and Patzelt. \*Negative, Messrs. Mooney\*\* and Welsh.

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\*Awarded the decision. \*\*First in point of merit.

## Alumni Notes

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**Ex. '84** Fr. William Foley, Pastor of St. Ambrose's Church, celebrated on June 2nd, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination.

**Ex. '84** Another jubilarian is Fr. Henry Quinn, who was raised to the priesthood twenty-five years ago. Fr. Quinn is now stationed at St. Kevin's.

**'95** Dr. Edward Francis Garraghan and Miss Grace Reddy were married at Holy Angels Church on the morning of Saturday, June 1st.

**'06** Harold Trainor, who was ordained at Rome, will celebrate his first Mass at Holy Cross Church on June 23rd.

**Ex. '06** Joseph A. Warzynski, Ph. G., has begun business for himself at 2801 Archer Avenue.

**'08** Joseph A. Sehnke was ordained priest by Archbishop Quigley on Saturday, June 2nd. Fr. Sehnke celebrated his first Mass on Sunday, June 3rd, at St. Josaphat's Church.

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On Saturday, May 18th, Joseph F. Ryan relinquished the prospects of a brilliant career to answer the summons of death. But that summons was not entirely unwelcome; for a long and hopeless struggle against a complication of maladies made death appear a blessed release.

Joseph Ryan graduated from St. Ignatius College in June, 1911, with the degree of A. B. The following September he began the study of law at Lincoln Law School, a department of Loyola University. During his College life he was a faithful and exemplary student. He was prominent in various College activities, and during his Senior year filled the office of Athletic Manager.

It devolves upon us, who were once his classmates, to give public expression to the respect in which his memory is held, and to convey to his sorrowing family the assurance of our heartfelt sympathy.

THOMAS H. MAGINNIS  
DANIEL BROPHY  
HOWARD H. BRUNDAGE

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### ACADEMY TEAM.

The greatest baseball team in the history of St. Ignatius has just completed a most successful season. Fifteen games were played, and fifteen games were won by the Academy team. This is indeed a record which no high school or academy in the State has been able to equal. In view of the fact that every high school, academy, and minor college within the radius of one hundred miles was challenged, the St. Ignatius Academy baseball team rightfully claims to be the champions of all preparatory schools in the State. Although the teams played comprised some of the best in the State, the Academy boys triumphed over all.

Lake High was the first team to visit our grounds this season, and went down to defeat by the score of 7 to 6. Joe Kerwin made his debut in Academy baseball society.

The next game furnished excellent batting practice for our boys. We hit St. Cyril's to the tune of 14 to 1. Gallagher, also a debutante, pitched a stellar game.

The best game played on the home grounds was the first St. Rita's, whom we defeated 4 to 2. Kerwin pitched great ball.

The fast Oak Park boys were the next victims and went down to defeat by the score of 4 to 3. Frank English and his drop certainly dropped the suburbanites.

Joe Kerwin for the second time now handed a large-sized lemon to Lake. Score 6 to 2.

The less we say about the Varsity game the better, but as you all know, English, Kerwin and Gallagher assisted at the

obsequies. "Say, George, did you ask us the final count?" "Well, it was 7 to 5, and the Varsity got the 5."

The team representing De La Salle Institute, visited the campus, and carried away the short end of the score, 7 to 2.

One Thursday in May the Academy boys journeyed to the select North Side and showed the Loyola Academy boys some inside baseball. English shut them out, 5 to 0.

The McKinley High team was very generous and made us a present of 14 runs, while we, not to be outdone in kindness, gave them two.

Our boys now kicked the dawg belonging to Holy Trinity High School around to the accompaniment of a cracking tune of 26 to 2. The invincible Kerwin pitched again.

St. Cyril's now received its second gold-brick from Gallagher when they bit to the score of 12 to 4.

The North Side boys of Loyola were our next visitors, and at the same time, our victims (we hated to do it, but then you know), for "Big Joe" Kerwin sent them back to bathe their wounds in the lake. Score, 9 to 3.

We now took a goat—the brother of that rabid goat we took before—from De La Salle. Gallagher pitched and we won, 8 to 5.

The fastest game of the season was played on Decoration Day with the crack Marquette Academy team of Milwaukee. It was a brilliant contest throughout, but, as usual, our boys proved masters. The score was 4 to 1. Big Joe did valiant work in the box.

Hon. Joseph Kerwin closed the season by defeating St. Rita's College, 8 to 3. Here Joe hung up his record of 20 strikeouts.

Captain Peckous deserves great credit for his generalship, and he led his men to victory in splendid fashion. Catcher Bill Holton, the brainiest man on the team, played splendid ball throughout the season. His whip to second was perfect and many felt its lash. It is to be regretted that our star first-sacker, Clare Tierney, was injured in the Loyola Academy game. Jim Reedy, a born ball player, did valiant work at second. Cunningham, our little short stop, is the sacrifice hitter of the team. Student Red Hartigan took excellent care of the left garden. Speedy Moreau cultivated center and Jacobsen and Kiley alternated in right. Jacobsen, the slugger of the squad, took Tierney's place at first after Clare was hurt. Too much

cannot be said in praise of our slab artist, Big Joe Kerwin, and of Gallagher and English, his assistants. All three deserve highest praise for their stellar work in the box.

WALTER A. WADE, Academy '12.

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### THE TRACK TEAM.

After a lapse of several years, track athletics have been revived here at St. Ignatius. With the opening of the new year, a team was organized in the Academy, and after a very short period of indoor practice, entered the indoor meet at Northwestern gymnasium. They did not win a single point. Thereafter, the track team was seen no more practicing about the yard or building. A few rather discouraging and uncomplimentary remarks were made by some, and with the coming of baseball, the affair was forgotten.

But the members of the track team, luckily for St. Ignatius, weren't the kind to forget or be so easily discouraged. When spring came and the ground cleared, they looked around for a place to practice, and found one at West Park No. 2. Coming out three or four evenings a week, they gradually rounded into fine form, and on May 25th competed in the Central States meet. Five men were entered in seven events. There were seen the results of practice. The trouble at the first meet, namely, making poor starts, did not appear at the second meet. The starts were all cleanly made, and races entered without a blunder. J. Hanrahan, in 100 yard dash for Juniors, won a silver medal for second place, scoring  $1\frac{1}{2}$  points. W. McKeown won two bronze medals for third place in the 100 yard dash for Novices, and third place in the broad jump. Hanrahan's time was 11:4, McKeown's 11:3, and in the broad jump, McKeown jumped 20 feet 4 inches. Total,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  points.

Now,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  points may not seem much, but  $3\frac{1}{2}$  points won in that meet was worth more than 350 points in dual or triple meets. Remember, that all the "prep" stars of the Central States were present that day. They came down to Northwestern from thirty schools, with large bands of rooters and small armies of coaches, rubbers and trainers. St. Ignatius men came alone, and paid both entry fee and car fare, receiving neither moral or financial support from the students. Under these circumstances,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  points are a great deal.

On Decoration Day, May 30th, St. Ignatius competed with Medill High at West Park No. 2. About five hundred Medill sympathizers were there, and cheered loudly for Medill. St. Ignatius was almost entirely without representatives. Then St. Ignatius showed real form, and won 64 to 31. The program and score is given below:

100 Yard Dash (heats only; points split).

First Heat: 1st, R. Sackley, S. I. A.; 2nd, W. McKeon, S. I. A. Time 11.1.

Second Heat: 1st, Sullivan, S. I. A.; 2nd, Farrelley. Time 10.3.

Third Heat: 1st, Hanrahan, S. I. A.; 2nd, Tierney, S. I. A. Time 11.

220 Yard Dash (heats only; points split).

First Heat: Sullivan, S. I. A.; 2nd, McKeon, S. I. A. Time 25.2.

Second Heat: 1st, Farrelley, S. I. A.; 2nd, Hanrahan, S. I. A. Time 25.1.

Half Mile Run.

1st, Hanrahan, S. I. A.; 2nd, Brown, M. H. S.; 3rd, Kelly, S. I. A. Time 2:15.

High Jump.

1st, Smidl, M. H. S.; 2nd, Nemeck, M. H. S.; 3rd, Tierney, S. I. A. Distance, 5 ft.

120 Yard Hurdles, Finals.

1st, Sullivan, S. I. A.; 2nd, McKeon, S. I. A.; 3rd, Swartz, M. H. S.

Pole Vault.

1st, Smidl, M. H. S.; 2nd, Sullivan, S. I. A.; 3rd, Cohen, M. H. S. Distance, 9 ft. 4 in.

Mile Run.

1st, Farrelley, S. I. A.; 2nd, Kelly, S. I. A.; 3rd, Epstein, M. H. S., Time, 5.26.

Shot Put.

1st, Katz, M. H. S.; 2nd, Levine, M. H. S.; 3rd, Levy, M. H. S. Distance, 35 ft. 10 in.

440 Yard Run.

1st, Hanrahan, S. I. A.; 2nd, Sullivan, S. I. A.; 3rd, McKeon, S. I. A. Time, 59.3.

Broad Jump.

1st, McKeon, S. I. A.; 2nd, Nemeck, M. H. S.; 3rd, R. Sackley, S. I. A. Distance, 18 ft. 2 in.

Relay Race (Half Mile).

1st, St. Ignatius Academy (Tierney, Sackley, Hanrahan, Sullivan, McKeon); 2nd, Medill High School (Brown, Swartz, Smidl, Capiller, Nemeck).

Total: St. Ignatius Academy 64, Medill High School 31.

All track events for this year are over. Our men have securely revived track athletics. Our prospects for next year are very bright. For long distance runs, Farrelley and Kelly will be most available, and Hanrahan and Sackley will prove to be good

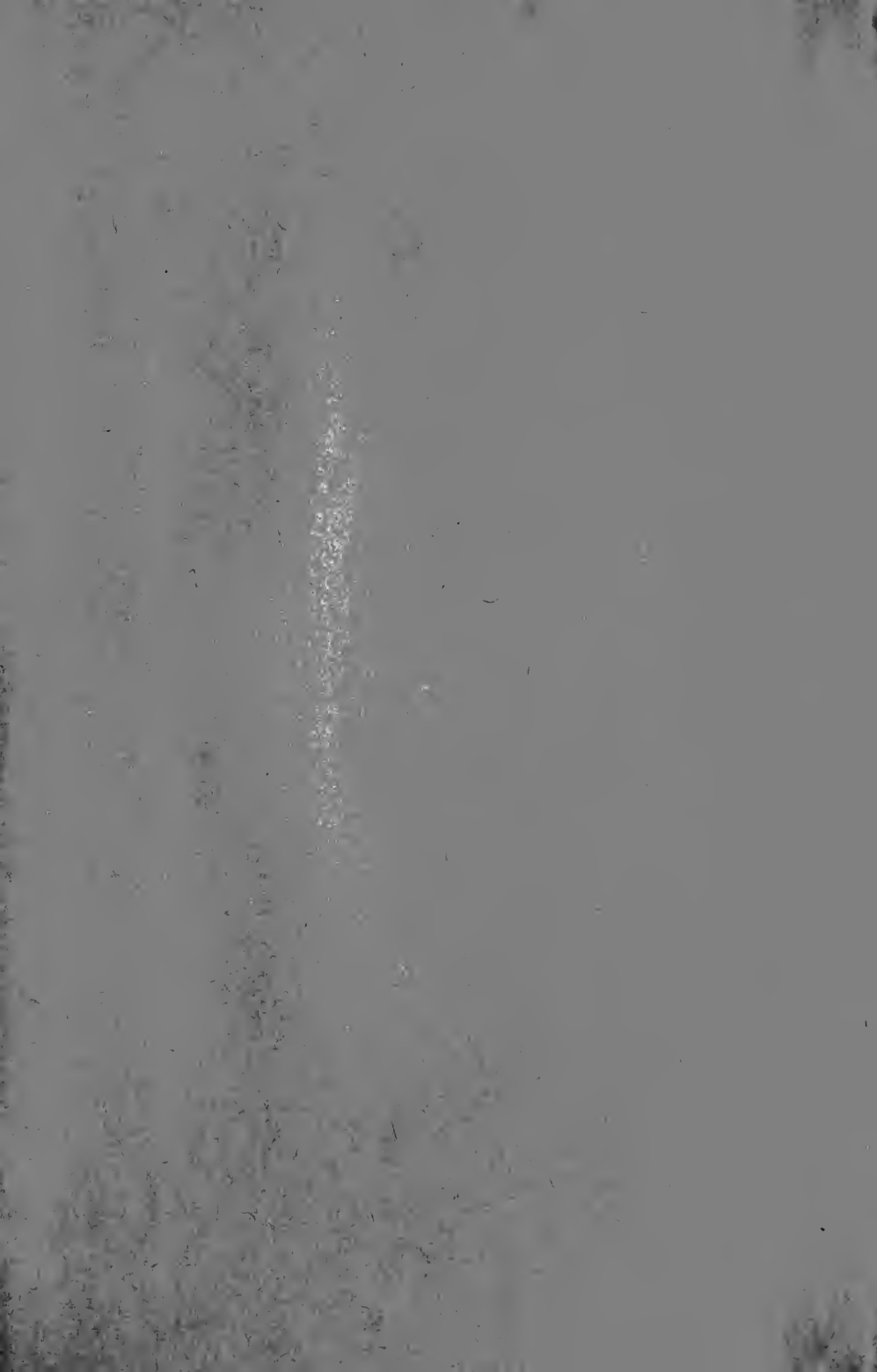
middle distance and dash men. Joe Sullivan, whose brilliant work did so much to win the meet with Medill, will not, unfortunately, be in the Academy next year. Wallie McKeown is expected to do some phenomenal "stunts" next year. He is speedy in the dashes and middle distance runs, and after a month's practice in broad jump, jumping 18 ft. to 18 ft. 6 in. in practice, he jumped 20 ft. 4 in. at Northwestern, and next year with more regular practice ought to easily go beyond this record. We are still somewhat weak for high jumpers, vaulters and weight men, but with further practice, Tierney and Nerney ought to show up well in the high jump, and Weinberg with a little practice in the shot put.

The thanks of the team is due to Mr. Sampson, gym instructor at West Park No. 2, who coached our men and helped them in numerous ways.

And now, you students who didn't support the track team this year, should next year. If you can run or jump, come out for practice. You can never have too large a track team, and if you don't participate actively in track work, at least give some encouragement to the fellows who do, by being present at all the meets, and cheering St. Ignatius on to further victory.

As a parting hint, why not a Varsity track team in 1913?

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**NON  
CIRCULATING**

